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Array

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY VALENTINE GREEN.
After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.
(*See p.* 141.)

THE OLD ENGRAVERS OF ENGLAND

IN THEIR RELATION TO CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND ART (1540—1800)

BY

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN—THROUGH A MAN'S EYEGLASS," ETC.

WITH FORTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE PERSONAL NOTE.

WHILE attempting, in the following pages, to trace the art of copper-plate engraving in England through, as it seems to me, the most interesting period of its history, namely, from its introduction in the middle of the sixteenth century to its climax at the end of the eighteenth, I have had no thought for that print-collector with whom considerations of "state" and margin are more urgent than the appeal of pictorial beauty or human interest. To him the price at Christie's will count, perhaps, for more than the intrinsic interest of the print, or the life-story of the engraver. And to him these pages would probably say nothing.

But to lovers of old times, who would eagerly turn from their intimate delights among the pages of Pepys and Evelyn, Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole, Mrs. Delany, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Montagu, or any of the old chroniclers, diarists or letter-writers, to visualise their impressions with the contemporary prints, to them I venture to hope my pages may serve a little for guidance.

There is a charm about old prints quite apart from their quality as engravings. They are links of intimacy with bygone times. The printed page may stir us with vivid passages of history, or quicken our imaginations with the social sidelight, or the contemporary gossip of personal or fashionable import, but the prints of the period bring us at once eye to eye with the people themselves. So we may see what they actually saw, the very faces and persons of their contemporaries, the costumes they wore, the attitudes they affected. So we may judge the taste of their day in the pictures that responded to it, and in the scenic aspect of their favourite plays. In a word, the old prints revive for us the human atmosphere of a past age.

As the art of engraving developed in its various branches, and its scope expanded with its larger means, it interpreted contemporary life more and more comprehensively and intimately. Thus, the latter half of the eighteenth century was pictured on the copper-plate with a copiousness and a wealth of resource, charm and accomplishment, never seen in England before or since. For among the engravers were many artists, and they had a wide choice of medium—line, mezzotint or stipple, etching or aquatint, each in its highest development. The engravers were artists, that is the point, not impersonal, mechanical processes. And there were masters among them. They lived in constant and familiar intercourse with the painters ; for they were interpreters, not copyists, and the painters realised that. So the engravers as artists expressed themselves. Their prints were eloquent of their individuality, and to-day they speak to us across the centuries with the appeal of temperament and personality, as well as of art and the picturesque past.

Yet how few seem to feel the appeal of those old artists on copper. Constantly, even their very identity is ignored, and the mere tantalising statement "From an old print" is held sufficient acknowledgment of a debt for some engraving that illustrates the historic or scenic fact, or illuminates the biographical record.

For myself, the old prints, as they hang on my walls, around the venerable harpsichord, which was first touched to music, in 1768, by Dr. Burney, Fanny's father, who chose it for the school-friend of my great-grandmother, speak to me with a fragrant charm of personal companionship, which lures often to dream-rambles in the long ago.

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THE OLD ENGRAVERS OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER I.

SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

EARLY LINE ENGRAVERS.

Earliest Copper-Plate Engraving in England—Thomas Geminus—The Map Engravers—William Rogers—Thomas Cockson—Renold Elstrack—William Hole—Francis Delaram—Simon Van de Passe—William Van de Passe—John Payne—Martin Droeshout—William Marshall—Robert Vaughan—Thomas Cecil and Thomas Cross.

THE "spacious days of great Elizabeth" were not memorable in the annals of pictorial art in England, but they produced the first important engraver of English birth. When, in 1589, William Rogers issued his "Eliza Triumphans"—the earliest known example of copper-plate engraving devoted by a native artist primarily to the service of portraiture—there was little encouragement for art in this country. They were full-blooded, strenuous days, those early days of England's expansion, when her buccaneering admirals, patriots all to the backbone, were thundering England over the seas, and her intrepid travellers, merchant adventurers, and colonising pioneers, were, for her glory and prosperity, braving all the terrors and wonders of the unknown. They were days of great

emprise, of splendid action, but they were days that could spare no hours for quiet art.

Men wanted to know, to see, to feel, all that life could give or promise them, and so the dramatic poets, writing immortally, sufficed for their immediate artistic needs. They had no care for mere picture. They were full of ideals, but pictorial beauty was not one of these. Nor was there any great painter in England to inspire this ideal. There was none to picture for them even the visions conjured by the poets' imaginings, or the marvellous narratives of the voyagers. What portraiture the times demanded was easily supplied by the miniature painters, or "limners," as they were called, such as Nicholas Hilliard, the goldsmith, and his eminent pupil, Isaac Oliver; or the foreign artists who came here, for mere profit, like the Italian Zuccaro, or to escape religious persecution, like the Flemish Lucas de Heere and Mark Geeraerts. So it was that there had been little or no pictorial stimulus to the craft of engraving on copper. It had not yet attained the dignity of an art in this country, as it had for long in Italy, in Germany, and in Flanders. Indeed, its practice here in any form was belated, although, of course, there had been woodcuts of a kind since the earliest days of printing.

It was in 1540 that copper-plate engraving made its first appearance in England, and this was in a book of midwifery, called "The Byrth of Mankynde," surely a very appropriate title to begin with. One Thomas Raynold, printer and physician, was the publisher, but the "iniquity of oblivion" has hidden from us the name of the engraver, though, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, "it might admit a wide solution."

Failing this, the name that stands earliest in the history of line-engraving in England is that of Thomas Geminus, who also belonged to the healing profession. He was a Flemish surgeon, holding some official post in the royal households from the days of Henry VIII. to the early years of Elizabeth, and he added to his medical activities the practice of engraving, instrument-making, and printing,

at his house in Blackfriars. He copied the plates in the famous anatomical work of Andreas Vesalius, which had been published in Padua in 1543, and incontinently pirated the publication two years later, without any recorded apology. But perhaps his methods and his conscience easily adapted themselves to each other without the intervention of scruples. Certainly it is on record that the College of Physicians was bound to call Geminus to account, and inflict punishment upon him, though for what offence is not stated. Perhaps he advertised himself too much through his engraving and printing, and so offended against the etiquette of the medical profession. At all events, he appears to have had the courage of his methods, for, without compunction he pictured Elizabeth, the year after her accession, as quite an ordinary looking, unassuming young woman, which was not at all the kind of representation of her royal person to please the exacting vanity of the Virgin Queen.

It was, however, to the map-makers and the describers of countries—Great Britain herself no less than the strange lands of oversea—that copper-plate engraving chiefly owed its early impetus in England. The exploits of the navigators, the tales of wealth and wonder brought home by the adventurers and discoverers, had set the Elizabethan Englishman "thinking imperially." His spirit was singing "Rule, Britannia" ere ever the song was written. With his imagination agog, he wanted to let his eye roam at will over the charts of the world while he dreamt of Empire—an occupation, by the way, which old Robert Burton, in his Oxford study, found to be a most stimulating specific against melancholy. Doubtless, therefore, it was to flatter his countrymen's patriotic pride, as well as the queen's imperious vanity, that Augustine Ryther, of Leeds, in his frontispiece to Saxton's maps of England, published under the ægis of Thomas Seckford, the Master of Requests, represented Elizabeth, with prepossessing and intelligent expression, as the Patroness of Geography and Astronomy.

So map-engraving became the chief and most lucrative

employment for those—English and visitors from Flanders alike—who had the skill of the graver. And how delightfully quaint are those old maps and plans, with their fantastic pictorial embellishments. Their primitive geography is not troubled by exact degrees of longitude and latitude, but their wavy seas are alive with ships in deadly combat, and the fabulous monsters of the deep; their tracts of country are dotted with wild animals that would puzzle zoologists, and armies waging battle; fleshly nymphs emerge from the serpentining rivers, and dryads are sportive among the disproportionate trees; while sometimes even the devil himself will appear in fearful places of haunted repute. Who cares nowadays about our makers of maps? Yet what a flavour of personality there was about those early English map-engravers, with their flights of curious fancy: Augustine Ryther, who also with his graver follows the Spanish Armada round our coasts as it meets its destiny of destruction; Humphrey Cole, "Goldsmith a Englishman born in ye north, and perteyning to ye Mint in the Tower," as his map of the Holy Land in the Bishop's Bible proudly informs us; Benjamin Wright, William Hole, Ralph Aggas, of Oxford and London map fame; and their Flemish fellow workers, the brothers Francis and Remigius Hogenberg (two of the most famous of Archbishop Parker's engravers), Jodocus Hondius (Joos de Hondt), notably in Speed's sumptuous "Great Britain"; and the accomplished Theodore de Bry, in those glorious imperial records, Hakluyt's "Voyages"—the graphic memorialist, too, of Sir Philip Sidney's funeral procession—a precious series of plates.

It is, however, only when we come to the work of William Rogers that the real pictorial interest of English engraving commences. He was the earliest of the notable succession of line-engravers working in England from the later days of Elizabeth till the closing years of the seventeenth century, when the art in this country, culminating in the work of William Faithorne, began to decline in popular favour before the novel, exquisite, and more

facile art of mezzotint. But, until Prince Rupert had brought the secret of the new method over from Holland, the engraver's art had to find its highest expression exclusively through the medium of the beauty and dignity of the graven line. Not that much, if any, of the line-engraving done in England before Faithorne's advent had its *raison d'être* in artistic beauty; but, admirable craftsman's work though it was in great part, some of it was distinguished by character and individuality of intrinsic worth, while all of it possesses for us to-day an antiquarian and historic interest of real importance.

William Rogers was something more than a capital craftsman; he was an engraver of considerable accomplishment and individuality. Indeed, his work, strong and incisive, shows all the distinctive force of a pioneer, and if he seldom gives us the line of natural grace, we must blame the stiff and starched costume of his day, and the lack of an inspiring painter. There was no Velasquez in England to translate the graceless farthingale, or the wide stuffed breeches, in terms of gracious pictorial harmony. Yet, in his masterpiece, the finest and latest of his three portraits of Elizabeth, Rogers has left us, not only one of the most interesting counterfeit presentments of the Maiden Queen, but an important landmark in the history of English engraving.

There, in the throne room, she stands, "th' admired Empress through the worlde applauded," elaborately dressed to play her part, in, perhaps, the most gorgeous of her three thousand fantastically embroidered and begemmed gowns, with monstrous farthingale, extravagantly pointed stomacher, gigantic ruffs, and veil standing out in emblematic pretence of angel's wings, inordinately stiffened with "the devil's liquor," as a contemporary satirist called starch, the crown set upon one of her eighty absurd wigs, and the orb and sceptre held by the long fingers which, at dinner time, would serve her for forks, after the custom of her day. Does she not look every inch a Queen Elizabeth? One may presume that Rogers was one of the elect who were permitted access to her,

"to take the naturall representation of hir Majestie, whereof she hath bene allwise of hir own right disposition very unwillyng." Fancy Elizabeth ever unwilling to pose for her portrait! But these, it must be noted, are the modest words of a royal proclamation. The natural desire of all her subjects to possess her likeness, and the daily complaints of the Lords of her Council, and others of her nobility (sly dogs!), that most of her portraits did not sufficiently express her Majesty's person, favour, and grace, had moved the considerate queen to prohibit any portraiture of herself which did not follow the pattern and example that pleased her. We cannot doubt that Rogers's prints provided that pleasing example.

Let us snatch a glimpse of the engraver at his work. First, he must transfer his design to the copper-plate, to do which he has the choice of two or three methods. Perhaps he will slightly warm his plate, and spread over it a very thin layer of white virgin wax; then, when it is cool, he will lay upon this his design, face downwards, and gently rub the back of the paper until the waxed copper has taken the impression. Or, if he be not particular about preserving his drawing, he may cover the back of it with a dust of black lead or chalk, and, placing this on the waxed surface, trace over his design. On his work-table he has a strong round leather cushion, and on this he will lay the plate, which is now ready to be engraved. Having finely sharpened his gravers with infinite care for their perfect evenness, he will choose, according to his immediate requirements, either a square-edged one for broad and shallow strokes, or one with a lozenge-shaped point for strokes that must be deep and narrow. Holding the handle firmly in the palm of his hand, the first finger steady on the point, he will keep his hand parallel with the plate, and the graver level with it, while he guides the point as it makes its way through the copper. Eye, brain, and hand are all working in sympathy; but if, by chance, the graver should make too deep a stroke, then the burnisher is at hand to rectify this with skilful rubbing. These were not yet in England

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From the Line Engraving by William Rogers.

the days of the fine shades of line-engraving; the subtlety of dark and light in a single line, the long flick and the dainty dot, the cross-hatching and the close parallel lines were still to come; but it is remarkable to find in Rogers's masterpiece, the shading of the queen's face accomplished by a kind of delicate stippling.

Little or nothing is known of Rogers's life. That he was an Englishman and a citizen of London, and was proud of both facts, we learn from his prints. From their evidence, too, Mr. Sidney Colvin, who has said the last word of learning on the sixteenth and seventeenth century line-engravers of England, has surmised that Rogers, like Albert Dürer and many other eminent engravers, and painters too, in those days, had had the training of a goldsmith. In the sixteenth century the goldsmiths were still artists. Now, among the London goldsmiths was a Richard Rogers working between 1567 and 1586, and there was another of the same name, who commenced in 1602 and worked for thirty years. It is quite probable that William was the son of the former and the father of the latter, since he was born about 1545, and his work as an engraver on copper dates from 1589 to 1604. Certain it is, from the ornamental borders of his prints, that he was familiar with the Flemish patterns adopted by the London goldsmiths. But when the defeat of the Spanish Armada seemed to assure every Englishman that he was master of the world, and the fabulous golden city of Manoa was his for the finding, Rogers probably thought that gold would soon become too common for the dignity of his graver, and so he transferred its service to copper, and the picturing of his queen. The very year of the Armada, he commemorated that momentous national triumph by his "Eliza Triumphans," in which the queen, assertive in extended bell-shaped skirts richly embroidered and jewelled, is represented standing in the midst of emblems of victory and peace, mistress of the sea and the land, which are conventionally pictured in the background. Even the Lords of her Council could have offered no objection to this flattering tribute

of the engraver's art, yet there are only three copies of this print known to exist, as there is but one of Rogers's third Elizabeth portrait, the more decorative "Rosa Electa."

We may presume that Rogers drew his portraits from the life, although he did not specify *ad vivum* on his prints, after the fashion of later engravers. His freedom of design proclaims him an original draughtsman, and when he engraved the curious memorial picture of Henry VIII. and his progeny, which Elizabeth commissioned Lucas de Heere to paint for presentation to that good friend of the aliens, Sir Francis Walsingham, he conscientiously recorded the painter's name upon his plate. The portraits he has left us of those typical Elizabethan Englishmen, William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, and George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, certainly look as if they were done from the life; so, doubtless, was his likeness of that quaint old physician, John Gerard, on the frontispiece of his famous "Herbal." These prints only make us regret that Rogers was not given the opportunity of portraying for us with his skilled graver the features and personalities of others of his illustrious contemporaries. If only the virile Rogers could have given us vivid presentments of Shakespeare, Raleigh, Sidney, Drake, as he must have seen them, or, at least, the unpictured Kit Marlowe, whose "mighty line" ought surely to have inspired the engraver's!

For the engraved portrait, however, there was as yet very scanty demand. London life was of limited compass, and so localised that the celebrities of rank, fashion, valour, and talent were easily and frequently to be seen in their own persons. The beaux, when not airing their accomplishments of wit, verse, dance, and the foreign tongues, at Court, tilting at the ring, enjoying with Elizabeth her favourite diversion of bull and bear-baiting, or sitting with critical assumption upon the stage of the playhouse, or adventuring oversea in search of El Dorado, would strut along the central aisle of

St. Paul's Church to display their extravagances of fashion, their immense ruffs, their "peascod-bellied" doublets and distended hose of rich silk, stuffed with bombast, and with costly lace peeping through the slashes. The ladies, when not at Court, ostentatiously "shunning and avoiding idleness," as Harrison describes them, with needlework, pedantic learning, and "their lutes, citherns, pricksong, and all kind of music," would haunt modish Cheapside in search of the latest excesses in ruff, hood, farthingale, or sleeve, or the most *recherché* thing in jewelled buttons. But nobody went to seek their portraits at Sudbury and Humble's shop, at the Sign of the White Horse, in Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill, as in later years it was the custom to haunt the printsellers' shops for the portrait of the latest Court beauty, victorious commander, darling of fashion, or pet of the scandal-mongers. Elizabeth would not have brooked such rivalry in popularity. The Lords of her Council would have humbly urged a royal proclamation against it.

But the authors and the booksellers found ample employment for the engravers. The fashion had set in of the fantastically ornate title-page or frontispiece, in which the author's face generally peered from amidst allegorical figures, which often needed explanation. And not the least fascinating of the print collector's pursuits of pleasure is tracing the work of the early engravers among those books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which can still quicken the imagination and intellect of the twentieth, or which have now but the antiquarian interest of verbal sepulchres.

The earliest of these title-pages, combining portrait with allegory, was that done by Thomas Cockson in 1591, together with numerous full-page illustrations, for Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." The book has a story, which is important in the annals of English engraving. Harington, that "saucy poet, my godson," as Elizabeth called him, whom she bored, while at Eton, with copies of her speeches, and pursued at Cambridge with Burghley's good advice, was

a licensed wit at Court, where his epigrams made for gaiety if not always for decorum. But one day he carried his license too far. Having translated the immoral story of Giocondo, from the 28th canto of the "Orlando," which even Ariosto had punctiliously advised his lady readers to leave unread, Harington, in a spirit of provocative naughtiness, circulated this in manuscript among the maids of honour, who incontinently devoured it over their embroidery. The maiden queen, however, affected to be greatly angered at her godson's attempt to corrupt the morals of her maids of honour, as she put it, although, if the truth were told, she was probably only jealous that they had been first to enjoy the manuscript. Anyhow, doubtless with many a good round oath, after her custom, she straightway banished the mischievous poet to his house near Bath, with the paradoxical injunction not to return to Court until he had translated the whole poem! That he quickly performed this task, and to Elizabeth's entire satisfaction, may be gathered from the fact that she included a visit to his house at Kelston in her "progress" of the following year. But the interest of the book is not in its poor verse, nor is it intrinsically in the title-page, and the quaint panoramic plates, with the descriptions written under each figure, after the fashion of children's drawings; it is in the author's "Advertisement to the Reader." In this he expatiates divertingly on the merits of the pictures, "all cut in brasse," which he claims to be a novelty in book-illustration, although his modesty will not permit him to praise them too much, since he had given directions for their making. Then he says naïvely: "The use of the picture is evident, which is that (having read over the book) you may reade it (as it were againe) in the very picture, and one thing is to be noted, which everyone (haply) will not observe, namely the perspective in every figure. For the personages of man, the shapes of horses, and such like, are made large at the bottom, and lesser upward, as if you were to behold all the same in a plaine—that which is nearest seems greatest, and the fardes shewes smaller, which is

the chiefe art in picture." Surely the vivacious courtier-poet was prouder of this ingenuous pronouncement than even of his familiar epigram "Of Treason," or his famous rules for the management of his household!

The work done for Harington's book in 1591 was the earliest we know of Cockson's, while the latest, dated 1636, is of considerable military interest, showing all the successive postures of the musketeers and pikemen, with full explanations, invented by one Lieutenant Clarke. Between these dates Cockson, who, like Rogers, had probably been trained as a goldsmith, but was a far less accomplished engraver, executed portraits and a few title-pages, including those for the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, and for the "Civil Warres" of Samuel Daniel, the Court poet, who was licenser of plays in Shakespeare's time; as well as a very interesting political satire of topical interest, entitled "The Revells of Christendome." In this James I. and other sovereigns are seen playing at games of skill and chance with Romish priests, while the Pope and others are trying to interfere. The most striking of Cockson's portraits are those of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy (whose *liaison* and belated marriage with the unfortunately mated Penelope, Lady Rich—Sidney's Stella—made so romantic a scandal), and those three naval earls, Essex, Nottingham and Cumberland, riding ridiculous prancing steeds, and turning their backs on the sea and their past triumphs, depicted, if we take the engraver's word for it, among curious curly waves. It was not yet the proper convention to portray an admiral standing beside an anchor and a cannon, and, had he lived in those days, Nelson himself would have come prancing towards us, while sea-fights, labelled Trafalgar, the Nile, Copenhagen and the rest, progressed simultaneously in the distant rear!

A more prolific engraver than either of the two foregoing was Renold (or Reginald) Elstrack, who, with a neat though undistinguished style, has left us many interesting records of the futile reign of James I. and its graceless fashions. Son of Joseph Elstrack, a glass-

worker from Liège, who had been long settled in London, he was born in the parish of St. Thomas the Apostle, in January, 1571. After, no doubt, acquiring some practice in draughtsmanship among the good-natured artists of the Flemish colony, which centred in the Reformed Dutch Church in Austin Friars, young Renold became a pupil of Rogers, and devoted himself to engraving. His earliest signed plate is dated 1598, and it is certain that he found constant employment among the booksellers and print-sellers up to the end of James's reign. Indeed, his reputation was so considerable that, when Compton Holland was bringing out his famous "Baziliωlogia" in 1618, he commissioned Elstrack to engrave the title-page, and nearly a score of the portraits with their cumbrous borders. Evidently also Sir Walter Raleigh approved his publisher's selection of Elstrack to carry out his allegorical ideas for the frontispiece to his "History of the World" in 1614, although his muse was not content to leave the engraving to speak for itself. Truth to tell, the industrious Renold's imagination could not keep pace with the flight of a Raleigh's; indeed, it ambled along very much in the rear.

There can be no doubt that Elstrack's engravings found favour at Court, and, in the year that Shakespeare died, he had the dubious honour of furnishing the pretentious and pedantic writings of James with a title-page, on which that most contemptible and ineffectual king was credited with a "wise and understanding heart!" But Robert Barker and John Bill were the king's printers, and knew their business; sycophantic inscriptions were part of the booksellers' stock-in-trade in those days of courtly flattery and self-seeking, so we must not blame the engraver. Elstrack's portraits were his most important gifts to posterity. Of course we have King James enthroned in the House of Lords, surrounded by his officers of state; but nothing is more characteristic of that overdressed and undignified period than the large print of James, puffed out with self-consciousness, posing beside his monstrously-gowned queen, whose conjugal contempt is expressed in her face. A companion print to

JAMES 1ST AND HIS QUEEN.

FROM THE LINE ENGRAVING BY R. ELSTRACK

this is a memorial group of the king's parents, in which Mary Stuart looks more like Queen Elizabeth than the alluring Queen of Scots, while Darnley is posturing as a very popinjay, and, from the accompanying inscription, one might imagine that both had died quietly in their beds, and the shadow of the murdered Rizzio had never come between them. But Elstrack's separate portraits of these two appeal more humanly to the imagination.

The betrothal of the popular Princess Elizabeth with the Prince Frederick, Count Palatine, naturally called for the published print, as to-day such an event would evoke the picture postcard, and flood the illustrated press; and Elstrack shows us a very stiff, uncomfortable pair of lovers. Perhaps their clothes had something to do with this, perhaps also the queen. Not only did she show her disapproval of the match by absenting herself from the betrothal ceremony, but she would persist scornfully in addressing her daughter as "good wife Pfalsgrave." We have no print of the actual wedding at Whitehall, a most sumptuous affair, when the princess was married in a dress of silver stuff, embroidered with silver, pearls and precious stones, and with her hair falling down to her knees, putting this up after the ceremony, and changing her gown to one of gold stuff. But we have separate portraits of Elizabeth and her husband, on horseback before the same background, these identical plates doing duty later, with only the faces altered to look older, and crowns added, when the prince and princess had become King and Queen of Bohemia.

This economical custom of altering plates was then not uncommon, and the effect was often ridiculous. For instance, Elstrack's print of Prince Charles as a boy, on horseback, was made to serve again when the boy prince had become man and king, only a new head being engraved. Sometimes the engravers would reflect the spirit of the times in using the same figures even for different persons, a portrait of King Charles, for example, being adapted, with a mere change of face, to represent Oliver Cromwell. These variations are the puzzle and delight of the collector.

The popular Prince Henry of Wales was, of course, one of Elstrack's subjects, and, to look at his fine open face, and remember his reverential friendship for Raleigh, and Bacon's praise of him, one cannot help speculating as to the different history which might have been England's but for that prince's premature death. Thanks, too, to the graver of Elstrack, we can read much between the lines in his portraits of contemporary statesmen. But not the least interesting of his prints, from the historic point of view, are his records of that most infamous among the many scandals of James's reign, the intrigue and marriage of the Earl of Somerset with the notorious Countess of Essex, and their complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, which so much exercised public and judicial opinion, but not the conscience of the king. The unfortunate, cultured knight is shown in his Tower prison, writing his own epitaph; while, in the group of the Earl and Countess, dressed in all the excesses of contemporary fashion, they both look blatantly self-satisfied. Perhaps the vagaries of the countess gave a topical interest to Elstrack's caustic satire against women. The humour of the times is evident, too, in his rare print of John Cottington, that diverting impenitent thief and incorrigible "gentleman of the road," who won his sobriquet, "Mulled Sack," at the Devil's Tavern, where Ben Jonson was wont to reign over the wits. This erstwhile chimney-sweep immortalised himself, and filled his own pockets by picking Oliver Cromwell's, as the member for Cambridge was leaving the House of Commons, robbing Colonel Hewson on the highway at the head of his regiment, Lady Fairfax as she was going to Ludgate Church, and Charles II. as he was luxuriating in profligate exile. But the print shows this successful dare-devil in his earlier, roystering, out-at-elbows days, before his more historic achievements and his full purses, else it could hardly have been Elstrack's; for they omitted to hang "Mulled Sack" until 1659, when he had reached the respectable age of fifty-five, and we lose sight of our engraver in 1625.

The plates of William Hole, who commenced engraver,

as they used to phrase it, in 1607, seem to reveal a personality of refinement and charm. Without ever pretending to any effects of richness and strength, such as we find in the engravings of a later period, his graver was guided by a dainty sense of the rhythmic line. So it is not surprising to find him bringing it to the service of the gentle art of music. With the exception of a single known instance in Rome seven years earlier, which was brought to light only by the Caxton Exhibition of 1877, music had been printed from movable type until Hole began to revolutionise the system in 1611. The history of engraving and the history of music thus meet in a volume entitled "Parthenia—or the Maydenhead of the first musicke that ever was printed for the Virginalls, composed by three famous masters: William Byrd, Dr. John Bull, and Orlando Gibbons." What a concord of sweet sounds in the very description! It was dedicated to "all the Maisters and lovers of musick;" it had for a frontispiece the picture of a long-curled young lady seated at a virginal; it was elaborately inscribed by the engraver, in glowing words, to the Princess Elizabeth; but it was "ingraven by William Hole, for Dorothie Evans." Who was Dorothie Evans? Was she, perhaps, the lady of the frontispiece? And may not one scent a romance here? The life-records of these early engravers are so scanty that we have to gather what we can from their works. William Hole (or Guglielmus, as he often pedantically signed his prænomen) was a young man in 1611; he was associated with famous poets, the title-pages of whose books he ornamented with his pencil and his graver, he was evidently musical; what more likely than that this same Dorothie Evans, whose name lives for us, perhaps also her features, on the first music-book engraved in England, was the engraver's lady-love? Let us hope then that his domestic comfort was assured when, seven years later, he was awarded for life the post of "head sculptor of the iron for money in the Tower and elsewhere."

What a book of reminiscences Hole could have written!

Imagine him discussing with Raleigh in the Tower the quaint details of his maps of the Land of Goshen and Arabia for the "History of the World"; and hobnobbing with Ben Jonson, when he title-paged the poet's collected works in 1616, an event which we may be sure "rare Ben" celebrated with a generous wassail bowl. Imagine his talks, when he did their portraits and the frontispieces to their books, with George Wither, defiant of prison bars; with whimsical Thomas Coryat, of the "Crudities"; with John Florio, who gave Montaigne to England, and with Michael Drayton, of the "Polyolbion," whose very name Charles Lamb found to retain a sweet perfume in the mention. And might not Keats have envied him, since he not only "first looked into Chapman's Homer," but "heard Chapman speak out loud and bold," while he drew the poet's portrait for his engraving? But Hole did royal portraits too; Charles I., both as Prince of Wales and King, and Prince Henry at lance exercise, and also lying-in-state, though his print bears no reference to the weird story of Spifame, the French ambassador, of a naked young man, who, professing that the Prince's soul had passed into his body, which was of the same age and stature as Henry's, entered the palace, and claimed audience of King James to deliver him a message from God!

Francis Delaram, who has left us some fanciful frontispieces, and many portraits of historic and biographical importance, is described by Bryan as an English engraver. Mr. Colvin, however, doubtless more correctly, presumes him to have been born in Flanders, and probably a pupil of Cornelius Boel, of Antwerp, who was in England in 1611, and engraved, at Richmond, the pictured title-page to the Authorised Version of the Bible. Anyhow, we know that Delaram worked in London from 1615 until 1627, and the frolicsome revels of the musical cherubs in the decorative borders of his prints show the influence of Flemish engravers. The irony of history invests with pathetic interest his betrothal group of Charles of England and Henrietta Maria of France, who are seen standing side by side, with flying cherubs holding crowns over their

heads, while between them poses a draped angel with spreading wings, joining their hands. To point the moral of this *entente cordiale*, laudatory verses presage, for England, peace and plenty, but for her foes, "famine, ruin and their overthrow!"

That Delaram, like most of the early engravers, generally drew from life the portraits he engraved we may infer, even when he does not expressly state it, from the vitality in his admirable prints of Matthew de Lobel, the botanist; Bishop Williams, who kept King James's conscience (surely a sinecure) after Bacon was deprived of that privilege; the valiant Sir Horatio Vere; Sir William Segar, a memorable Garter King-of-Arms; the poet Wither; Lord Napier, of Murchistown, at work inventing his logarithms; and that brave old adventurer and braggart, Captain O'Toole, "Great Mogul's Landlord, and both Indies King," who, as "Arthurus Severus O'Toole Nonesuch," was the butt of the satirists.

The engravers were now beginning to take notice of the prominent Court ladies, or, perhaps, it was the other way about. There was Katherine, Marchioness of Buckingham, George Villiers's wife, and the Earl of Rutland's daughter, in whose visage the poet professed to find a thousand graces. But what was it that forbade Delaram seeing her beauty? Callousness, perhaps; for she never tried to save those three unfortunate women, who, only a year or two earlier, had suffered shameful deaths on the monstrous charge of having practised sorcery upon her, and her young brothers, when she was a little girl. They had actually taken her handkerchief, put it in hot water, and rubbed their cat with it, because one of them had been dismissed from service at Belvoir Castle! And so they had to die the death of witches! What times!

Another of Delaram's subjects was Frances, daughter of Thomas Howard, Viscount Bindon, and granddaughter of the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham, a remarkably diverting woman. Beautiful and exceedingly ambitious, she began with a *mésalliance*, marrying one Henry Prannel, a London vintner's son. When he conveniently died, she

looked favourably upon the love of Sir George Rodney, a young Somersetshire squire, until the wealthy old Earl of Hertford came along, and made her his third wife. Then the jilted young Rodney sought the inn nearest to his fickle lady-love's abode, wrote her some farewell verses in his own blood, and fell upon his sword in good fifth-act tragedy fashion, which seems to have so flattered the aged earl that the Countess was able to wheedle him into settling five thousand a year upon her. But whenever, in the exuberance of her pomposity, she would vaunt her two ducal grandfathers in his hearing, he would tauntingly suppress her with "Frankie, my pretty, how long is it since thou wert married to Prannel?" Satisfaction came to her, however, when the earl shortly died, and she forthwith married Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, who had been in the habit of courting her in various disguises under the very nose of her octogenarian spouse. Having reached this matrimonial altitude, there was no possible husband left for her, after the Duke's sudden death, but the widowed old King himself, and she took good care to let James hear of her vow that, after so great a prince as Richmond, she would never be "blown with kisses by a subject!" Poor woman! She had to die without ever being a queen, though she almost pretended that she was one. Perhaps the publication of Delaram's two graven images of herself, first as Countess, very slim, and then as Duchess, very plump, helped her a little in her vanities. Perhaps, too, when she was blowing out her windbag of fictitious state, and circulating inventories of her imaginary gifts to the King's queen-daughter, she would look at Delaram's prints of Queen Elizabeth (after Hilliard), and the ill-favoured Mary, and content herself with her superiority to those queens—in being alive!

The name of Van de Passe stands out conspicuously at this period of English engraving, for the influence of that skilful family of Dutch engravers was important and far-reaching. Crispin Van de Passe himself never appears, in spite of contrary statements (even the well-

Great Brittaynes hope and Joy of this ouer land
His heauen on earth, heere holdeth in his hand
Such sweete coniunction of two mightie powers
Prefageth both of peace and plenty showers
To this ouer blessed Island & ouer foes
Long may thy happy sun, and when they doe
Lo heere doth Hand, the shrine of her sex
Mate, whose beauty, vertue swaye doth ouer
Whose heart, as well as hand, to him she gives
On whom the halfe part of her smiles heere lies
Long may thy happy sun, and when they doe

BETROTHAL OF CHARLES I. AND HENRIETTA MARIA.

From the Line Engraving by F. Delaram.

informed Evelyn wrote it to Pepys), to have come to England, although he had considerable dealings with London print-sellers. There was, doubtless, demand here for his sumptuous Queen Elizabeth, after Isaac Oliver, as well as his cheerful group of the principal Gunpowder Plot conspirators, alleged to have been engraved from life, though it may be doubted whether, even in those days, people who were conspiring to blow up royal families, would go in parties to have their likenesses taken! But Crispin Van de Passe knew his business, and he brought up his daughter Magdalen, and his three sons, Crispin, William, and Simon to it, training them as skilful engravers, and sending Simon and William in turn to settle in England, and act as his intermediaries with the London print-trade.

Simon Van de Passe paid his first visit to London in 1613, having attracted the attention of the print-sellers by an imposing full-length print—executed the previous year at Utrecht—of Prince Henry "breathing himself something warlike," as Bacon phrases it, at exercise with his lance. It was, however, not until 1615 that Simon settled in London, when, presumably, be began to collect the portrait material for Compton Holland's new enterprise, the "Herωologia Anglica," which his sister and his brother William engraved, and his father published in Holland as a speculation of his own.

Simon seems to have been a young man of tireless energy and industry. His graver was never idle, and when it was not engaged on the copper, picturing the personalities of the day, or giving title-pages to memorable or ephemeral books, it would be decorating with dainty portraiture plaques of gold, silver or pewter, or chasing with royal heads the little silver counters used for card playing, which are now so rare a prize for the collector.

The personalities of James's reign are vivid in Simon Van de Passe's prints. King James, on his throne, sits above a verse proclaiming that "knowledge makes the king most like his Maker," and possibly one may detect a knowing wink in the royal eye. Queen Anne, riding away from Windsor Castle, "tempers her words to

trampling horses' feet," and, considering the language she was wont to use on occasion, perhaps it is just as well. Buckingham, swaggering from earldom to dukedom, is not content with the strawberry leaves; he must have luscious fruit and artful cherubs to set off his comely face. Here is Mary, Countess of Pembroke, "the subject of all verse, Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," as Ben Jonson reverently named her, with her sweet, grave face and "long-settled eyes" intent upon the Psalms; and here we come face to face with "that fantastic lady," Lucy, Countess of Bedford, in whose praises Donne and Daniel made verses of elaborate conceit; Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, ever gloriously remembered as Shakespeare's friend, whose frank expression seems to invite us to ask for the secret of the sonnets; the famous old Earl of Nottingham, newly married to a young wife, and now the jest of the Court; the showy Dorset, Anne Clifford's first husband, who lived on better terms with his wife in her diaries than out of them; the courtly Worcester; Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, the King's kinsman and Frances Howard's third husband; Gondomar, the hateful Machiavellian Spanish Ambassador; Paul Van Somer, the painter (perhaps the engraver's masterpiece); and that noble friend of the arts, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who collected all over Europe, with never a dream of Christie's. Then we have the principals of the Somerset scandal, though I fail to discern in the Countess's portrait that "sweet and bewitching countenance" which even a hostile contemporary could not deny her; also those great rival lawyers, all concerned in the case, Bacon, Ellesmere, and Coke; and Francis, Earl of Rutland, and Sir Henry Hobart, the "upright judge," who sentenced the poor women for bewitching the Earl's children! We can imagine the success of curiosity that must have attended Simon Van de Passe's print of Mataoka, the Indian princess known to romantic fame as Pocahontas, who saved the intrepid Captain John Smith's life in her native wilds, and then very prudently married the worthy Englishman, Mr. John Rolff. Her

barbaric costume has given place to the tasteless English fashion, and she wears but a single feather in her pork-pie hat!

About 1622 Simon Van de Passe was lured from London to Copenhagen, to become official engraver to King Christian IV. of Denmark, and his brother William came over from Utrecht to take his place. Apparently William liked London, for he stayed here until his death in 1637, although in the latter years of his life he seems to have used his graver somewhat leisurely, if at all. But his earlier years in London were very productive, and, doubtless, it was his own good work for the "Herωologia," as well as his brother's popularity, that immediately brought him commissions for royal and other important portraits.

Some of these have curious histories. For instance, the group of King James standing with his son Charles as Prince of Wales. It was a gruesome fashion in those days when publishing memorial portraits, to represent the deceased with skulls in their hands, or under their elbows, as emblems of mortal vanity; so, when the King died, the engraver merely took his plate, and changed the King's sceptre into a skull, then he worked over the head of the Prince of Wales, so as to suggest the defunct Prince Henry in place of the living Charles, at the same time transforming the prince's hat into a skull, and, hey presto! there was a memorial portrait of the King and his long dead son ready for the print-sellers. Then there is the large plate of James and his entire family, comprising both the quick and the dead. To appreciate the comic effect of this, one must imagine the engraver addressing the figures on his plate something in this wise: "Will those of you who are dead kindly signify the same in the usual manner?" Immediately the King, Queen, Prince Henry and the two little princesses, Mary and Sophia, ostentatiously lean their hands or elbows on convenient death's-heads, while Charles, his sister Elizabeth and her husband and their seven children, show they are alive merely by doing nothing in particular. Later, when Charles had married, and the King and Queen of Bohemia had increased their family,

the plate was altered to include Henrietta Maria and the two additional children, but, as all these survived the engraver, happily no more skulls were introduced into the picture. William Van de Passe never hesitated to alter his plates as the times demanded. His stately equestrian portrait of the Duke of Buckingham (certainly his masterpiece), done in 1625, served three years later, after the duke's assassination, to represent the new royal favourite, James, third Marquis, and first Duke, of Hamilton. It was merely a matter of a head, as, in the later troublous years Hamilton himself found to his cost, when he fell into Cromwell's hands. The chief interest of this engraver's betrothal print of Charles I. and Henrietta is that it shows the Queen in a very different aspect from that which the graceful brush of Vandyck has made so familiar to us; she has not yet emerged from the farthingale and the starched linen of the moribund Jacobean fashion.

That the Van de Passe influence was far-reaching was chiefly through Simon having for his pupil one John Payne, who in turn was the master of Faithorne. These are very important links in the story of English line-engraving, and certainly Payne holds the place of merit, if not of honour, in the interval between Rogers and Faithorne. He was an engraver of talent, though he never realised his possibilities. Having learnt all that Simon Van de Passe could teach him, he studied the works of the famous foreign engravers of the day, such as Callot, Delff and Vorsterman, and, with the new ideas they suggested to him, he would look at his subjects, and, graver in hand, would think things out for himself. So his prints have distinction, and speak to us with the eloquence of personality. Evidently John Payne had the artist's temperament, else the artistic Faithorne and George Glover had hardly been drawn to his teaching. He had his periods of conscientious work, when he did the best of his day, but he had also periods when his hand guided the graver with uncertainty, or when the copper remained untouched, the commissions were left unexecuted. For his indolent disposition lagged behind

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

FROM THE LINE ENGRAVING BY W. VAN DE PASSE.

his talents, and found easy refuge in the pleasures of dissipation. It is the old, old story of artistic talent, without any backbone of moral character, falling away to ruin. At his best, Payne produced prints which were a credit to the engraver's art—such things, for example, as his famous double-plate of the great war-ship "Royal Sovereign," of 1,700 tons, with 100 brass cannon, "for defence and ornament the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind;" and the portraits of Dr. Alabaster, the noted divine, after Cornelius Janssen, and Sir Benjamin Rudyard, who published his poems with Shakespeare's friend, Lord Pembroke, and was called "that silver trumpet" from the clarion tones of his oratory—after Daniel Mytens—all praised highly by that excellent connoisseur, John Evelyn. Equally worthy, too, are his Lancelot Andrews, the famous preacher, bordered in a simple decorative style, which was a welcome innovation; Nicholas Leete—a fine print; the title-page to the 1633 edition of Gerard's "Herbal"; and the Portrait of George Wither—for the "Emblems"—which moved the poet himself to self-satisfied verse. It was, of course, these best works of Payne's that procured him a recommendation to the notice of King Charles, whose appreciative favour might have made his fortune, and encouraged him to the fulfilment of his artistic possibilities. If his graver could so faithfully translate Janssen and Mytens, it should have revelled in the fine and flowing lines of Vandyck; his Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, gives only a hint of what he might have done as an engraver of that master. But Payne had all the defects of his temperament, and he neglected his chance of Court favour and artistic distinction. Idling with boon companions among the taverns, he sank in dissipation lower and lower, working only sporadically as a hack of the booksellers, until, in 1647, when but little over forty, his graver failed him altogether, and he died in absolute want. One of his latest prints was a portrait of Francis Hawkins, a precocious boy of ten, who translated from the French a work on "Youth's Behaviour," which had considerable

vogue. To Payne, too, we owe the features of old Hobson, the famous Cambridge carrier, who gave us the proverbial "Hobson's Choice," and lives in Milton's verse; but surely it was a strange irony of circumstance that called the idle and dissolute engraver to provide a title-page for "The Christian Warfare against the World, Flesh and Devil!"

We now come to a name that lives through one work only, and that merely because of its immortal subject. When, in 1623, young Martin Droeshout was engaged by those worthy printers, Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, to engrave a portrait of the late Mr. William Shakespeare for the first collected edition of his Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, which they were about to publish, he was probably pleased to get the job, but could hardly have dreamed that it was to give him an imperishable name. The original portrait which he had to translate to the copper could not have been very inspiring. It was a wooden-looking oil-painting, done in 1609, presumably by one of the artists of the Dutch colony—possibly one of the Droeshout family, but no doubt the poet had good-naturedly sat for it, and it was accounted a true likeness. Whether Martin Droeshout ever saw Shakespeare in the flesh may be a puzzling question, but it is not beyond all conjecture. He was only fifteen when the poet died, and, of course, Shakespeare had been settled some years at his home in Stratford, though, from time to time, he had visited London on business; but, when a child, Martin may easily have seen him, he may even have remembered Shakespeare sitting for that portrait. Anyhow, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the more genial expression in the engraved portrait was due to some pleasant boyish memory, which guided the young engraver's hand, beyond the hard lines of the oil painting, to a veritable portraiture of the "gentle Shakespeare."

> "O, could he but have drawne his wit,
> As well in brasse, as he hath hit
> His face; the Print would then surpasse,
> All that was ever writ in brasse."

TITLE-PAGE OF GERARD'S "HERBAL."

FROM THE LINE ENGRAVING BY JOHN PAYNE.

Thus Ben Jonson, and surely engraver had never higher tribute to his truth.

Martin Droeshout was born in London in 1601, as the baptismal records of the Dutch church in Austin Friars duly testify. His father, Michael, was "a graver in copper which he learned in Brussell," as he was described in one of the periodical Returns of Aliens, and he came from Brussels, his birthplace, to join his parents and several other members of his family, who had long been settled in London. Here Michael married, at the Dutch Church, in 1595, the first of his four wives, Susanneken Van der Ersbeck, of Ghent, by whom he had four sons, two of whom, John (the second of that name, the first having died in infancy) and Martin, he trained to his own profession. He lived in, or close to, Bread Street, Cheapside, where the Mermaid Tavern was, and what more likely than that those boys of his would become familiar with the faces of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and the other convivial poets of the immortal club, as they made their way along narrow Bread Street, to and from the Mermaid? Possibly, even, still merry from their "wit combats," they may have looked in at Michael Droeshout's to see, and laugh over, his latest prints, and maybe prompt him with bombastic descriptions for them. That he was an engaging fellow four women testified by marrying him; and one may almost hear an echo of Shakespeare's clowns in the absurd legend he engraved on his crude plate of the Gunpowder Plotters: "The Powder treason, propounded by Sathan, approved by Antichrist, Interpreted by Papists, Practised by Traitors, Revealed by an Eagle (Lord Monteagle!), Expounded by an Oracle, Founded in Hell, Confounded in Heaven."

But, hypothesis apart, it was surely something more than the mere accident of business that gave Martin Droeshout, at 22, his chance of ensuring a perpetuity of reflected light. He was certainly a far better engraver than his father, who was the merest journeyman, and his brother John, who was not much better, but, although

in the course of his career he did a few passable portraits and title-pages, and even a moral satire, "Dr. Panurgus," which long had a vogue, we need remember only that he gave us the face of William Shakespeare, and that Ben Jonson approved.

The most prolific English engraver of the first half of the seventeenth century was William Marshall. Evelyn called him, in late reminiscence, a "lamentable fellow," but unjustly. He was undistinguished, but he was respectable. Biographically he is almost an unknown quantity, the known quantity of his work being the sum of our knowledge of his life. But from this we may guess at his character. Steady-going industry, conscientiousness in fulfilling engagements, these must have been dominant traits, else could he hardly have won the confidence and esteem of the authors and booksellers, as he evidently did. Between 1617 and 1649 he lived the laborious days of the patient, uninspired plodder, treating his opportunities always with respect. He seems to have been sensible of his limitations, attempting no ambitious effects with his graver, even when those eminent Flemish engravers, Lucas Vorsterman, Robert Van Voerst, and Cornelis Van Dalen, were in England showing our native engravers the richer capabilities of their art. He saw the revolution of the fashions, from the stiff and graceless extravagances of James's reign to the easeful elegancies of Charles's, but the changes seem to have had no distinctive pictorial message for him, even when Vandyck came to lock the wheels of fashion and stamp the period with its type of grace.

The interest of Marshall's prints is, therefore, not artistic, but historic, biographic, literary. Their distinction is derived entirely from the persons or the books with which they are associated. But what associations these are! What a glorious privilege was the engraver's to have been at the christening, so to speak, of immortal books; to have stood, in a manner, godfather to the "Religio Medici" and Herrick's "Hesperides," perhaps even to have talked of them with Sir Thomas Browne

himself and the melodious Dean! William Marshall's name borrows a literary fragrance from the mere titles of Sir John Suckling's collected poems, and Howell's letters, the "Emblems" of Wither and of Quarles, the poems of Drayton, Owen Feltham's "Resolves," old Fuller's "Holy Warre," Thomas Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," and that momentous book of pity, the "Eikon Basiliké." Then, there is the portrait of Milton, which Marshall, in the ordinary way of business, was engaged to do in 1645, for the title-page of the first collection of the early poems. It is a poor engraving, but who cares for that? It ushered in Milton's early poems! Moreover, it has a story which shows the poet in a humorous light, and in this case Charles Lamb's "solemn service of music" is not required before entering upon him. Milton was not yet blind, and he did not recognise his own idea of his personal appearance in Marshall's print (and no wonder!), so he adopted a subtle method of avenging his offended vanity without exposing it by forbidding the publication. He offered to write four Greek lines for Marshall to engrave below the portrait, which offer the unsuspecting engraver gladly accepted. Innocent himself of Greek, he little dreamt that the poet of "Lycidas" would use the language of Homer to disguise a rather mean trick at the expense of a poor hard-working engraver. So Marshall proudly engraved, in ornate Greek letters, the words in which Milton exposed him and his work to the ridicule of scholars. Was the engraver allowed to remain in happy ignorance of the poet's revenge? I fear he knew too many students of the humanities for that. Could that scholarly royalist soldier and writer of dull comedies, Sir Robert Staplyton, for instance, have resisted the translation when Marshall was doing the portrait frontispiece for his "Juvenal"? But, perhaps, the genial engraver enjoyed the laugh against himself, especially when it was a Milton's laugh. Had he not been possessed of a sympathetic humour, would that jolly old Westmoreland squire, Richard Brathwaite, who, with his "bolster lectures," "Art Asleep, Husband?"

anticipated Douglas Jerrold, have entrusted to him the title-paging of his "Solemn Joviall Disputation, briefly shadowing the laws of Drinking?"

One of Marshall's best engravings is his portrait of John Donne, as a young man, done from a painting for the posthumous collection of the poems. It shows us little of the famous Dean of St. Paul's, but much of the impetuous young secretary, who married his lady-love in haste and in secret, even though she was the Lord Chancellor's niece and housekeeper, and then perforce repented at leisure in the Fleet Prison. Of Marshall's few female portraits the one that reveals most of personality is that of Bathsua Makin, the learned Putney and Tottenham schoolmistress, at one time governess of Charles I.'s poor little daughter Elizabeth, who must have suffered not a little from Bathsua's Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, not to mention the mathematics and the Continental tongues!

A great deal of journeyman work, in the way of portraiture and book illustration, was done between 1622 and 1678, by Robert Vaughan, who appears to have been something of a character, and no respecter of kings. Under a portrait of James I. he deliberately parodied the obsequious lines affixed by the Van de Passe brothers to their portraits of James and Charles. Vaughan wrote:

"King's have their Periods: by Dame Nature's date,
The poor man dies, so doth the potentate;
And though to ye world's eye King's seeme compleater;
Their standing high, makes but their fall the greater."

This makes one eager to discover any fortunate collector who may have possessed himself of Vaughan's print of Charles II., done in Commonwealth days, with verses of so offensive a character that, as the story goes, the engraver was prosecuted for them "when the King enjoyed his own again." What could those verses have been, which Charles, who could suffer Rochester's lampoons and Killigrew's mocking jests, found too much even for *his* reputation? It is a tantalising question; is it above antiquarism? Unlike most of his engraving contemporaries,

with whom Charles I.'s head was as insistent as it was with "Mr. Dick," Vaughan, in his sturdy republicanism, evidently scorned to portray the royal martyr's features, though he pictured Strafford's. In the year that Cromwell died, he published a curious print called "An Age for Apes," in which he clothed ape-like figures in the costumes of the day, just as the modern caricaturists did when Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" first staggered humanity. Vaughan had a rough satirical humour of his own, but he was not above domesticity. In his frontispiece to "The Perfect Cook," a volume of much appetising solicitude, dedicated to the Lady Mayoress, he has given us a picturesque peep into a Cromwellian kitchen.

We may pass over Thomas Cecil and Thomas Cross, two engravers whose long uneventful careers produced a great deal of undistinguished work. They were, in truth, merely booksellers' hacks, of praiseworthy industry unrelieved by any flashes of talent, and whatever interest may attach to them or their works is only the reflection of the momentous times in which they happened to live. Cross was another of Evelyn's "lamentable fellows," but Cecil is certainly honoured by respectful mention in the "Sculptura," though quite gratuitously. However, from his interesting print of Archibald Armstrong, Charles I.'s famous jester "Archie," without his motley, we learn that a king's jester, out of business hours, could look just a wise and pleasant gentleman.

But we are coming now to engravers of a very different stamp.

CHAPTER II.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE LINE ENGRAVERS (*continued*).

George Glover—Peter Lombart—William Faithorne—Wenceslaus Hollar—David Loggan—Robert White.

GEORGE GLOVER had real ability. A fellow pupil with Faithorne, he learnt the groundwork of his art, and learnt it well, from John Payne. Boon companion though that capable engraver was, on his good days he must have had much to teach to his two clever pupils; and Glover seems to have "bettered the instruction" even earlier than Faithorne. After the example of their master, they both looked studiously at the works of the eminent foreign engravers, notably of Claude Mellan, and we may imagine what a revelation to them must have been the fine, rich engravings of Lucas Vorsterman and Robert Van Voerst, "the king's engraver," from the pictures of Holbein and Vandyck.

When Vorsterman, after working in England for six years, in the employment of the King and the Earl of Arundel, who had brought him here, returned to Antwerp in 1630, he left behind him the influence of his deep and splendid shadows. Then, almost immediately, came Vandyck himself with his own vital pictorial influence. So, when the young English engravers looked at the great painter's head of Charles I. as the Flemish engraver interpreted it, with new effects of shadow in closely crowded lines, the face almost stippled with delicate pecks of the graver's point; when they looked too at Vorsterman's superb Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, after Holbein, and his

"St. George and the Dragon," after Raphael, in the King's collection, they must have perceived, by contrast, that hitherto, engraving in England had not been regarded sufficiently as a pictorial art, and that its immediate development rested with such as themselves. Under these influences, therefore, George Glover executed a few really fine prints.

Up to the time of their production no English engraver had done anything so bold and rich in effect as Glover's portraits of those two representative Members of Parliament, the irresolute Sir Edward Dering, after Cornelis Janssen, and the inflexible John Pym, after the native painter, Edward Bower. I doubt if even Faithorne had then engraved anything of equal importance. The only wonder is that Glover never again reached quite the same level of performance, although he has left some prints of considerable merit. From its publication in 1640, we may assume that his large oval print of Queen Henrietta, after Vandyck, received the painter's approval. It was from life, however, that Glover engraved the face of that fiery, persecuted, dauntless champion of English freedom in every form and degree, John Lilburn, one version of the print introducing his prison bars, which, thanks to his passion for justice and for print, he was seldom without.

That Glover had originality in the interpretation of character is seen in his *ad vivum* print of that brilliant, ingenious, fantastico Sir Thomas Urquhart, who translated Rabelais, invented a universal language, and was so "mathematically affected," to use his own phrase, that he showed his affection for his mother by dedicating to her a "most exquisite table for resolving all manner of Triangles." This "wonderful son that could so astonish a mother" is seen, in Glover's print, attired in all the foppery of the Cavalier fashion, much be-laced and rosetted, reaching out his hand to take his laurels! The engraver has surely given us the very man, and made him "stand upon his legs," as Whistler might have said in the artist's praise. Standing on their legs, too, in a curious "broadside" of Glover's, are William Evans, Charles I.'s giant

porter, and Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the courtly dwarf, while old Thomas Parr sits sleeping away the last of his reputed 152 years. What happened to Glover in his later days, why he never became the great engraver his earlier prints seemed to promise, alas, we do not know. His latest recognised work was dated 1652; "the rest is silence."

The stately Countesses of Vandyck, like the butterfly "Beauties" of Lely, and the gracious ladies of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney, stand for types of their time. For the early engraving of these, however, there was no caressing scraper of the mezzotinter, but there was the sympathetic graver of Peter Lombart. He was, I believe, a native of Middelberg in Holland, who went for his artistic training to Paris, where he is said to have studied design under the fashionable painter, Simon Vouet. Having won some reputation in Paris, he came with his family to London in 1648, an accomplished engraver, with a style essentially French, so French, indeed, that he is often regarded by connoisseurs as a native of France. He appears to have been welcomed among the Dutch colony, and, the year after his arrival in their midst, he gave his daughter in marriage. Attaining the dignity of Deacon of the Church in Austin Friars, he seems to have lived his fourteen years in London in circumstances of high repute. Evelyn records a visit from him at Sayes Court in June, 1653: "Mr. Lombart, a famous engraver, came to see my collections." Now, the accomplished diarist, with his inquiring mind, was hardly the man to receive at his house a celebrated foreign engraver without showing a learning interest in all that concerned him and his art; therefore, when we find him, in his "Sculptura," classifying Lombart among the Dutch and Flemish engravers, surely we may accept as conclusive this evidence as to his nationality.

Lombart's reputation as an engraver of taste and style must have been early established, for, only two years after his coming to London, he was entrusted with the important task of engraving the Vandyck series of Countesses. And what an interesting series it is. The heroic and devoted

Countess of Morton, more famous as Lady Dalkeith, whose romantic escape in disguise to France in charge of the little Princess Henrietta was sung by the poets; Anne, Countess of Bedford, loyal daughter of the infamous Countess of Somerset, who knew not her mother's story till, as a grown woman, she accidentally read it in a book; the miserably married Countess of Castlehaven; the dainty Countess of Devonshire; the brilliant, beautiful, bewildering Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, the political woman of her day, at whose feet, Waller, Carew and Suckling laid the homage of their muses, and Strafford and Pym the flattering service of their friendship; Dorothea, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's Sacharissa, "the matchless Sidney, that immortal frame of perfect beauty"; Margaret, the other Countess of Carlisle, and the Countesses of Carnarvon, Middlesex, and Pembroke. It is curious, by the way, that, within the very first years of the Commonwealth, there should have been a demand for prints of the ladies of King Charles's Court. And, of the engravers then in London, Lombart's was the eye best qualified to perceive the grace of Vandyck, his the touch that could best interpret it with refinement. Another of his Vandyck engravings affords a perfect quarry for the curious collector. This is the well-known picture of Charles I. riding under an archway, attended by M. de St. Antoine, carrying the King's helmet. Sometimes it may be found with Charles's head, sometimes with Cromwell's, for Lombart's plate seems to have undergone several changes of politics, after the odd fashion of those days. This talented engraver's residence in London was fruitful of many portraits which are prized to-day. Among these are Robert Walker, the gifted painter, whom Cromwell favoured, engraved from his own painting, now in the National Portrait Gallery; William Cartwright, the young Oxford poet-parson, who would "drop into poetry" even over King Charles's recovery from smallpox, and at whose death the King wore mourning; the bright-souled Jeremy Taylor; Sir Robert Staplyton and John Ogleby, whose vivid portraits outlive in interest their dull works.

Whether Lombart was Dutchman or not, France was, in any case, his adopted country, and she called him back to her. In 1662 he returned to Paris, where, of course, he was already well known, and there he remained, busily engraving, and there he died in 1681. It was said that he was "about sixty" at his death, probably, he felt and seemed no older, but "about" is a vague term, and, with all due deference to so erudite an authority as Mr. Colvin, it is sufficiently elastic, I submit, to allow the Pierre Lombart who died in Paris to have been the Peter Lombart of Middelberg, who was Deacon of the Dutch Church in London, and had a daughter married in 1649. They wedded early in those days, and prosperous Dutch artists with happy Gallic temperaments did not always remember exactly when they were born.

Now we call Room for the Master! But first let us hear his message:

"The result of air, the symmetry of parts, the exact harmony of proportions, of lights and shadows, may be performed to the height in graving." These are the words of William Faithorne, and, in giving practical illustration of their truth, he proved himself, not only the greatest English engraver of his time, but one who, at his best, could more than hold his own with such masters as Nanteuil, Edelinck, or Gerard Audran. He raised engraving in this country to its proper dignity as an art, and when his brother engravers were falling under the spell of the new and more facile method of mezzotint, and were all deserting the graver for the scraper, he never swerved in his allegiance to the noble art of the graven line. He showed that, in a master's hand, no demand of expression, the boldest or the most delicate, was beyond its means, that, by the simple magic of touch, it could reveal the subtlest secrets of light and shade, as well as the simple beauties of pure form. So thoroughly was Faithorne master of his graver that he seldom if ever needed to call the etching-point to his aid, while to a mind that penetrated all the mysteries of character his hand was ever responsive.

William Faithorne was born in London in 1616. Whoever his parents were, they seem to have recognised their son's artistic aptitude, and to have given him the means of cultivating it. He studied drawing and painting under Robert Peake, who enjoyed the dignity of Sergeant-Painter in James's reign, and was filially accepted as a legacy by Charles, and, what is more important, was father of the celebrated printsellers, William and Robert Peake. Being attracted by the art of engraving, young Faithorne next became the pupil, as we have already seen, of John Payne, and early began to engrave small heads in the neat and finished manner of his master. The Peakes, who appear at that time to have been the most influential of the London printsellers, and to have engaged the best available engravers, naturally gave employment to their father's clever young pupil, and this connection proved of the greatest importance in Faithorne's career. The times were troubled, King and Parliament were at feud, and, as the various stages of the conflict brought fresh personalities into sudden prominence, the people called for portraits. So they were busy times at the Peakes' shop, next the Sun Tavern at Holborn Conduit on Snow Hill, and none of the engravers was more industrious than Faithorne. Yet he did not regard his engraving as a mere question of demand and supply, he was responsive to artistic influences, notably that of the pure and dignified line of Claude Mellan.

But all England was now vibrating with the passions of civil war, and there were temperaments among those engravers and printsellers that thrilled to the "drums and tramplings," and the call of loyalty. Robert Peake, being the son of a Court painter, was naturally drawn to the King's cause, and, as Faithorne gratefully reminded him in after years, when Sir Robert was Vice-President and leader of the Honourable Artillery Company, he prompted the young engraver to loyalty, and "changed the steel of his tools into weapons, and the exercise of his arts into arms." Peake had probably had some previous military experience, for when, in 1643, he joined the King

at Oxford, taking with him, among his recruits, Faithorne and Wenceslaus Hollar, another of his engravers destined to lasting fame, he received the commission of a lieutenant-colonel.

At Oxford, by the way, attached to the Court was another of the elder Peake's gifted pupils, William Dobson, who had worthily succeeded as Sergeant-Painter the great Vandyck, to whom he owed the generous recognition of his fine talents, and his rescue from penurious obscurity. It was probably in the University city that Dobson painted that remarkable portrait of Prince Rupert, which Faithorne, doubtless in the intervals of his military duties, translated so vividly to the copper, showing us an older and more thoughtful Rupert than in Vandyck's gracious presentment. But there was now more serious business on hand for the young engraver. Basing House was the object of attack from the Parliamentary forces, and thither Faithorne and Hollar marched from Oxford with Colonel Peake's hundred musketeers, to form the mainstay of the garrison, which, under the gallant Marquis of Winchester, with Peake as second in command, kept the King's flag flying, in the face of a furious siege, from August, 1643, until October 16, 1645. They had famous comrades at Basing House; among them old Inigo Jones, Dr. Thomas Johnson, the botanist, and Thomas Fuller, who, as chaplain, cheered the heroic defenders with the spirited and comforting phrase. We may be sure that Faithorne bore his part bravely in that historic defence, and was one of his Colonel's most trusted lieutenants, for, in after years, he referred to this episode in his career as having won him some reputation in the world.

At the surrender of Basing House, Faithorne was taken prisoner and brought to London, but he appears to have been treated with consideration, for he was lodged in Petre House, Aldersgate Street, the old mansion of the Petre family, which, during those troublous times, was used as a political prison. His captivity, however, was, perhaps, an advantageous circumstance for him, and for posterity. There were thousands of good fighting-men

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

FROM THE LINE ENGRAVING BY W. FAITHORNE.
After W. Sheppard.

in England, but there was only one Faithorne. The fortune of war, having taken the sword from his hand, now put back the graver in its place. There was constant employment for his art, and the tedious hours of captivity were turned to profit. In his Aldersgate prison Faithorne engraved many fine portraits, and it was there that he reached the high-water mark of his earlier period in the splendid plate of General Sir Thomas Fairfax, after the painting by Robert Walker, which that admirable painter introduced into his portrait of Faithorne himself.

But the artist yearned for his liberty, for, after all, Petre House *was* a prison, although within its walls Faithorne was permitted to engrave his copper-plates, and Lovelace himself, who had his own poetic notions as to what made a prison, saw his "Lucasta" poems through the press, with Faithorne's engraved title-page. Thanks to the solicitation of the influential friends which his talents had won for him, the engraver was at last set at liberty on condition that he left the country. Straightway he made for Paris, the home at that time of great engravers. There he was in his element, and, through the medium of the Abbé de Marolles, a famous collector of prints, in whom he found a most appreciative friend, he became a pupil of the great Robert Nanteuil. This was the crowning influence of his artistic development. Having learnt what the illustrious Frenchmen could teach him of crayon-drawing and engraving, he returned to England in 1650, an accomplished draughtsman, with a complete equipment for an engraver of the very highest order. What this meant in actual achievement we may see in his consummate prints of Sir William and Lady Paston—done a few years later.

Shortly after his return to London, Faithorne married and settled down to domestic felicity and professional enterprise. Of his wife we know nothing, except that she was sister of a Captain Grand, and bore her husband a daughter and two sons. Of these Henry became, in due time, a bookseller, and William won reputation as an engraver in mezzotint.

Faithorne now added to his artistic activities by setting up in business as a printseller, as most of the engravers of old were henceforth in the habit of doing. He lived over his shop, after the custom of those days, first, it would seem, "Att ye signe of ye Shipp, within Temple Barr," and later, next to the sign of the Drake, close to the Palsgrave's Head Tavern, without Temple Bar, and here he carried on a flourishing trade in his own prints and those of other engravers, English and foreign. He was able to give employment to others, and when his old friend and companion-in-arms, Wenceslaus Hollar, came back from Antwerp in needy circumstances, and found little demand for his skilful etching-point, Faithorne took him to live in his house for a time, and readily found him work.

Through the years of the Commonwealth, and still more after the Restoration, Faithorne's pencil and graver were constantly employed in portraying notable personalities in various walks of life, translating pictures, or furnishing the booksellers with plates and frontispieces for their publications, pictorial playing-cards, and even maps—his London in 1658 being a topographical record of infinite value. His engaging personality (his face in Walker's portrait, with the keen bright eyes, the sensitive mouth, and the flow of curly chestnut locks, is eloquent of charm), his pre-eminent talent and cultured mind, doubtless made his shop a favourite place of call for the dilettanti who were following the new fashion of print-collecting.

Samuel Pepys, a great admirer, would often drop in at the shop next to the sign of the Drake, and his visits, of course, he faithfully recorded in his immortal diary. One afternoon, soon after the coronation, he looked in at the engraver's, and "bought some pictures of him," and, while he was there, the King's life-guards rode gaily past after escorting the "Merry Monarch" to Lincoln's Inn, to see the revels there. On another occasion Faithorne showed Pepys his "Workhouse, and the best things of his doing he had by him." Generally the little secretary would buy "two or three heads," which he always described

in his enthusiastic way, as the best he had ever seen. "Nov. 7, 1666. Called at Faythorne's to buy some prints for my wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemaine's picture, done by him from Lilly's, in red chalke, and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalke is the finest thing I ever saw in my life, I think; and I did desire to buy it; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct the copper-plate by, and when that is done he will sell it me." Again, "By coach home in the evening, calling at Faythorne's, buying three of my Lady Castlemaine's heads, printed this day, which indeed is as to the head, I think, a very fine picture, and like her."

So Faithorne's art, interpreting Lely's, had charmed back Mr. Pepys's wavering admiration for that imperious profligate beauty. Was there a great rush to Faithorne's for the Castlemaine print? It would be an interesting side-light on the times could we know who bought it other than Pepys, and, of course, the King, then still her slave. That Charles was interested in engraving we gather from Evelyn, with whom he discussed the art, while sitting to Cooper for his portrait. This was in the very year—1662—that Evelyn published his "Sculptura: or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper," and Faithorne his "Art of Graveing and Etching." But, though the great engraver had done some of the most interesting prints of Charles at various periods of his life, we never hear of the King himself paying visits to Faithorne's "work-house." Perhaps its pervading tone was too serious and dignified for his merry Majesty. Faithorne had no prints, other than the Castlemaine's, to offer him of the light and airy ladies of his Court. Their painted faces, with the little corkscrew curls, did not appeal to the noble line of a Faithorne; he left their pretty immodesties appropriately to the seductive blandishments of mezzotint. So we look in vain to him for a Nell Gwyn, a Duchess of Portsmouth, a Frances Stewart, or any other of the voluptuous, easy-hearted young women who laugh and intrigue their flaunting ways with such

engaging indecorum through the lively pages of De Grammont. Perhaps Faithorne would not have seen them exactly as they were. His art lent always dignity to his subjects, and dignity was not a flower that bloomed by the primrose paths of dalliance at Charles's Court. A Lely might dip his brush in the gay hues, the frivolous lights, and elusive shadows, of the passing moment, but Faithorne's graver could not have helped toning these to the neutral harmonies of Time itself. In Barbara, Lady Castlemaine, he seemed to see a woman who stood for the type of her class, time, and circumstance, "the very head and front" of their offending. So, in his engraving of her he said his first and last word to the whole bevy of historic courtezans. With her head resting on her hand, her long hair falling loosely, she seems to be gazing into the future with a look of languid defiance, as if to say, "Take me or leave me. In me you see incarnate the spirit of Charles II.'s Court—pleasure first, and the devil take the rest." And, to place side by side with this if we will, the engraver has left us a portrait of Lord Castlemaine, the complacent husband.

If we had only Faithorne's prints to inform us, we might suppose that his was a time entirely of high seriousness in England, and the "pomps and vanities" of Whitehall had no existence. For the faces that they show us are the faces, not of the butterflies of pleasure and fashion, but of those, for the most part, who did or thought fine or serious things. The greater number of his portraits he drew himself from the life, but many he engraved from the paintings of contemporary artists. Vandyck, William Dobson, Robert Walker, Lely and his pupil John Greenhill, Mierevelt, John Hoskins, the miniature painter, Dirke Stoop, the Dutchman, who came to London with Catherine of Braganza, Gerard Soest, William Sheppard, and Henry Cooke, who was driven to give up portrait-painting by the caprices of his sitters—to all Faithorne lent the charm of his individuality.

Let us look at his prints. Here are the royalties, of course: Charles I. in his panoply, and Queen Henrietta—

LADY CASTLEMAINE.

From the Line Engraving by W. Faithorne.
After Sir Peter Lely.

one vision of her in mourning, with stiff collar and black veil in place of her familiar laces. Charles II. as both Prince and King—one charming portrait of him as a young man, which might easily explain Lucy Walters and the Duke of Monmouth, subtly altered later, with more deepened lines, to an explanation of all the rest. Perhaps one might almost stretch one's conscience to find some excuses for Charles, when one looks at poor plain Catherine of Braganza, as she first appeared in England, an obstinate anachronism, in preposterous farthingale, and ridiculous crimped hair, "her foretop long and turn'd aside very strangely." James II. as Duke of York, in the armour he wore when he proved himself a worthy English admiral; Prince Rupert, as both soldier and artist; the Duke of Monmouth, the pretty little Princess Mary of Orange, and her boy-husband, William III.'s father—they are all here. Cromwell, too, in full armour. And a greater than these.

Milton, who had not long given his masterpiece to the world, and was about to publish "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," sat to Faithorne for his portrait in both oil and crayon, which the engraver subsequently translated to the copper. What a privilege for the artist—face to face with Milton, looking into those sightless eyes, with their immortal visions, listening to the "voice whose sound was as the sea," while his skilful hand, guided by fine intuitions, traced the placid features of the poet as he appeared at sixty-two. Looking at this portrait, we may forgive Milton's practical joke at poor Marshall's expense twenty-five years earlier.

Here, too, are lesser poets: Abraham Cowley, the great unread; Thomas Killigrew, the witty playwright and "King's Jester," founder of Drury Lane Theatre; and his rival theatrical manager, Sir William Davenant, absurdly wearing Ben Jonson's laureate wreath; Mistress Catherine Philips, "the Matchless Orinda" of Cowley's and Dryden's panegyrics; Sir Thomas Stanley, Lovelace's poet cousin, and John Ogleby, who danced himself into notice, and won a bubble reputation with illustrated

versions of Virgil and Homer—one of Faithorne's finest engravings. Here also are the prose writers: Elias Ashmole, of Museum fame, who paid Faithorne £7 for his plate, and his brother antiquaries, Lord Coleraine and Sir Henry Spelman; Archbishop Ussher; Sir William Sanderson, whose "Graphicé" Walpole often quotes; Henry More, the English Platonist, seen appropriately in the midst of rural nature, which he loved with such intimate understanding; Sir Richard Fanshawe, the literary ambassador; and doughty old Thomas Hobbes, of the "Leviathan," a "book the bishops will not let be printed again," as Pepys recorded, when he had to pay three times its original price "at the second hand."

The scientists are here: Harvey, who added the circulation of the blood to human knowledge; Robert Boyle, "the father of English chemistry," finely done from the life; and a troop of physicians, astronomers, astrologers, mathematicians, and physiognomists, who had their day, and now live only, perhaps, in Faithorne's prints. But here is that benevolent Irish gentleman, Valentine Greatrakes, the pioneer of massage, who, to the mystification of the scientists, gratuitously rubbed away ills that even the King's touch could not cure; and here also is Sir Isaac Pitman's seventeenth century predecessor, Richard le Baloman, teacher of shorthand! Musicians, too: Henry Lawes, "whose tuneful and well-measured song first taught our English music how to span words with just notes and accent"; with Thomas Mace, that wise and very human old lute-player, who wrote, in his "Music's Monument," to show the necessity of singing well, or not to sing at all! Would that they heeded him nowadays.

Here are the statesmen, warriors, preachers, lawyers; devoted fighting royalists, like Endymion Porter, whose "true and lively portraiture" was, by the irony of popular demand, made to serve also, with slight alteration, for that of the Parliamentary general, Lord Essex; and loyal patriots on the other side, like the redoubtable

Bulstrode Whitelock and Sir Henry Vane—Milton's "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel bold."

And now the ladies: Lady Paston, of course, proclaims herself a masterpiece; but it is curious to compare Mistress Sarah Gilly with the amazing medley of hyperbolic and elegiac verse published after her early death to prove her a paragon. Old Frances, Countess of Exeter, the innocent heroine of a grave scandal in her youth, but painted by Vandyck in her age, is a splendid print, but so rare that even Horace Walpole, whose grandmother-in-law she was, had been vainly trying for years to add a copy to his fine collection of Faithorne's, helped, too, in his hunt by "Reynolds, the painter"; and when at last he got one, it was "the greatest present to me in the world."

In the year 1680 Faithorne, then sixty-four years of age, retired from the business of printselling, and, giving up his shop without Temple Bar (Wren's stone archway, of our own remembrance, by the way, had replaced the ancient wooden structure since Faithorne had first gone to live there), he removed to a private house in Printing House Yard, Blackfriars, a locality much affected by artists. Here he still worked with his graver, and drew portraits in crayon, occasionally painting in oils; but his days of great engraving were over. He did pictorial playing-cards of topical interest, "broadsides" of traitors being drawn on sledges to execution, and even an advertisement of a new fire engine! In 1690 we actually find John Evelyn, one of Faithorne's old admirers, describing, in a letter to Pepys, the great engraver, as merely "father to the bookseller." He was getting old, he had lost his wife, and his son William, the engraver, appears to have got into difficulties, which caused the father much distress. His health gave way, and he died, as Walpole says, of a lingering consumption, and was buried near his wife in St. Anne's, Blackfriars, May 13, 1691. Perhaps no more fitting epitaph can be found for him than some of the verses which his friend, the once popular poet, Thomas Flatman, prefixed to his "Art of Graveing."

"That hand, whose curious art protracts the date
Of frail mortalities, and baffles fate
With Brass and Steel, can surelie potent be
To rear a statelie monument for Thee.
For my part, I prefer (to guard the Dead)
A copper-plate, before a sheet of Lead.
So long as Brasse, so long as Books endure,
So long as neat wrought Pieces, Thou'rt secure.
A Faithorne Sculpsit is a charm can save
From dull oblivion, and a gaping grave."

Among the seventeenth-century engravers of England there was none more interesting and individual, none who has left us work of greater value and distinction, than Wenceslaus Hollar. We have already met him in connection with Faithorne, but he stands by himself. He was not, however, a line-engraver in the technical sense, for the etching-point rather than the graver was his principal medium. The difference, briefly, is this: The line engraver cuts his lines direct into the copper with the point of his graver, as we have seen William Rogers doing; whereas the etcher, with the point of his needle, scratches his design on to the copper-plate through a coating of varnish or, as it is technically called, "ground," composed generally of asphaltum, Burgundy pitch, and virgin wax. Then he proceeds to "bite in" his etching by pouring aqua-fortis (nitric acid) over the scratched ground, so that only those portions of the copper which have been laid bare by the point will feel the corroding effect of the acid. These scratched, or etched, lines will thus be "bitten in" to the required depth, according to the length of time they are subjected to the action of the acid, while the rest of the plate is protected by the "ground." When this is removed, by a warming process, the copper-plate, with the etched picture, is ready for printing.

When, and to what extent, Hollar employed the graver to deepen his bitten lines, and strengthen his effects, is difficult to determine, but that he did so is certain. His etchings reveal the feeling of the line-engraver rather than the painter-etcher. But, however

that may be, without the refined, spirited, and ever active needle, the observant eye and exact pictorial sense, of this admirable artist, we should know far less than we do of the external aspect of England and English life between 1637 and 1677, the period of his connection with this country. In Hollar's countless prints—he is known to have done 2,733 in the course of his career—the greater parts of the reigns of the two Charleses, as well as the Commonwealth, live for us in picture. As for the City of London, it would be impossible to estimate the loss to the historian and the archæologist if Hollar's prints did not exist.

Wenceslaus Hollar was born at Prague on July 13, 1607. His father was a lawyer and an important civic official, who was held in such esteem by the Emperor Rudolph II. and his successor, Ferdinand, that he was granted a patent of nobility. Young Hollar soon showed that the bent of his mind was not law, as his father had hoped, but that his true vocation was art. The works of Albert Dürer appealed to him as no forensic arguments ever could, and fired his ambition to become an engraver. Matthew Merian was his master, under whose guidance he quickly became adept with the etching-point, as with the graver and the pencil, but it was through the medium of the bitten line that he found his artistic expression.

At his father's death Hollar was left entirely on his own resources, and he wandered from Prague to Frankfort, and thence successively to Strasburg, Cologne and Antwerp. Everywhere and always he worked industriously, with an extraordinary versatility in his choice of subjects, and he had ever the joy of the artist in his work, but, lacking the commercial instinct, he would always sell his plates, when he *did* sell them, to the advantage of the printseller, never to his own. So he found it very hard to earn a livelihood, and this was mainly the story of his arduous life. There was, however, a piece of temporary good fortune awaiting him: The Earl of Arundel, that "great Mæcenas of all the politer arts," was passing through

Cologne on his way to Vienna, as Ambassador to the German Emperor, when he happened to see Hollar's etching of the City of Prague, and, with an eye always alert to recognise artistic talent, he sought the young engraver, and, taking him into his employment, brought him over to England in the year 1637. Hollar was now for a while in flourishing circumstances. Living at Arundel House, of which he has left us some delightfully picturesque etchings, vivid with actuality, he found congenial work among the earl's famous collections, translating favourite pictures to the copper. The Earl of Arundel was a man of proud simplicity and distant manner, but "with those whom he affected, which were lovers of state, nobility, and curious arts, he was very free and conversable." Hollar was evidently one of those whom he "affected," and so the young engraver worked in an atmosphere of gracious encouragement. Also his talents and his personality attracted sympathetic friends. Young Evelyn, already a dilettante, made his acquaintance, and, conceiving high admiration for his gifts, described him as "a very honest, simple, well-meaning man." He was popular, too, in the earl's household, where romance and domesticity awaited him. Before long he fell in love with Mistress Tracy, one of the Countess's waiting women, and married her, their union being blessed by two children, a son and a daughter. Happiness, distinction and prosperity crowded upon him for the time being, albeit the time was brief. Through the influence of the Earl of Arundel, Hollar was brought to the notice of the art-loving King, who appointed him drawing-master to the youthful Prince Charles, whose graphic exercises still exist to prove his teacher's encouragement. Portraiture, too, occupied him largely and with happy results, for, in the rendering of the human countenance, his spirited and delicate touch was singularly appropriate, so that Hollar's portraits had a *cachet* of their own. His subjects were invariably distinguished.

From the very first, London and its suburbs appear to have fascinated Hollar, and their architectural, topo-

graphical and scenic characteristics found ready interpretation on his copper-plates. With him we may linger in the aisles of old St. Paul's, or bustle among the merchants on the Exchange, watch the comings and goings at Whitehall, or Westminster, take the summer air pleasantly in Tothill Fields, where the maze was and the bear-garden, and duels were frequent, or ruralise in quiet Islington. Then, as we wander with him "along the shore of silver-streaming Thames," whether at royal Richmond or Greenwich, by London Bridge or Somerset House, he will always capture for us the actual contemporary note of our river's picturesqueness. But he never sees it with the imaginative vision of the painter-etcher, who must interpret all the poetry and mystery of tone, colour, and atmosphere with the magic of the etched line. Hollar always aims at the spirited view, rather than the spirit of the scene. Not his the inspired impromptu, the transient impression of an eternal moment of beauty; with him all is deliberate study of fact, and its plain statement, all is elaborately wrought to a finish, without any thought for artistic economy of line. Hollar's is the prose of etching as Whistler's is the poetry. Hollar would see the barges and wherries floating by the riverside buildings, and record them as characteristic facts in his view; they would never appeal to him as mere factors of beauty, rhythmic suggestions in a pictorial poem. A Thames etching by Hollar is, to one by Whistler, as, say, Macaulay's description of London, in the famous third chapter of the History, compared with Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge. Picturesque fact is the motive of the one as suggestive beauty is of the other. Perhaps there was no encouragement in those violent times for the pictorial poem on copper; the quiet charm of atmospheric mystery made no appeal to the seventeenth-century Englishman. He liked to see his London and his Thames pictured "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air." And very probably the bludgeon of the footpad would have rudely disturbed the pencil of the artist, had he lingered after sunset, as the master in our own day would so

lovingly linger, to listen to Nature singing "her exquisite song" in perfect tune, "when the evening mist clothed the riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the tall chimneys became campanile, and the warehouses were palaces in the night,and the whole city hung in the heavens."

But Hollar was a Benedick whose wife had been behind the scenes of the fashionable world, so, instead of evening mists that clothe the riverside, he took note of contemporary feminine costume of every rank and class, and, in an exquisite series of plates, he has left us "the severall habits of Englishwomen as they are in these times, 1640," a series which he extended, three years later, to the costumes of the women of other nationalities.

There were sterner subjects, too, for his pencil and his point; the trial and execution of Lord Strafford, for instance, which he was privileged to witness. Hollar, may, in fact, be regarded, in a sense, as the forerunner of the special artist of modern times, for he was ever ready to picture the interesting event on the spot, whether it was a state trial, a lordly execution, a battle at sea, an army marching and encamping day by day, a coronation pageant, or a Quaker being whipped at the cart's-tail, or branded in the pillory. The times, in fact, are eloquent in Hollar's prints. There was one set-off, however, to the engraver's happy industry at this period. His engravings of Vandyck's portraits, especially those of the King and Queen, did not find favour with the painter, whose lack of sympathy he must have felt sorely, especially since Vandyck's death in the same year robbed him of the chance of changing the unfavourable opinion.

But there were worse troubles in store. The Civil War, which now broke out, altered everything for poor Hollar. Driven from England by stress of the political storm, the Earl of Arundel hurriedly betook himself with his collections to Antwerp, leaving Hollar stranded in London. It was a hard time for artists, and he got what casual employment he could from the printsellers, among these the Peakes. Versatile as he was, he could not create a demand for his prints, so he took service in the

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FROM THE ETCHING BY HOLLAR.

King's cause. We have seen him marching, under Sir Robert Peake, to the siege of Basing House, but an etched portrait of the Marquis of Winchester seems to be the only pictorial record he has left us of that episode. His soldiering was soon ended, for he was taken prisoner during one of the sorties early in the siege, and transported to London. There he at once resumed his art work. His interesting plate of the Royal Exchange, with its animated crowd of merchants and brokers, being dated 1644, shows that, while his comrades at Basing House were still holding out against the Parliament men, Hollar was quietly doing his etchings, a prisoner, in London. His captivity does not seem to have been very rigorous, and by the end of that year, after he had witnessed and pictured Archbishop Laud's trial, he was at liberty, whether by "French leave" or Parliament's is not known, to join Arundel at Antwerp. Presumably his wife and children were already there, in the household of the Countess, but when, a couple of years later, the Earl went to Padua, where he died, poor Hollar remained behind with his family in Antwerp, face to face with the old problem of "making both ends meet." Industrious as ever, doing some of his most accomplished and characteristic work, he found the question of ways and means one of harassing perplexity. Hard were the ways of the Antwerp publishers, and mean their payments. He could scarcely squeeze a living out of them. Yet at Antwerp he did his masterpiece in portraiture—James, Duke of York, as a youth, after the younger Teniers, and many exquisite things besides, among them those rare prizes of the collector, the plates of Muffs and Shells.

In 1652 Hollar returned to London, hoping for better times, but the same struggle for existence involved him. The Commonwealth was not a period of artistic encouragement, and Hollar's art required cultured appreciation. It was only poorly paid for. The London printsellers proved as hard bargain-drivers as were those of Antwerp. We may be sure that Faithorne, with whom he lived for a time, being a brother artist, treated him well in his

business transactions, but Peter Stent, Overton, and the rest, who were only dealers, took advantage of Hollar's poverty and distresses, and ground him down to work for them at the almost inconceivable pittance of fourpence an hour! He was a man of "an incorrigible and losing honesty." He would work with an hour-glass always by his side, and, so scrupulous was he to give his employers the exact value of their money, that he would never charge for any minute not actually occupied by the work in hand. Art must have seemed long indeed to poor Hollar in those days. So he remained always poor, but, even at fourpence an hour, he never lost his joy as an artist, his dignity as a gentleman.

The Restoration brought him a tiny smile of fortune, though it was rather a mocking smile. Charles II. had not forgotten his old drawing-master; the Bohemian engraver's was just one of those frank and engaging personalities, with the gentle, thriftless, happy-go-lucky temperament, that would appeal to his unconventional majesty. So the King was pleased enough to appoint Hollar "His Majesty's Designer," if the title could serve him in any way, but he had no money to give him. His own pockets were too nearly empty. Even the menial servants of the palace had to go an unconscionable time without a farthing of wages, and often lacked enough to eat—so expensive were the King's pleasures. However, there was something to be made out of the coronation pageantry, which Hollar pictured in detail, and Charles, moreover, took the trouble to influence the Lord Mayor and City Corporation to assist the engraver with funds for the purpose of completing his great London map, and other topographical works.

So Hollar's prospects were beginning slightly to improve, when misfortune fell upon him once more. He had already lost his wife, either during the years of struggle in Antwerp, or shortly after his return to England, and now the Great Plague came to plunge London in despair and desolation. His work was stopped, of course, in the general stagnation; for, who would want engravings

when food itself was barely to seek, and the death-cart was busy in every street? It stopped at Hollar's door. His son—an "ingenious youth," who "drew delicately" —was a victim of the Plague. What had become of his daughter—"one of the greatest beauties I have seen," as his friend John Aubrey, the antiquary, described her, we do not know; the Restoration was a perilous time for beauties. It is, however, probable that his son's death had left Hollar alone, and with a lonely hunger for affection, for, that very year, with his fortunes at their lowest, he married again, with characteristic improvidence, and seemingly a young woman without a penny to her name. But he worked always; and the sea-fights with the Dutch, not invariably to England's credit, engaged his spirited etching-point to a lively picturing.

The catastrophe of the Great Fire offered still greater opportunity to the industrious engraver. Hollar went over the vast area of destruction, sketching among the ruins, and, thanks to him, we are able to see exactly what London looked like immediately after, as well as before, the conflagration. He was now honoured with the title of "King's Scenographer." It sounded well, and no doubt the King meant well, and, probably, Charles, in his genial, sociable way, would welcome the poor artist as "our merry scenographer!" and hearten him with easy, good-natured promises, when the thought of the half-starved wife and children at home reduced him, in his desperate need, to making application for the King's material assistance.

One of these promises certainly bore fruit in a commission to go, as special artist, in the suite of Lord Henry Howard to Tangier, and draw and engrave plans of the city with its fortifications, so newly an English possession. This work kept Hollar a year abroad, and his return journey, in His Majesty's ship *Mary Rose*, was rendered exciting and perilous by a fierce and prolonged encounter off Cadiz with seven Algerian pirate ships. Fighting against desperate odds the English vessel was victorious, and Captain Kempthorne, the commander, deserved his

knighthood. Hollar, of course, sketched the fight in progress, and gave it permanent record on his copper-plate. But Charles II. was a poor paymaster—except to his mistresses—and a hundred pounds represented Hollar's only compensation for a year's service abroad, with the risk of death or slavery among the pirates. Even for that sum he had to wait long and apply frequently.

Hollar lived the last years of his life in Gardiner Street (or Gardiner's Lane), Westminster. There several pupils came to him, worked with him, and became his friends. Among these was the versatile Francis Place, who was one of the earliest experimenters in mezzotint, and Pearce Tempest, who became a noted publisher of prints, besides those capable followers in his own manner of etching, Robert Gaywood, William Carter, Thomas Dudley, and others. In 1672 he made an interesting and fruitful tour of the midland and northern counties, sketching actively as he went. But, though he was continuously working for his skinflint taskmasters, the booksellers and printsellers, struggling hard to maintain his increasing family, he was never out of financial difficulties. Aubrey said of him, "He was a very friendly, good-natured man as could be, but shiftless as to the world, and died not rich." As a matter of fact, this son of Bohemian nobility, this artist whose fame outlives the centuries, died so poor that the bailiffs were actually in possession of his worldly goods, and he had to beg as a favour that they would not remove his bed until, lying upon it, he had satisfied the Greatest Creditor of all. Hollar was buried on March 28, 1677, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the north-west corner of the tower. The subsequent struggle to live of his widow and numerous children is veiled by obscurity, from which Mrs. Hollar emerges for a moment, some years after her husband's death, to sell a book of his prints to Sir Hans Sloane. In that book was the genius of the artist. Perhaps it was all the poor woman had left of the man she loved, except the hungry children.

How many graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, I

wonder, know the name of David Loggan? Yet, if one cares to learn what those famous seats of learning, and their academic life, looked like in the days of Charles II., one must owe a debt of gratitude to the patient industry and observant eye, the facile pencil and deft graver, of that Anglicised German.

David Loggan was born at Dantzic in 1635—of Scottish ancestry, it has been said. The career of an engraver seeming to wait upon his happy gift of draughtsmanship, he found his way to Holland, where the art of the graver could be learned among the masters. He studied with Hendrik Hond (or Hondius), one of the thirteen children of our old friend Jodocus Hondius, and came to England in 1653. No doubt his master, having long-standing family connections with the London print trade, was able to give him useful introductions. Anyhow, he was soon busy, drawing portraits from the life in pencil on vellum, and engraving them; while, at the time of Charles II.'s coronation, we find him producing prints of the emblematic triumphal arches erected for that pageant, and to stand one year afterwards. But Loggan had come from Germany, with the Teuton love of universities. Oxford attracted him, and the charm of its ancient buildings, and its scholastic atmosphere, held him. One day he was making one of his minutely detailed drawings of All Souls College, when the university authorities took note of him. He was the very man they wanted to make permanent records of the colleges. Anthony à Wood, the celebrated antiquary, was then collecting materials for his work on the antiquities of Oxford, and it is more than probable that he suggested the idea of Loggan's work as a pictorial supplement to his own. Anyhow, he showed active interest in its progress, and gave it the benefit of his own researches. He and Loggan were frequently in company, and would often discuss archæology over the convivial cup at the Mermaid Tavern. By 1665 the engraver had settled at Nuffield, near Oxford, and was at work on his "Oxonia Illustrata." But Loggan was not content to give merely the architectural aspect of

the colleges—he pictured their living atmosphere, showing us the courts and quadrangles, and the leafy gardens in their gaiety of blossom, with the bowling-greens, tennis-courts and summer-houses, all alive with dons, undergraduates, college servants, interested visitors. He invested his drawings, in fact, with that human interest which makes them speak so charmingly to us to-day.

This must have been a period of congenial activity, bringing him into personal relations with men of light and leading, as well as the scholastic pedants. Several of these, of course, sat to him for their portraits, and among them was the Chancellor of the University himself, the famous Lord Clarendon. Loggan was now a man of consideration at Oxford, having been appointed, in 1669, official engraver to the University, at the munificent salary of twenty shillings per annum, with a diploma, and a silver box, provided by Dr. Fell, the Bishop of Oxford, to keep the seal in. Moreover, when Cosmo de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was received at Oxford, Loggan was privileged to present to him his portrait of the King done on white satin, and also to show him his engravings of the colleges.

Loggan's social standing, too, must have been acceptable to the county, for he married in 1671, the daughter of an Oxfordshire squire, Robert Jordan, of Kincote Hall, and took up his residence at Holywell, Oxford. Then he became a full-fledged undergraduate of the University, subscribed to the Articles of Religion, and next took a still more important step. On May 29, 1675, he shed his German nationality, and became a naturalised Englishman. His sponsor was Peter Mews, Bishop of Bath and Wells, "the fighting Bishop," whose portrait, of course, he drew and engraved.

The "Oxonia Illustrata" having now been published, Loggan's work in the University city was done, and professional considerations and, perhaps, the social ambitions of his wife, called him back to London. He was now a man of importance; in 1676 he set up house in Leicester Fields,

next door to the Golden Head (afterwards Hogarth's house), and, bringing with him a distinguished reputation from Oxford, his portraits, always minutely drawn on vellum and carefully engraved, were soon in great demand. So popular did they become that Dryden satirically refers to the poetasters getting Loggan to crown their heads with bays, for the adornment of their senseless plays. Many eminent men sat to him, among them the Duke of Ormonde, the ill-fated Earl of Argyll, and General Monk, Earl of Albemarle, besides several leading dignitaries of the Church. For the engraving of some of these he is said to have employed the assistance of his more accomplished pupils, like Robert White, and even eminent engravers, such as Gerard Valck and Peter Vanderbank—in fact, it was suggested, by no less an authority than George Vertue (who had it from his master, Michael Vandergucht, a pupil of Loggan's), that even Loggan's masterpiece, the portrait of young Sir Thomas Isham, was not actually the work of his own graver. Certainly it was not an infrequent custom of some of the seventeenth and eighteenth century engravers, whose works were greatly in demand, to sign plates executed by their pupils or less known employees, adding merely the final touches themselves; but because an artist might, in a single work, excel greatly all his other efforts, that is no reason to rob him of the credit of a masterpiece. Among a few portraits in mezzotint which Loggan published is one of the same subject, but he signed neither this nor any of the others, and they were probably done by Valck, who had come to England with his master, Blooteling.

Some of Loggan's articled pupils won reputations for themselves, but Mrs. Loggan appears to have provoked trouble among them. She must now be a fine town lady, and she would insist on her husband's apprentices donning livery to attend her when she took her walks abroad to air her perfumed finery. But one of them, at least, Edward le Davis, a young Welshman, struck against this indignity. He would be an engraver, not a lackey, so, in spite of his indentures, he ran away to Paris, and made

a fortune by picture-dealing. What words passed between David Loggan and his wife, when he discovered that one of his best apprentices had decamped, are not recorded. Perhaps he forgot his acquired "Oxford manner," and remembered only his native "Donnerwetter!" He was so newly an Englishman.

The success of the "Oxonia Illustrata" naturally suggested a similar work in connection with Cambridge. The University authorities eagerly countenanced the project, and allotted the engraver a workroom in Trinity College, where he set up a printing press, and during the next twelve years, while "Cantabrigia Illustrata" was in progress, Loggan paid frequent visits to Cambridge. The work was completed in 1690, when he was appointed official engraver to the University, as he had been at Oxford, with a bonus of fifty pounds. Various sums had also been paid to him by the colleges severally, and the profits of these publications were likewise his, for he procured a licence to sell them for a term of years. It is said that he injured his eyesight during his Cambridge work; anyway, he did little or no more engraving after 1690. He appears to have lived always in easy and pleasant circumstances. His connection with Oxford was maintained through his son John, who went up to Trinity College in the Revolution year, and eventually took a Fellowship at Magdalen. About the year 1700 Loggan died at his house in Leicester Fields.

The ablest and most distinguished of Loggan's pupils was undoubtedly Robert White. He was born in London in 1645, and very early he began to cultivate his natural gift of draughtsmanship. Apprenticed to Loggan, he went with his master to Oxford, and worked with him, with both pencil and graver, on the "Oxonia Illustrata." But it was to his intellectual sense of portraiture, with his happy facility in conveying a likeness, that he owed the constant and extensive demand for his engravings during the forty years of his professional career. From Loggan he learnt the value of careful pencil drawing on vellum, and exquisite finish distinguishes his results.

That he could not always recapture on the copper the first fine vivid impression of his pencil's careful touch is not surprising, considering his prodigious industry. He is known to have engraved some four hundred plates, all in the arduous line manner, and chiefly from his own drawings, though some were after contemporary artists, such as Sir Godfrey Kneller (who drew his portrait); Sir Peter Lely; John Riley and his pupil, Jonathan Richardson (who in turn taught Hudson, the master of Reynolds); Mrs. Mary Beale; John Hayls (Pepys's friend); Henry Tilson (Lely's gifted pupil, who killed himself for love); Wissing, William Sunman, Closterman, whose quarrels with the Duchess of Marlborough over his picture of the Marlborough family led the great duke to say to him, "It has given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and you than to fight a battle." But it was certainly to White's own gift of catching a likeness that he owed his continuous popularity. He always remained true to his graven line, and graphic in his prints are most of the prominent personalities of three reigns.

There were few historic happenings of those eventful times that did not move White's graver to portraiture. To look through his innumerable prints is, as it were, to read Macaulay in human features, to follow Burnet and Evelyn with the actual vision, to gossip with garrulous Pepys face to face. Here is Charles II., in a print of curious interest, in the act of "touching for the King's Evil," with all the solemn ceremony of that healing superstition, just as Evelyn describes it. General Monk dies, and we see all the pomp and circumstance of his belated Abbey funeral. The Rye House plotters are brought to trial, and the implacable Jeffreys is here posing for justice. The dazzling profligate Buckingham, and the brilliant wanton Rochester, cannot strut, caper, and buffoon through their glittering extravaganzas of life, and die in the patchouli odour of sudden penitence, without their features appealing to the engraver. The trial of the Seven Bishops stirs all England, and here they are, as well as their counsel and their obstinate King. The campaigns in Ireland

yield their victories, and here is General Ginkel, with his hardly won earldom of Athlone.

Here are the Lords Justices, to whom William III. delegates his authority when he goes a-fighting in Flanders. But the Jacobite Walk in Hyde Park is now frequented in greater numbers, and with a bolder and more aggressive air; and there are mysterious assignations on the Piazza of Covent Garden, and everywhere are deep whispers of deadly plots. So here we have William's arch enemy Sir John Fenwick, the inveterate Jacobite, whose dramatic plotting must inevitably bring himself and his associates to the scaffold; also those two other famous Jacobites, Sir Roger L'Estrange, who had so long in his keeping the licence of the Press; and Jeremy Collier, who bravely raised his voice against the licentiousness of the playwrights, and his hand in benediction of the dying Jacobites at Tyburn. Here is complacent Samuel Pepys, in one of his most expensive wigs, as ready to sing to you as to confide a quaint version of the latest Court scandal, a criticism of the newest play, or the intimacies of his wife's dressing-room; and here are Bishop Burnet and Lord Chancellor Clarendon, each ready to tell "how it strikes a contemporary." The law is incarnate here in the great Chancellor Somers, and here is a succession of famous primates, Sancroft, Tillotson, and generous Tenison, who could say as kindly things over Nell Gwyn's grave as he could over Queen Mary's. Henry Purcell, the glory of English music, and his eminent master, Dr. John Blow; George Herbert, most saintly of poets; John Bunyan, and happy, sonorous, inimitable Sir Thomas Browne; princes, courtiers, statesmen, lawyers, churchmen, soldiers, writers, all came alike to Robert White's busy graver. And not only contemporary personalities appealed to him. He has left us a splendid head of old William Camden, of "Britannia" fame, and a most characteristic print of the redoubtable Earl of Cumberland, of Elizabeth's day, in full jousting array, with the Queen's glove, jewel-set, in his hat, as though he is about to challenge all comers to maintain that his mistress (not his

wife, be it noted) is the "most worthiest and most fairest," as was his favourite pastime.

In White's house in Bloomsbury was a closet full of the proofs of his plates, rolled up and carelessly thrown there. Careful in his work, he would not seem to have been very provident in his affairs, or perhaps his wife had a mind to be in the fashion, for that way extravagance lay. His own portrait suggests a man of refinement and of simple habit. He would receive generally a matter of four pounds on the completion of a plate, though he was paid as much as thirty on occasion; then, of course, he sold his prints. According to Walpole, he saved some four or five thousand pounds, yet, somehow or other, all this had vanished before his death in 1703, for he died in exceedingly poor circumstances. But here is the familiar irony of artistic life-story. The printseller who bought up White's plates after his death realised a fortune by them, which would show that the artist was a poor man of business. A few plates he left unfinished, and these were completed by his son George, whom we shall meet presently as a proficient worker with the scraper. Robert White was the last important English engraver of his period who was able to maintain the dignity and appeal of line-engraving in face of the conquering advance of the soft, persuasive mezzotint. He certainly published a few portraits engraved in the new manner, mostly after Kneller, but he put his name to these only as publisher, not as engraver, and if he did scrape them, as has been surmised, it must have been merely by way of curious experiment. It was as a line-engraver that Robert White wished to be remembered, leaving the easier art to his son.

And now, while we follow the story of mezzotint from its birth to its glorious maturity, we may leave the older and greater art dozing, as it were, through discouraging years until it is awakened by the immortal message of Hogarth, and roused to yet more splendid and beautiful vigour by the genius of Strange, Woollett and Sharp.

CHAPTER III.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE STORY OF MEZZOTINT.

The Apocryphal Legend—The True Story—Ludwig Von Siegen and Prince Rupert—The Colonel invents and the Prince adapts—The First Mezzotint—Early Experiments and Improvements—The Great Executioner—Prince Rupert brings the Art to England—Confides the Secret of it to John Evelyn—The "Sculptura" announcement—Prince Rupert falls in Love and forsakes Engraving—William Sherwin—The Earliest English Mezzotint—Francis Place—George Lumley—Lely's Beauties and the New Art—Henri Gascar—Abraham Blooteling—He invents the "Rocker" and establishes the Technique of the Art—The Growing Popularity of Mezzotint—Richard Tompson and Alexander Browne, the Publishers—Valck, Van Somer, Van der Vaart—The Royal Mistresses—Edward Luttrell—Lloyd, the Printseller—Isaac Beckett—Robert Williams—William Faithorne, Junr.—Bernard Lens—John Smith—His Eminence in Mezzotint—His Association with Kneller, and their Quarrel.

THERE was a story, long believed of Prince Rupert, that one day he saw a soldier cleaning the barrel of his musket, which the dew had rusted during a lengthy spell of "sentry-go" in the night. The Prince, according to the legend, noticed that, as the soldier scraped away the fine grain eaten into the metal by the damp, which was in effect the rust, a sort of nondescript design was left, and from this he was supposed to have conceived the idea of mezzotint engraving. It was a plausible story, but its truth has been discounted, since Horace Walpole related it, by the discovery that the art was invented, not by Charles I.'s famous nephew, but by a German soldier of more modest fame.

Yet mezzotint engraving has its romantic story. When Prince Rupert was in Brussels in 1654, he sought the acquaintance of a certain Colonel Ludwig Von Siegen —but it was not to talk of military matters. Perhaps he was trying to forget the stricken fields of Marston Moor and Naseby, the surrendered battlements of Bristol, in the peaceful arts and sciences which now engaged his subdued activities. Among these engraving enjoyed his particular favour and interest; and his wonder and curiosity had been aroused by the report of certain extraordinary prints mysteriously produced from copper-plates which yet revealed no touch of graver or of etching-point. These, he learned, were the work of Colonel Ludwig Von Siegen, lately in the service of the young Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, whose interest in the arts was well known.

It appeared that in August, 1642, Von Siegen had sent to the Landgrave, from Amsterdam, a few impressions of a copper-plate engraving he had made from a portrait, done by himself while in Cassel, of the young prince's mother, Amelia Elizabeth, the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse Cassel. This he described, in a letter still existing, as having been done by an entirely new method of his own invention, which he declared no copper-plate engraver or artist could explain or imagine. It was, in fact, the process of engraving in mezzotint, and the portrait of the Dowager Landgravine was the first example. The secret of his invention, however, Colonel Von Siegen had kept to himself for twelve years, and, in the interval, he had worked during his leisure hours at its development; but the flattering interest evinced by Prince Rupert, when he curiously and admiringly examined the prints, overcame the reticence of the gallant and ingenious inventor. He confided his secret to the sympathetic prince. He told him how, by means of a steel roller with fine sharp teeth cut on the face of it, fixed to a horizontal handle, he had worked over and over a copper-plate, in every possible direction, until the surface presented a close and even burr or grain, which, when inked, had given an

impression of practically uniform black. Then, with a sharp tool, which he had devised for the purpose, he had gradually scraped away portions of the burr to varying depths and degrees, while other portions were left untouched, so that the high lights, middle tints, and black shadows, of his design resulted from impressions taken from the worked plate, and a whole picture was accordingly presented merely by gradatory tones of light and shade, and without a single line or dot, as in the known forms of engraving. The delicate effect Prince Rupert could see for himself in the prints he was examining.

The tools Von Siegen showed the Prince, were, of course, experimental, and somewhat of the rough and ready order, but they had sufficed to give convincing proof of the rightness of the principle. Prince Rupert was delighted; he grasped the idea with enthusiasm, and was eager to give it practical application with his own endeavour. And is it not probable that it was with the story of the soldier and the rusty musket-barrel Von Siegen satisfied the Prince's natural curiosity as to the evolution of the idea of mezzotint? The romance of this invention of a new art, which chance and the dew of night had discovered to the ingenious mind of the German soldier, already conversant with all the customary methods of engraving, must have appealed strongly to the imaginative prince, and we may be sure that he told again that story of Von Siegen's. And, possibly, in the enthusiasm of the repetition, he may gradually have come to fancy himself almost as the hero of it, or, anyway, allow his hearers to do so. Has not a prince been ever regarded as a proper hero of legend?

Prince Rupert was always impetuous. No sooner had he learned the secret of mezzotint than he began to engrave plates, and for a time gave all his energies to the development of the art. In this he engaged the assistance of Wallerant Vaillant, a Flemish painter of repute, who appears to have been the first to turn the new method to professional advantage. He and Rupert worked together to improve upon Von Siegen's tools, and his handling of

them, especially in the matter of "grounding" the plates. And, after four years' practice and experiment, Prince Rupert was able to produce his fine plate of the Executioner of St. John the Baptist, after a picture by Spagnoletto. This he did, or, at least, completed, at Frankfort in 1658, when he went there to attend the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. Vaillant was also at Frankfort for that ceremonial; so also was Theodor Caspar von Fürstenberg, Canon of Mentz, to whom Von Siegen had further entrusted the secret of his invention, and Jan Thomas, of Ypres, the Court painter, who had it from Prince Rupert. So among those four pioneers in Frankfort the delicate art was nursed, with promise of healthy growth.

But now the scene changes to England. London had welcomed Charles II., after his long exile, with delirious demonstrations of joy, and a little later came his cousin Rupert. But the Prince's bent of mind, his tastes and occupations, were too serious for the frivolous dalliance of the new Court, and Pepys records that he was "welcome to nobody." He found himself out of tune with the new manners and fashions.

> "In days of ease, when now the weary sword
> Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored;
> In every taste of foreign courts improved,
> 'All, by the King's example, lived and loved.'
> New peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,
> Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
> The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
> And every flowery courtier writ romance.
> New marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
> And yielding metal flow'd to human form;
> Lely on animated canvas stole
> The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul."

This was the prevailing atmosphere of Whitehall, and Prince Rupert sought refuge from it at his quiet house in the Barbican—Drury House in Beach Lane—close to Aldersgate. Here he enjoyed his favourite pursuits, experimenting in chemistry, physics and the "curious arts," and here he was visited by congenial spirits. One

of these was John Evelyn, and the visit he paid to Drury House on February 21, 1661, made that a red-letter day in the history of mezzotint engraving, for the prince then initiated him in the mystery of the new art. The visit was repeated on March 13, and Evelyn records in his diary: "This afternoon Prince Rupert shew'd me with his owne hands the new way of graving called Mezzo Tinto, which afterwards by his permission I published in my 'History of Chalcography'; this set so many artistes on worke, that they soon ariv'd to that perfection it is since come, emulating the tenderest miniatures."

The first mezzotint engravers in England, however, owed no more to Evelyn's "Sculptura" than a deliberately mysterious announcement of the new art, together with an example of it, in a plate of the Executioner's Head, expressly done for the book by Prince Rupert. Evelyn merely whetted the curiosity of the engravers by speaking of the paradox of an engraving without a graver, burin, point or aqua fortis, in which the shadows were the least difficult parts, and the lights the most laborious, "yet performed with the greatest facility." And he gave Prince Rupert the credit of the invention. But how to achieve this seeming paradox of engraving, he left the engravers to discover for themselves. Prince Rupert had, "with a freedom perfectly generous and obliging," accorded him permission to publish "the whole manner and address of the new way of engraving," but Evelyn considered that he had given hints sufficient for the ingenious, while, if he were more explicit, the attempts of the incompetent would only cheapen and vulgarise the art. So he carefully and tantalisingly avoided any explanation.

It is impossible to say when the first essay in mezzotint was made in England, or who made it. When Pepys, on November 5, 1665, went by water to Deptford, and visited Evelyn at Sayes Court, his host showed him the treasures of his collections, "and, above all, the whole secret of mezzotinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it." What were the "good things" in mezzotint that Evelyn showed to Pepys we

THE EXECUTIONER OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

From the Mezzotint by Prince Rupert.
After Spagnoletto.

do not know. They were probably prints he had procured from Germany and the Netherlands, where a few artists had already taken up the new method. That they included any plates done in England, save Prince Rupert's "Executioner's Head," is extremely unlikely. Evelyn himself, though he toyed with the graver, seems never to have attempted mezzotint; and, although he published his "Sculptura," and presented a copy of it to the Royal Society in 1662, a few years elapsed before anything was heard of English mezzotints.

Meanwhile, Prince Rupert had turned his attention to arts of a more seductive nature. The intrigues and frivolities, the witty rakes and voluptuous beauties, of the Court had failed to lure him from his chemicals and his copper-plates, but at last he found metal more attractive. The theatre had revived under the sympathetic encouragement of the "Merry Monarch," and the French fashion of actresses playing women's parts had been introduced as a novelty on the English stage. This fashion did not leave Prince Rupert unaffected. It was when the Court was enjoying its revels, its frolics, and its amours, at Tunbridge Wells in the summer of 1668, that the Queen sent for the players from Drury Lane. Among these was the beautiful Mistress Hughes, who immediately captured the amorous fancy of the veteran Rupert, as the lively Count Hamilton tells us, and "brought down and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time, adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges; a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations: sweet powder and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention." So entirely did the imperious actress reduce the Prince to subjection in the course of her conquest, "that he no longer appeared like the same person," an event which greatly pleased the King, and there was much rejoicing at Tunbridge in consequence. But, in spite of his amorous infatuation, Prince Rupert did one last service to the development of mezzotint: he initiated William Sherwin in the art, and to that

engraver we owe the earliest mezzotint dated in England. This was a portrait of Charles II., done in the year 1669, and it was gratefully dedicated to Prince Rupert.

The son of a clergyman and Biblical commentator, Sherwin was born at Wellington in Shropshire, and he married a grand niece of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle. He had practised engraving in the line manner, but only *con amore*, and when he read, in Evelyn's book, about the new method of engraving, he was eager to attempt it. Perhaps he made experiments of his own without very satisfying results, but, through his marriage connection with General Monk's family, he was fortunate in enlisting the interest of Prince Rupert, who encouraged his enthusiasm by showing him how to engrave in mezzotint. Sherwin was seemingly a man of means, and he had no occasion to use his engraving skill for pecuniary profit, but he secured the cheap title of "Engraver to the King." This can hardly have imposed very laborious duties upon him, for, though he engraved his "Charles II." in 1669, and he lived until 1714, very few prints exist to show his industry, and at the best they are somewhat crude.

Although Sherwin, owing to his foresight in having dated his plate of the King, is regarded as the first Englishman who practised mezzotint, there was another working independently at the same time. This was Francis Place, also an amateur. The son of Rowland Place, of Dimsdale in Durham, he was born in Yorkshire in 1647, and came in due course to London to study law. But the arts allured him, and when the Plague broke out, he was glad enough to turn his back upon the attorney's office, with no intention of returning to it. Henceforth he was the dilettante of versatile talents. He painted pictures, he drew architectural subjects, he etched in the manner of his friend Hollar, he engraved in line, he exercised his ingenuity and spent his money in the manufacture of porcelain, from a particular earth he had discovered; he enjoyed the friendship of artists, and generally lived pleasant days. The mystery of mezzotint early

attracted him, and there is little doubt that, from a careful study of the "Executioner's Head" in Evelyn's book, he discovered the secret for himself. Probably, too, he purchased at the shop of Richard Tompson, the printseller, at the Sun in Bedford Street, a copy of Alexander Browne's "Ars Pictoria," when it made its appearance in 1669, and having found, at the end of the volume, a momentous paragraph, entitled "The Manner or Way of Mezo Tinto," he straightway went to the author's lodging at the sign of the Angel, the corner of James Street and Long Acre, and consulted him as to the requisite grounding tool or "engin," as Browne calls it. That he early mastered the method is evident in his prints, which are marked by brilliancy and refinement, and reflect the individuality of the engraver. They are rare as they are few, but no prints of that day are more instinct with charm than Place's portraits of Philip Woolrich, Charles I., after Vandyck, General Lambert, Tompson, the printseller, or his artistic friend, William Lodge, of Leeds, who was the hero of a funereal dream-story. Place was by temperament an artist, and when he was officially offered a salary of £500 a year to draw all the ships of Charles II.'s navy, he declined the commission. But his mezzotinting was a labour of love, and later he taught the art to his friend George Lumley, a lawyer of York, who, among some interesting prints, did a portrait of Lady Mary Fenwick, whose vain efforts to save her Jacobite husband from the scaffold invested her with such pathetic interest. But that was in William III.'s reign, and, although Francis Place lived until 1728, we are still with mezzotint in its earlier days.

It must be regretted that the new method did not arrive early enough for the contemporary interpretation of the art of Vandyck, to whose genius it would certainly have made sympathetic appeal; nevertheless mezzotint came to England at the psychological moment. Its soft and sensuous blandishments of light and shade were happily adapted to interpret the "animated canvases" of Lely and his followers. Through its subtle language the

"sleepy eye" of a Whitehall beauty "spoke the melting soul" with more seductive eloquence, while its tender tones persuaded the careless draperies to more harmonious impromptus. The painters of the day reflected in their portraits the easy, voluptuous temperament of the day, and facile mezzotint came complacently to their service. Among the earliest painters who used the new method was the Frenchman, Henri Gascar, who came from Paris to England under the patronage of Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, and at once enjoyed the lucrative results of fashionable favour. For a time he was a rival even to Lely, and having acquired the secret of mezzotint, he scraped plates from his own portraits of Charles II. and his mistresses, the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Cleveland, Nell Gwyn, and others. The art, however, was still technically in a somewhat primitive condition when Abraham Blooteling, a distinguished Dutch line-engraver, devoted his ingenuity to its development.

Blooteling was born at Amsterdam in 1634, and studied his art under the famous Cornelius Visscher. He attained eminence, and in 1665 succeeded to a competence as heir under the will of Cornelis van Dalen, the Younger. At the suggestion of his friend, David Loggan, he came over to England about 1670, and engraved some dozen or more important portraits in the line manner. Having, however, learned the process of mezzotint from Fürstenberg, and finding that this was beginning to arouse some interest in England, he set himself to improve the method and develop its possibilities as an art. The service he rendered to it was invaluable and far-reaching, for he invented the instrument known as the cradle or rocker, a steel tool for grounding the plate, which superseded the primitive toothed wheel used hitherto. By means of this tool, worked with full command of the hand, a much finer and closer grain could be produced on the surface of the plate, so that richer and more delicate effects were attained in the scraping. Thus Blooteling definitely established the technique of mezzotint. He was a genuine artist, and a master of his medium, and, in those early days of the

CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA.

From the Mezzotint by Abraham Blooteling.
After Sir Peter Lely.

art, the prints he produced during his six years' residence in England, especially after he had perfected his method of grounding the plates, must have come as a revelation. Even Lely himself could not fail to be amazed when he saw his own painting so flattered by the engraver's art, as, for example, in the superb, almost life-size, head of the Duke of Monmouth, and that of Catherine of Braganza, which certainly does not justify Evelyn's statement that "her teeth wronged her mouth by sticking a little too far out." If we place beside this his baby-faced Duchess of Portsmouth, and, together with these two, the sardonic-looking Charles II., we have a curious study in historic physiognomy. Among the more interesting personalities in Blooteling's prints we find the sturdy admiral, Lord Sandwich, Pepys's friend with the "noble disposition," and the Earl of Arlington, with his "compound countenance," of whose futile diplomatic efforts to ingratiate himself with Mistress Stewart by way of influencing the King, Count Hamilton writes so vivaciously; Anne Killigrew too, the gifted young poet-painter and maid-of-honour, "a grace for beauty and a muse for wit," whose memory Dryden sang in stately ode.

The portrait in mezzotint was now beginning to insinuate itself into the favour of the fashionable, and the more far-sighted printsellers prepared for a harvest. Richard Tompson, for instance, and, a little later, Alexander Browne, the "practitioner of the art of limning," as he styled himself, who had already described the process of mezzotint in his "Ars Pictoria," commissioned engravings in the new way, chiefly after the flattering Lely, but, in publishing them, they veiled the engravers with anonymity, a fact which gave rise to the mistaken impression that they themselves were the engravers. There is no doubt, however, that their prints were for the most part the work of the Dutchmen, Gerard Valck, Blooteling's pupil, assistant, and eventually brother-in-law, Paul Van Somer, and John Van der Vaart, the last two being painters, who took up mezzotint more or less casually.

It is significant of the times that portrait prints of

the various royal mistresses were amongst those oftenest in demand, and the variegated tastes and fancies of the King and his susceptible brother ensured an engaging diversity of subject. The duchesses of amorous notoriety were, of course, very much mezzotinted; so also was Mistress Nell Gwyn, the ancestress of dukes and duchesses. Then, thanks to Valck's skill, we have "poor Nellie's" rival, Mary, or "Moll" Davis, the lively and pretty actress and dancer, of the Duke of York's company, who won Charles II.'s easy tenderness by her singing of the old ballad "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground" with such homely effect that he richly furnished for her a house in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, gave her a "mighty pretty fine coach," besides such unconsidered trifles as rings worth seven hundred pounds apiece, and allowed her to dance the Queen out of countenance, and provoke the Duchess of Cleveland to a jealous fit of the sulks.

"Merry," strangely "merry," times these! Yet, thanks to the contemporary engravers, we are able to see the very face of them, to say nothing of the "age and body," and, as we look at the expressions in the prints, we cannot find in them any suggestion that these kings and queens, and lords and ladies, thought they were doing anything to awaken the wonder of a later age. Among the anonymous Tompson prints is one of that Susan, Lady Belasyse, who, after her husband and his friend John Porter had "killed one another out of love," as the wits described their ridiculous but fatal duel, became the best-beloved of the impressionable Duke of York. He would have made her his second duchess and subsequent queen, if the King had not told him he was too old to play the fool over again; so she had to be content with such consolation as she could find in a life peerage, and a copy of the unfulfilled marriage contract, which she was reluctantly persuaded to return to her royal lover.

Another object of James's passing fancy, whose features peep out from among the group of Browne prints, is the coquettish Countess of Chesterfield, whose amour with the Duke of York, and her subsequent packing off to

Derbyshire by her jealous husband (one of the most amusing stories in De Grammont), made it proverbial at Court, as Pepys tells us, to send a man's wife to the Peak whenever she vexed him!

Mezzotint, however, seems still to have been a somewhat recondite process, and the Dutch engravers kept the secret as much as possible to themselves. But this was not for long. An art so attractive could not fail to appeal to English engravers, while its apparently facile method suggested early professional rewards. The difficulty was to obtain the technical secret, for the amateur achievements of Sherwin and Place were probably known to few.

Like Place, Hollar, and many other engravers, Edward Luttrell was intended for a lawyer, but when he came from Dublin to London, and became a student at New Inn, he found, as many of his countrymen have done, that his Irish temperament did not assimilate happily with English law. Art, however, was his bent, and he became as successful as he was skilful in drawing crayon-portraits. The new mezzotint prints soon engaged his curiosity, and with Browne's crude description of the process for a clue, he set to work practically to find out the way for himself. He devised a tool for grounding the plate, but its results failed to satisfy him; it produced too coarse and uneven a grain. In his difficulty he consulted his friend John Lloyd, the printseller. Lloyd was equal to the occasion; he knew that one of Blooteling's skilful assistants, a certain Blois, was about to return to Holland, and from this man he arranged to buy for forty shillings the secret of Blooteling's method of grounding the plates. It was a purchase that had far-reaching results. Whether or no Lloyd after all played Luttrell false, and refused to share the secret with him, as Walpole relates, is of little importance. As a matter of fact, Luttrell had rendered himself independent of Lloyd's negotiation with Blois, for, having made the acquaintance of Paul Van Somer, the Dutch engraver, he learned from him the whole process of mezzotint. Lloyd, however, did certainly

make use of the secret he had purchased to more profitable advantage, for he imparted it to a calico-printer's young apprentice, who became the first English mezzotint engraver of real artistic importance.

Isaac Beckett came to the metropolis from his native county of Kent, where he was born in 1653, with a temperament peculiarly susceptible to the gay and pleasant influences and temptations of a London that had Charles II.'s Court for its daily example. Feminine fascinations lured him from his work, for calico-printing could hardly have satisfied a nature with the instinct and yearnings of an artist. At last, a certain affair of gallantry, pursued after the thorough manner of Whitehall and Tunbridge Wells, led to complications which necessitated a summary withdrawal from the calico-printer's business. Beckett's pleasures had been expensive, and he was in difficulties; but not for long. He knew Luttrell, and had seen some of his mezzotints, which looked to him as easy of execution as they were certainly charming in effect. He felt there was a fortune for him in the art, if only he could learn the secret of its technique. Luttrell good-naturedly told him that Lloyd had bought the secret, but was unable to make use of it. Beckett saw his chance, and, making his way to the printseller's shop in Salisbury Street, Strand, he persuaded Lloyd to impart to him the principle of Blooteling's method while he brought to its practical application the mechanical skill he had acquired at the calico-printer's. The result was so successful that Lloyd not only helped him out of his temporary difficulties, but entered into a solid business arrangement with him. So Beckett became a professional engraver. But he was ever a man of gallantry and adventure. The joy of living beams from his face in Smith's mezzotint portrait of him. Women loved him too well, and he loved them not wisely, but, with the attraction of his buoyant, pleasure-loving nature, he never lacked friends to help him out of his tight corners. He was always lucky, and at last he married an heiress, with a comfortable thousand or so to her name. With this backing of fortune, Beckett was able to set up in

CATHERINE SEDLEY, COUNTESS
OF DORCHESTER.

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY I. BECKETT.
After Sir Godfrey Kneller.

business as a printseller at the Golden Head, in the Old Bailey, and he prospered exceedingly.

The first of the great English mezzotint engravers, he appears to have fixed the process definitely, and established a standard. Through his brilliant and delicate effects the arts of painting and mezzotint engraving were brought into really harmonious relationship, and the portrait-painters of the day now began seriously to recognise the new way of engraving as their legitimate medium of translation to popularity.

Beckett, who did nearly all his engraving between the years 1681 and 1688, was particularly associated with Godfrey Kneller, who had now come, after a brief period of rivalry, to wear the mantle of his superior, Sir Peter Lely. But there were many prominent portrait-painters at this time collaborating with the engravers in mezzotint, and notably with Beckett. Among these were Wissing, Thomas Murray, John Riley, Simon Verelst, Gerard Soest, Michael Dahl, Edward Hawker, Simon Du Bois, Closterman, Nicolas de Largillière, Samuel Cooper, and Kneller's assistants, Byng and Laroon.

Beckett lived till 1719, but his success as engraver and printseller had enabled him to retire many years earlier. Certainly he offered to his patrons at the Golden Head prints of high merit and very varied attraction, and the sale of them would certainly be determined by the latest Court gossip or topic of passing interest. Catherine Sedley's portrait would certainly be wanted when her lover, James II., soon after his succession, created her Countess of Dorchester, which so grievously upset the Queen that the poor lady could hardly eat a morsel of dinner or speak a word to the King, for two days—until, in fact, she had swallowed the affront. Witty daughter of a witty father, the Countess's plain-speaking was proverbial, as when she said, "I wonder for what qualities James II. chooses his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit, he has not enough himself to find it out." The tragedy of Sedgemoor would call for the features of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth and his neglected

duchess, as well as the Earl of Feversham, whose incompetent generalship and execrable punitive measures were rewarded with the Order of the Garter! The scandal of the hour would ask for the handsome faces of the Duke of Buckingham or the disreputable, extravagant "Beau" Fielding, who out-fashioned fashion, and played the part of Nemesis to the Duchess of Cleveland, when he bigamously married her in her decadence. Dr. John Blow's latest music, and Adrian Beverland's newest outrage in book form, would invest their portraits with temporary interest, while Kneller's, Lely's, Largilliëre's, Dryden's friend, Lord Mulgrave's, and that proud, handsome Jacobite outlaw, John Drummond, Earl of Melfort's, would also be called for; as well as that of the eccentric old Cornishman, Sir James Tillie, who, having been reputed an atheist, sought to prove his belief in life after death by having himself buried under his favourite summer-house in his own park, seated in his armchair, with wine-bottle and glass on a table before him—"and so to heaven," as Pepys would say. But the connoisseur, turning over Beckett's prints to look for his masterpiece, would undoubtedly have chosen one of a certain Lady Williams, said to have been yet another of James, Duke of York's numerous flames.

Another engraver who must share with Beckett the earliest honours of mezzotint as an established art, was Robert, or Roger (nobody knows which) Williams, a Welshman born. Very little is recorded of his life, but his prints proclaim him a genuine artist. A pupil of Theodore Freres, the Dutch painter, who visited England at Lely's suggestion, he was early attracted to mezzotint engraving, and his training enabled him to get a painter's quality into his scraping, which produced very bold and brilliant effects. Lamed early in his career, and eventually deprived of one leg, he nevertheless worked cheerfully and industriously from about 1680 to 1704, and to him we owe some of the most masterly prints of the period. Among the more interesting personalities are Thomas Betterton, the Henry Irving of his age, of whom a great contemporary

actor said that "he put on his part with his clothes, and was the very man he undertook to be," which, in those anachronistic days of stage costume, must have meant great acting indeed; Margaret Hughes, the proud and lively actress who so subjugated, and all but ruined, Prince Rupert, the father of her daughter Ruperta, afterwards the Viscountess Howe; and Lady Harriet Wentworth, whom the Duke of Monmouth proclaimed his wife in the sight of God, though another had a legal right to his name. Then there is John Banister, the violinist and composer, who was dismissed from the leadership of Charles II.'s band for saying, in the King's hearing, that the English violinists were superior to the French; but he is chiefly remembered for having given the first public concert ever heard in London. This was the inauguration, on December 30, 1672, of a daily series of afternoon performances of music "by excellent masters" at his house, "called the Musick School, over against the George Tavern in White Fryars," as the *London Gazette* duly set forth. Williams's prints, of course, kept pace with the times, and representative among them are the Great Duke of Ormonde, that curiously matched pair the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale, the first Earl of Portland, William, Duke of Bedford, "Bloody Claverhouse," the gallant Admiral Sir George Rooke, to whom we owe Gibraltar, the famous General Lord Cutts, who was so brave a fire-eater as to be nicknamed "the Salamander," and who, though his posts brought him in £6,000 a year, died so much in debt that his aides-de-camp subscribed ten pounds apiece to bury him! And among the portraits comes refreshingly the charmingly vivacious girl blowing soap-bubbles, known as "Vanitas Vanitatum," and reproduced in this volume.

Mezzotint engraving was now fairly established in England, for several native engravers had turned their attention to the fascinating medium, and, by the time that William and Mary came to reign here, the shop-windows of the London printsellers were already being dominated by mezzotint in powerful rivalry with the older art of line.

For Edward Cooper, at the sign of the Three Pigeons, William Faithorne, Junior, a son of the great line-engraver, was doing some noteworthy prints, but unhappily the grip of dissipation was upon him, and he would never free himself sufficiently to develop his talent. Portraits of his father's friend, the minor poet Flatman, John Dryden, and Thomas Shadwell, the MacFlecknoe of Dryden's satire, who had his revenge in wearing the laureate wreath so rudely snatched from the great poet's brow; Prince Eugene, too, an enthusiastic print-collector, as well as great soldier—these represent the engraver as he was. Bernard Lens, the son of an obscure painter, and the father of an eminent one, was born in London in 1659, and added mezzotint engraving to his occupation of drawing-master. Most attractive among his portraits was that of Mary, Lady Radclyffe, pretty "Moll" Davis's daughter by King Charles, whose heritage of Stuart blood proved fatal to her two sons, the Earl of Derwentwater and Charles Radclyffe, who both shed it on Tower Hill, but with an interval of thirty years between. Lens is chiefly interesting, however, for having perceived the capacity of mezzotint for pictorial effects of artificial light, such as we find in his "nocturnes," "Fireworks in Covent Garden," and "Fireworks in St. James's Square," celebrating events of national rejoicing.

The engraver, however, whose name stands out with brightest lustre at this period was John Smith, who may be regarded as the first really eminent master of mezzotint. The son of a reputable but undistinguished engraver, Smith was born at Daventry, in Northamptonshire, in 1652, and, coming early to London, he was apprenticed to a painter named Tillet, in Moorfields, to learn drawing and painting. Being well equipped as a competent draughtsman, he next turned his attention to mezzotint engraving, and, becoming the pupil, first of Van der Vaart, and then of Beckett, he mastered its possibilities. He was soon scraping plates after Van der Vaart and Wissing, and other painters of the day, but his greatest opportunity came when Kneller saw his work, no doubt at Beckett's, and chose him for his

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT.

From the Mezzotint by John Smith.
After Sir Godfrey Kneller.

engraver-in-chief. His excellent drawing, as well as the brilliant effect of his mezzotinting, was exactly what Kneller wanted to make his hard-toned paintings look their best when translated to the copper. So he invited Smith, who was a young man of bright, engaging personality and handsome presence, to live with him at his house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and engrave his pictures, as he rapidly painted them. At first Smith worked for the printsellers, Tempest, Browne, Cooper, Palmer, G. Beckett, and others, but towards the end of the century he became his own publisher at the sign of the "Lyon and Crown."

In Kneller's house he must have come in contact with many of the most notable persons of the period, while his artistic skill and his personal charm brought him popularity. It is a singularly attractive face, with the thin dark-brown eyes, that looks from Kneller's portrait of him, which Smith himself engraved in 1716; but in that face it is easy to read qualities of character that would often clash with the good-humoured vanities of Sir Godfrey. Their eventual disagreement was inevitable, but by the time it happened they had each reaped ample profit from their association. Smith engraved altogether 138 plates after Kneller's pictures, and the painter's reputation has certainly benefited through the interpretation of Smith's scraper.

Other portrait-painters, too, owed much to him—Kerseboom, Riley, Dahl, Richardson, D'Agar, Murray, Vanderbank, Gibson, Sir John Medina, and numerous lesser men. Smith was an engraver not only of conspicuous talent, but of untiring industry, and he seems to have felt the joy of artistic work. Not content to engrave the profitable portrait or retouch the plates of others until they revealed his own quality, he produced prints of many imaginative pictures after Titian, Correggio, Carlo Maratti, and other painters. His business was a flourishing one, for while the personal interest of his portraits ensured their ready sale, the connoisseurs made collections of his prints for their intrinsic merits. Lord Somers, the great Chancellor, was said to admire them so enthusiastically that he would

always take a parcel of them in his coach, to beguile the tedium of a journey. On the Continent, too, they were highly prized. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, for instance, wrote from Florence, in 1708, to Sir John Percival to thank him for his valuable gift of a book of Smith's mezzotints. The engraver was, in fact, one of the prominent artistic notabilities of the day, and, by the time he felt the inclination to retire from the business of engraving and printselling, he had realised a substantial competence. So he went to spend the remaining years of his long life in quiet comfort near the home of his childhood, and, when he died at the age of ninety, in 1742, he was buried in St. Peter's, Northampton, beside his wife, Sarah, whom he had survived a quarter of a century, and also his children.

Smith's prints range over a long period of eventful years, and bring vividly before us a great variety of notable personalities of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Among them, of course, are William and Mary, Anne, George II., when Prince of Wales, and the princesses. Then, as there were many who, in those Jacobite times, would have none of these, there is the "King over the Water," as the exiled Prince James Stuart, would be toasted surreptitiously over the water-bottle, as well as the Earl of Mar, who led the Highlanders to defeat in 1715, and the Jacobite Duke of Ormonde and the Marquis of Annandale, and Lord Cowper, the judge whose duty was to try and sentence the rebel prisoners, although so many of his wife's relatives were among them. Here are the great Duke of Marlborough, and Sarah, his imperious, devoted duchess; those two other great soldiers, Prince Eugene and the Duke of Schomberg, that fine sailor Sir Cloudesley Shovell, the bland and generous-natured Keppel, first Earl of Albemarle, and that universally hated, profligate, and uncompromising Whig, Thomas, Lord Wharton, who set all Anti-Jacobite England lilting his "Lilliburlero," to the great prejudice of the Stuart cause.

Here are Henrietta, Duchess of Bolton, who sometimes gave herself the airs of royalty, as Monmouth's daughter by Eleanor Needham; Diana, Duchess of St.

Albans, Nell Gwyn's and Charles II.'s daughter-in-law; and the Duchess of Grafton, who stood in the same relation to Charles—all of these looming large at the curious Court of George I.; also, besides a host of Court beauties, that Countess of Macclesfield, who, by her heartless persecution of her unfortunate son, Richard Savage, has been pilloried for ever in the prose masterpiece of Johnson. Then there are Kneller's lovely Mrs. Voss, and the handsome notorious Sally Salisbury, who, in a jealous pique, stabbed her lover, the Hon. John Finch, to the heart with a table knife, and died in Newgate, but not before he had sufficiently recovered to beg her to kiss and be friends, and fly to safety, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes to her sister by way of entertaining gossip. Here too, are the wits, poets, and philosophers, Congreve and Wycherley, "Dick" Steele, Pope, Anthony Henley, Newton, Locke, Martin Folkes, and Robert Boyle; and the artists, Kneller, Wissing, Isaac Beckett, Murray, the Scotch painter, noted for his elegant manner and handsome face; Grinling Gibbons, "that incomparable young man" and original genius, whom Evelyn discovered in obscurity and introduced to fame; Van de Velde, Schalcken, Roestraten, and Sir Christopher Wren, whose chief enjoyment in his old age was to be taken once a year to St. Paul's, to see the greatest monument of his own genius. Music is represented by Arcangelo Corelli, the father of modern violin-music and its playing (a superb print after a portrait painted in Rome by Hugh Howard, an Irish artist, for Lord Edgecumbe, one of Corelli's pupils); Nicolas Cosimo, the violinist, Henry Aldrich, the "Admirable Crichton," Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, who translated the classic authors, designed churches and college-buildings, composed anthems, and whimsically celebrated his extraordinary love of tobacco by "A smoking catch, to be sung by four men smoking their pipes"; Mrs. Cross, an actress celebrated for her fine voice and her singing of Purcell's music, especially in the part of Altesidora in *Don Quixote*; and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, a singer famed for her beauty, personal charm, lovely voice, and exquisite touch on the lute.

Unhappy in her marriage, she led a life beyond reproach, was a great favourite in society and at Court, as well as among the poets and musicians. Purcell and Blow composed songs for her, Kneller painted her portrait, and Congreve sang her elegy in tender and charming verse. Queen Mary was so fond of her and delighted so in her singing, that she gave the fair vocalist a special post at Court; but one day, when the Queen had desired some music, and Purcell at the harpsichord was accompanying Mrs. Hunt in some of his own songs, Her Majesty offended the master by asking Arabella to sing instead the old Scotch ballad "Cold and Raw" to her own lute accompaniment.

Of the theatre Smith shows us two representatives only: Anthony Leigh, of the Duke's company, in his most famous character of the Spanish Friar, in Dryden's play, which Cibber praises; and the comic William Penkethman, whom the "gods" of Drury Lane and the frequenters of Bartholomew Fair loved as "Pinky," and Dick Steele delighted to commend with kindly word for his ingenious acting as Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy, in *The Fop's Fortune*. Favoured indeed must have been the low comedian who could win the immortality of genial reference in the "Spectator" and the "Tatler," a satiric allusion by Pope, and his portrait in mezzotint by John Smith.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE STORY OF MEZZOTINT (*continued*).

John Simon—George White—How He extended the Technique of Mezzotint — John Faber — Father and Son — Contemporary Portrait-Painters — A Panorama of Personality — Thomas Johnson—Francis Kyte—Peter Pelham—The First American Mezzotint—Peter van Bleeck—Alexander van Haecken and the Male Soprani—The Tasteless Courts of George I. and II.—No Encouragement for Pictorial Art—Decline of Mezzotint—The Seeds of Revival sown in Ireland — Thomas Beard — John Brooks—Andrew Miller—Brooks brings McArdell and Houston to London.

WHEN Kneller and Smith disagreed, and came to a rupture of their artistic relations, it was necessary for the popular painter to seek another engraver who should interpret him in no less satisfying a manner. This desideratum he found in John Simon, a native of Normandy, who came, as a Protestant refugee, from Charenton to London at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign. One of a family of artists, Simon had been trained to line-engraving, which was still a flourishing art in France, but he found little encouragement for it in London, and the more popular medium of mezzotint came easily to his accomplished hand. He was a matured artist when, at the age of thirty-two, he commenced the practice of mezzotint about 1707; but he treated it in a way of his own, with a touch more sensitive than had any of his contemporaries, aiming at refinement of tone, and quiet harmony of effect, rather than brilliancy. The charm of his prints, which

he published himself, soon attracted the notice of the painters and the connoisseurs, and Simon became one of the most popular, as he was certainly one of the most accomplished and industrious, engravers of his time. Thus he was enabled to enjoy nine years of leisured ease before his death, in 1751, at the age of seventy-six; but, up to the time he discontinued engraving, his portraits in mezzotint numbered about two hundred. They are fascinating in their variety of interest, and eloquent of the times. They take us right into the heart of Queen Anne's reign, and then onward among the notabilities of the Early Georgian period.

Appropriately, we come at once face to face with Newton, with Pope and Prior, Addison and Steele, while Colley Cibber trips towards us, snuff-box in hand, the very Lord Foppington in his own play of "The Careless Husband," and just as the members of the Garrick Club may see him any day in Grisoni's admirable oil-painting. He is wearing a wig that might almost have rivalled the famous periwig of his Sir Fopling Flutter, which was so vastly admired that Cibber was wont to have it carried on to the stage in a sedan chair, so that he might don it in full view of the expectant audience, to their great content. Here are Sir John Vanbrugh, who could build great palaces with a heavy hand, or as easily "bring down the house" with his light touch of comedy; and Thomas Southern, who wrote plays with the applause even of Dryden in Charles II.'s reign, and lived well into George II.'s, always charmingly a gentleman, always decorously prosperous, always respected by the best poets of his day, fondly apostrophised by Pope as "Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise The price of prologues and of plays," and welcome everywhere till his death at eighty-six, when the actors still clamoured for the best parts in his plays. Yet, how many of our present-day players have even heard of *Oronooko* or *The False Marriage?* Of such is the kingdom of the popular playwright!

Here, the centre of a characteristically convivial group, is one of the most popular of his time, jovial Tom D'Urfey, who

"made the world merry" with his comedies, and still more so with his lively songs, or, as he called them, "Pills to Purge Melancholy," which he would sing to Charles II. by the hour, while the Merry Monarch, who delighted only in music to which he could beat time, would sometimes hum them himself, leaning familiarly on his favourite lyrist's shoulder, as Addison, one of D'Urfey's best friends, recalls in one of his most genial essays, when pleading the old playwright's claims to a "benefit." A still more remarkable man of music is here in Thomas Britton, who cried small-coal for sale through the streets, and, when he had finished his day's rounds, held concerts at his Clerkenwell lodging, where Handel or Pepusch would preside at the harpsichord, Banister, the violinist, would lead a combination of the best professional and amateur instrumentalists of the day, while the *élite* among the London music-lovers would crowd into the low-ceilinged room over the coal-cellar to listen and applaud. Britton used to call "Small coal!" in such perfectly musical tones that one day Woollaston, the painter, who was one of his amateur violinists and flute-players, recognised the unmistakable cry in the street, and, inviting him into his studio, commenced Britton's portrait just as he was, in his blue smock, with his small-coal measure in his hands—the original, in fact, of Simon's print. Other musicians in this company are Attilio Ariosti, a Dominican friar, who, having obtained a special dispensation from the Pope, became a famous performer on the viol d'amore, as well as operatic composer, and not only produced *Coriolanus*, *Vespasian*, and other Italian operas, in rivalry with Handel and Buononcini, but was engaged, together with these two masters, to collaborate in the opera, *Muzio Scævola*, each composing an act to decide their several claims; and William Corbett, a celebrated violinist and member of the King's band, who led the first opera orchestra at the Haymarket, and then went to Rome, ostensibly to collect musical instruments and manuscripts, but actually, it was said, to watch the "Pretender."

Simon, by the way, had evidently no fear, in those

days of mug-house rows, Whig and Tory mob-fights on the slightest provocation, and constant plottings, of being suspected of Jacobite sympathies, for he did not hesitate to engrave portraits of Prince James Edward Stuart, his wife, Maria Clementina Sobieski, and their sons, Prince Charles Edward and Prince Henry, the future Cardinal York; but the engraver wisely "hedged," for he described Prince James neither as King nor as Pretender. The title of Kings, however, was not withheld from the four Indian chiefs, who came to England on behalf of the Six Nations, to see for themselves whether or no the English were indeed mere vassals of France, as they had been told—by the French—and, lodging at the house of Arne, the upholsterer (father of Dr. Arne and Mrs. Cibber), were graciously received by Queen Anne, and, after seeing the sights of London, returned to their native backwoods duly impressed by English manners, fashions, and customs, as Addison humorously set forth in the "Spectator."

Here are John, Duke of Marlborough, and his daughters, Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater, whose personality was crystallised in Pope's line, "An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes," and Mary, Duchess of Montagu, who would play for high stakes at the Court of Caroline, Princess of Wales, and, going halves with her Royal mistress, think little of winning or losing £600 at a sitting, but shut herself up when she grew old and ugly, much to her friend Lady Mary's surprise. Beautiful Nance Oldfield, too, with her large eloquent eyes, half shut, with the allurement of a woman conscious that she is compact of all the graces, who won from the workroom of a seamstress to a queendom of the stage, and the honoured pomp of burial in Westminster Abbey, and left as fragrant a memory as any in British dramatic annals, to say nothing of certain love-children, whose descendants represent noble families to-day. Her first lover, the brilliant Arthur Maynwaring, is also here, with the proud look of an almost married man.

Here is big, brave, burly William, Earl of Cadogan, who worthily succeeded his old leader, Marlborough, as

COLLEY CIBBER.

From the Mezzotint by John Simon.
After Grisoni.

Commander-in-Chief, and was like to have been carried off from his house in Piccadilly, almost a rural road then, by the Jacobites, and held captive while they stole a march on the army encamped in Hyde Park, then a wild heath, and seized the Tower and the King, if their 1722 plot had not gone the treacherous way of all their plots.

William, Lord North, too, a good soldier, who lost a hand at Blenheim, and went to the Tower for his Jacobite sympathies; Sir Constantine Phipps, the famous lawyer, who was for ever pleading the innocence of the Jacobites when they were caught in the act and brought to trial; Philip, Duke of Wharton, "The scorn and wonder of our days, Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise," as the satirist has it; Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, as he was then called, before he had grown to look the wily old scoundrel that Hogarth saw and drew years later, when the artist supped with him at St. Albans, on his way, a prisoner, to London and the block. What a company it is! Prince Eugene; honest James Craggs, Secretary for War, who, with his "Face untaught to feign, a judging eye, That darts severe upon a rising lie, And strikes a blush through frontless flattery," won a great poet's eulogy that would positively paralyse a modern War Office Chief with sheer amazement; that interesting man and untrustworthy statesman, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and that other friend of Pope's, Sir Richard Temple; Charles, Viscount Townshend, and his brother statesman, Sir Robert Walpole; Charles, Earl of Sunderland, and his charming Countess; the famous letter-writing Lord Chesterfield, whose cult of stilted politeness has become a proverb, in spite of his repellent ugliness and his "shrill scream," as Lady Cowper, in her Memoirs, describes his speaking voice. Also that bombastic humbug, the "Princely" Duke of Chandos, who, as Paymaster of the Forces, during Queen Anne's wars, contrived to make so much money that nothing less than a state of regal magnificence would content his ambition, or account for his questionable millions; but, though he built a costly palace—"a laboured quarry above ground," as Pope described it — had the

detailed estimate of every day's expenditure engraved on a copper-plate, engaged famous foreign painters to decorate his chapel, and great musicians to make its music, all his "greatness" burst in the South Sea Bubble," and nothing remains of the once boasted Canons but the mordant satire of Pope, and the little painted chapel where Handel played the organ to immortal echoes.

Here, too, are General Lord Stanhope, who covered himself with glory in Spain, and gave a classic touch to his victory of Almenara by killing the Spanish general of horse with his own hand, in the good old heroic fashion; and that other and more famous hero of the Spanish War of Succession, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough. One of the most brilliant and extraordinary men of his time, the friend of wits and poets, he, after driving the French armies out of the Peninsula, and rendering other doughty services to the State, crowned his innumerable gallantries by falling in love with the charming and virtuous *prima donna*, Anastasia Robinson, and compromising her reputation, when he forced Senesino, the male contralto, to declare on his knees that her virtue was above reproach, fought a duel about her with Lord Stanhope, who would not take the affair seriously, and then married her in secret because she declined his love on any other terms. But, with his uncontrollable temper, and inordinate vanity, he made her a "very awful husband," as her friend, Mrs. Delany, told Dr. Burney. Only when he was too ill to go abroad without her, and she refused to accompany him unless he publicly acknowledged their marriage, did the gallant earl at last "prevail upon himself to do her justice," which he did by summoning all his aristocratic relatives, and haranguing them to weariness on the virtues of the lady he now declared to be Lady Peterborough, until the poor lady swooned in the midst of the astonished company. What else could an operatic *prima donna* have thought of doing under the embarrassing circumstances? A sudden C in *alt* could not have startled that assembly of relatives more than the statement that the

fair Anastasia was, after all the gossip, a respectable married Countess!

Simon's delicate touch in mezzotint was happy in rendering the dainty pictorial fancies of Rosalba, Watteau, Jeauret, and Amiconi, but it is in portraiture that he lives for us. Even in his print of "Mary, Queen of Scots," one may recognise a contemporary portrait in masquerade, none other, in fact, than that most delightful and vivacious Maid of Honour, Mary Bellenden, who flouted so refreshingly the amorous presumptions of the niggardly George II. and married the man of her heart.

George White is one of the landmarks in the history of mezzotint, although he did not begin to engrave in that manner until 1714, when he was about forty-three years of age. Bringing to the art the experience of a portrait-painter as well as line-engraver, he saw how the soft and delicate efforts of the mezzotint scraper might be strengthened and enriched by the help of the graver and the etching-point. He would first etch the subject before grounding the plate, and then, when the mezzotinting was done, he would touch up the darkest places with the graver. It was an innovation which influenced the development of mezzotint engraving, and extended its technique, and most of the subsequent engravers employed the help of the etching-point more or less, though it is difficult always to detect it. White, like his father, the famous line-engraver, was highly esteemed as a man and an artist, and, when he died in 1731, his last work, the delightful "Laughing Boy," after Franz Hals, was published with some memorial verses, which proclaimed him

> "A friend! whom none in Friendship could surpass;
> An Artist worth all Monuments of Brass!"

Many of White's subjects were of literary and artistic interest. There was Dryden, as he sat to Kneller, holding his laureate wreath in his hand, as if he felt he could not conscientiously wear it while flattering the painter in the verses that probably paid for the portrait, and certainly condemned himself as an art-critic. There was Pope, as Kneller saw him, presumably with his "poet's eye in a fine

frenzy rolling," but really looking through the vanity of the painter at the man himself; for had not Kneller naïvely said, "I can't do as well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little, Mr. Pope?" Then there were Allan Ramsay, the genial Scotch poet, wig-maker, bookseller, and father of the painter; Isaac Watts, of hymn fame; and Sir Richard Blackmore, that irreproachable physician, who, as he made his professional rounds, wrote epics "to the rumblings of his chariot wheels," as Dryden sneered, was ridiculed by Pope, jeered at by all the rhyming crowd, praised by Congreve and Locke, and respectfully included by Johnson among his "Lives of the Poets." Bolingbroke, Sir Robert Walpole, and Lord Godolphin represent the State among White's prints, while Art has her personalities in William Dobson, of Charles I.'s day, Louis Goupy, the miniaturist, Charles Reisen, the gem engraver, Monnoyer, the flower-painter, and Peter Vanderbank, the excellent but unfortunate engraver, who worked with such an excess of artistic conscience that he could not earn enough to live, though his publisher made an easy fortune out of his prints after his death.

When one looks at Barton Booth, one thinks of "Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair," and that strange incident of Bolingbroke, in his box at Drury Lane, sending for the great actor after the first performance of Addison's play, and giving him a purse of fifty guineas, contributed by a few Tory gentlemen as a mark of their appreciation of Booth's efforts in the cause of public liberty, a gift which spurred the leading Whig playgoers to similar generosity! Imagine such an incident being possible in our own times, with, say, Gladstone and Henry Irving in place of Bolingbroke and Booth! White's engraving sympathies were broad. He did portraits of the celebrated criminals, Colonel Blood, of Crown Jewel notoriety; Colonel Francis Charteris, in the dock; and Jack Sheppard, who looks anything but a romantic hero; as well as Abel Roper, the scandalous bookseller, and M. Isaac, the popular dancing-master, who taught John Evelyn's daughter Mary, and gave

WILLIAM DOBSON.

From the Mezzotint by George White.
After W. Dobson.

his name to a Rigadoon, which was promised by the poet to "live as long As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song." Where is that Rigadoon now ?

In the annals of mezzotint there is no name calling for more respect than that of John Faber, for, not only was his work of intrinsic excellence, but it maintained the dignity and charm of the art through the dark days of its decadence, standing as a link between the brilliant days of John Smith and the rise of the young Irish school of engravers, who, with the eminent James McArdell at their head, wrought so that mezzotint engraving became one of the glories of British art.

Faber was born in Holland in 1695, and, at three years of age, he was brought to England by his father, who was a miniature painter of some parts, with a turn for engraving. The elder Faber's mezzotinting was never of very fine quality, but in 1707 he started selling his prints in the Savoy, and evidently found a sale for his series of the Founders of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, the ancient Greek poets and philosophers after Rubens, and sundry portraits of topical interest. Among these was one of the clever, handsome, and intrepid Jacobite youth, James Sheppard (who had no connection with the notorious Jack, though they both ended at Tyburn), whose vengeful and gratuitous hanging stirred widespread pity, and created an extensive but secret demand for his portrait.

Young Faber learned mezzotint from his father, and drawing from John Vanderbank, the portrait-painter, who conducted an Academy. His talents must have developed early, for he began to publish prints when he was about seventeen, signing them "John Faber, Junr.," and continuing to do so until his father's death at Bristol in 1721. It is pretty certain that, at some time in the earlier part of his career, he sought to learn from John Smith the secret of the master's touch, and, having acquired this, he developed a style, thoroughly individual and artistic, with which he interpreted the pictorial art of his day. Engraving assiduously during some forty-four years, he

produced about five hundred prints, which represent most of the contemporary painters in fashionable vogue, from Kneller, who was at the height of his popularity when Faber commenced in 1712, to Reynolds, who was just beginning to be appreciated, and was charging twelve guineas for a head, when Faber engraved three of his portraits the year before the engraver's death in 1756. In the interval Faber lent his art to the service of Richardson, Hudson, Hogarth, Vanloo, Pope's friend Jervas, Mercier, Dahl, Highmore, Hayman, William Hoare, and a legion of others, many of whose very names would be almost forgotten but for Faber's prints. And in those prints the days of Queen Anne and the first and second Georges pass before us as in a very panorama of personality.

The theatre opens its doors to us, and we see fascinating Peg Woffington, in the character of Mrs. Ford, wearing, of course, careless of anachronism, the contemporary fashion of "the swelling hoop's capacious round"; that winningly combustible and genuinely comic actress, Kitty Clive, who "pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please," as Phillida, the innocent country girl in Cibber's farce; and Susanna Cibber, who could melt her hearers' hearts with that inimitable expression of deep pathos which caused Garrick, when he heard of her death, to exclaim, perhaps not without a thought to future quotation, "Then Tragedy has died with her!" Yet it is also on record that he had called her "the greatest female plague" in his theatre, because she was as irresistible off as on the stage, and always got her own way, whether in regard to a new part or a new dress. But here the manager spoke; in the former instance it was merely the actor. Also we see that great representative of the stilted, mouthing, air-sawing old school of player, James Quin; the generous, capable Robert Wilks, and that natural actor of still-life parts, Cave Underhill, as Obadiah, Ye Fanatick Elder.

Here is Handel, looking untroubled by any Buononcini faction, but rather as he must have looked at Mrs.

MARGARET (PEG) WOFFINGTON.

From the Mezzotint by J. Faber.
After E. Haytley.

Delany's musical party, when, as she wrote, "Mr. Handel was in the best humour in the world, and played lessons, and accompanied Strada and all the ladies that sung from seven o'clock until eleven." But Italian opera in England had its ups and downs in those days, as it has had since, and some of its representatives are here. For instance, that extraordinary adventurer, Heidegger, one of the ugliest men ever known, who ruled the opera and the masquerades, or ridottos, as he called them, at the Haymarket for so many years (for a time even in association with Handel), when no opera could be performed without the presence of forty men of the Foot Guards, under an officer, to assist in keeping order, while, in the case of a ball or masquerade, a hundred guardsmen, under a colonel, a captain, and an ensign, were always required to preserve the peace! Here, too, are Owen McSwiney, who had turns of management at both Drury Lane and the Haymarket, and, leaving his fortune to Peg Woffington, ended his career as Keeper of the King's Mews; the popular and charming Anastasia Robinson, Lady Peterborough, just alluded to; Carestini, a fine male contralto, whom Handel brought from Italy when Senesino and the rest of his singers went over to the rival management; Monticelli, the male soprano, who became almost as great a favourite among opera audiences as the great Farinelli had been before him, received a thousand guineas for the season, and was admitted to intimacy with the Walpoles, although Sir Robert was wont to describe all musical artists contemptuously as "fiddlers"; John Beard, the greatest English tenor of his day, who scandalised society, and mightily amused Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by respectfully marrying Lady Henrietta Herbert, the Earl of Waldegrave's widowed daughter, in spite of her family's threats and prayers, and made her quite a respectable and considerate husband until she died, when he very prudently married Rich's daughter, and became manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Then, here are the talented, erratic Henry Carey, who immortalised himself through "Sally in our Alley," and seems to have given us our

National Anthem in 1740, even if he borrowed a few notes of it from Dr. John Bull, who was, of course, the appropriate composer to originate the air; and Lavinia Fenton and Thomas Walker, who won such extraordinary popularity as Polly Peachum and Captain Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera*, that he fell a victim to it and died distressfully "from too much love of living," while she, with her salary of thirty shillings a week, became the rage of the town, had to be guarded home o' nights to prevent her being mobbed, or run away with, set all the scribes writing about her, and eventually became the Duchess of Bolton, after twenty-three years' rehearsal of the part!

As we look over Faber's prints, what historical echoes are in our ears! The toasts of the Kitcat Club, for instance; for here are all the members (a brilliant company, indeed!) as Kneller painted them, stiffly posturing in their periwigs. The gossip, the scandals, the intrigues, of the Courts, the Prince of Wales's, for choice, since there were more lively doings than at St. James's; for here is that mordantly amusing cynic, Lord John Hervey, the "Lord Fanny" of Pope's satire, who saw everything that went on, and much that didn't, if it happened to be his humour, who had the art, and surely, too, the nature, to have a Royal Princess die of love for him, and win for his wife the incomparable Molly Lepel—as Gay sings:

> "Now, Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
> With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell."

Not Court gossip only, but the respectful homage of men of genius, echo around the fascinating Mrs. Howard, later Countess of Suffolk, reputed mistress of George II.'s reputed heart, yet Mistress of the Robes to his Queen! The Hon. Anne Vane, too, does not escape those gossiping echoes, as a penalty for her tender relations with Frederick, Prince of Wales; while Ethelreda, Lady Townshend, deliberately courts them, for reticence of any kind was never dreamt of in her witty philosophy. Here, as the hapless subject of much scandal, is that unfortunate Lady Dorothy

Boyle, who was "married, alas!" as the print has it, to Lord Euston, whose brutal treatment killed her, after he had forbidden her devoted mother the house, and been challenged by her father, as Horace Walpole graphically tells. Here, too, are Kneller's Hampton Court Beauties—an unattractive lot, in their conventional attitudes and slovenly attiring; and here is the Duchess of Hamilton, one of "those goddesses the Gunnings," who so resented the idea that they had come to be made a show of, when the housekeeper, who was conducting the beautiful sisters over Hampton Court Palace, innocently called out, to another party entering the "Beauty-Room," "This way, ladies, to see the Beauties!"

The guns of Dettingen and Fontenoy, Sheriffmuir and Preston, Falkirk and Culloden, seem to echo as we look at the Generals, Lord Carpenter, Lord Cathcart, William Blakeney, the Earl of Stair, Wade, Lord Loudoun, in Highland uniform, and the great Duke of Argyll. "The state's whole thunder born to wield, And shake alike the Senate and the field," as well as the veteran Major Faubert, who made soldiers, and turned out many a general, at his famous Military Academy in Leicester Fields. Here, too, are the admirals, Boscawen, Cloudesley Shovel, John Leake, and the unfortunate Byng, who, when the Government murdered him on the quarter-deck, "to encourage the others," would consent to cover his face only lest his fearless eyes might frighten the men appointed to shoot him; also Admiral Sir Thomas Smith, "Tom of Ten Thousand," as the fleet called him, who presided at Byng's trial, and the "aspen" Duke of Newcastle, who must always bear the obloquy of that national disgrace.

Faber's prints show a wide range of sympathy and a catholicity of interest. Flora Macdonald is here as well as Duncan Forbes, of Culloden; that genial group of Jacobite Aldermen known as Benn's Club, and also Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, no less than that uncompromising Chief Justice, Sir John Willes; John Wesley and George Whitefield, the Methodists, as well as the Jewish

Rabbi, Moses Gomes de Mesquita. Here are poets and essayists, and painters, with the dainty Mercier, whose subjects Faber interpreted so happily, the haughty, belauded Sir James Thornhill, and the clubbable scenic artist, George Lambert, in their midst; Lord Perceval, the friend of artists, who lost money enthusiastically in Le Blon's colour-printing venture; Sir Hans Sloane, whose collections founded the British Museum; Beau Nash, whose very name recalls a curiously fascinating chapter of English social history; James Figg, the celebrated pugilist, whose academy in Oxford Road (now Street) attracted all the young "bloods"; Tregonwell Frampton, an old scoundrel, who kept the Royal running horses at Newmarket from King William's time to George II.'s; Bampfylde Moore Carew, the George Borrow of his day, whom the charm of the open road lured from his father's vicarage so that he won to be King of the Gypsies; Benjamin Bradley, who, if he was not actually a smuggler himself, appears to have been the cause of smuggling in others; Hannah Snell, who went to the wars as a private soldier, received the ordinary military punishment of 500 lashes, and was wounded in battle, without her sex being discovered; and Teresia Constantia Phillips, an extraordinary, notorious bigamist, who published "An Apology for her Conduct" in three volumes, and posed to Highmore as a beauty. But, prolific as Faber was in portraiture, being for a time, indeed, without any rival of his own class, he still found time to engrave many charming fancy pictures after Mercier, Pickering, and Franz Hals.

To a few other mezzotinters, working about this period, we owe some interesting portraits. Thomas Johnson, for instance, has perpetuated the features of William Bullock, the popular comedian of Drury Lane, who shares with his fellow player, Penkethman, the honour of Steele's bantering applause. He also shows us Thomas Britton, tuning his harpsichord, as in Woollaston's second picturing of the small-coal man. Then, there was Francis Kyte, who, after his drastic experience in the pillory on

conviction of passing a forged note, engraved Aikman's portrait of John Gay, concealing his own identity under the Latin disguise of "F. Milvus." Peter Pelham, too, who, finding insufficient encouragement in London, betook himself, with his wife, his children, and his art, overseas to New England, and established himself in Boston, as portrait-painter, engraver, and subsequently schoolmaster, and there prospered and remained until his death in 1751. At Boston he published, in 1727, the first mezzotint ever done in America. This was a portrait of the Rev. Cotton Mather, of Boston, who wrote curious books about witchcraft, a vital belief in those days, and nowhere more so than in New England. This was followed by prints of other Boston worthies, such as Thomas Hollis, a London merchant, who gave generously of his wealth to Harvard College, and the presidents of Harvard and Yale, and William Shirley, who, as General and Governor, played a prominent part in the early days of the struggle between France and England for North America. It was before he left England that Pelham engraved the portrait of Mrs. Centlivre, whose plays, *The Busybody*, *The Wonder*, and *A Bold Stroke For a Wife*, long held the stage, and who, after a romantic "past" before she was twenty, including an intrigue in boy's clothes at Cambridge University, and two husbands, one killed in a duel—all while yet in her teens—acted as Alexander the Great at Windsor, and won for her third husband Queen Anne's "Yeoman of the Mouth," or chief cook, and "lived happy ever after."

Peter van Bleeck was a Dutch portrait-painter who came to England in 1723, the year that Kneller died and Reynolds was born, and he worked here till his death in 1764, painting and engraving many capital portraits, among which were some of theatrical interest; such as Owen McSwiny, with his hair turned picturesquely grey by the cares of opera-management, and Susanna Cibber, as Cordelia, in the storm scene, of course in contemporary costume. There is also a scene from *The Alchemist*, played by those two excellent comedians, Benjamin Griffin,

as Tribulation, and Benjamin Johnson, who, oddly enough, was always at his best in Ben Jonson's plays, as Ananias.

To Alexander van Haecken, another Dutch engraver, who made London his home at this period—he came over about 1735—we owe portraits of those three male soprani of operatic fame, Farinelli, Senesino, and Gizziello. The first of the trio, generally accounted the greatest singer of his time, was the fashionable idol, and not even an Adelina Patti of our day ever had quite his vogue. Society, or the polite world, as it was called, was at his feet, bringing him its offerings of valuable gifts, wealth, and adulation. "One God, one Farinelli!" cried one of the queens of fashion in an ecstatic moment. Not to have heard him sing was to argue oneself a social nonentity. Hogarth satirised what Mrs. Delany calls the "reigning madness" for Farinelli; but the singer made £5,000 a year in London, and, when he retired to Spain, his singing cured, as it was believed, the half-demented King Philip V. of his malady after all the physicians had failed, and his talents were secured exclusively for the Spanish Court with a handsome pension. Senesino, more of a *mezzo*, and Gizziello, a very high soprano, singing in the opposition company under Handel, were both, at different periods, Farinelli's rivals, but, though fine singers, never his equals. They appear to have been emotional enthusiasts, those male soprani, for when Senesino, acting at length in the same opera with Farinelli, after quarrelling finally with Handel, heard his rival for the first time, he was so carried away by the great man's singing, that, although he himself was representing a furious tyrant, and the other his chained captive, he ran up to the singer and incontinently embraced him. When Gizziello first heard Farinelli, he burst into tears and fainted away—with despondency, it was said.

The tasteless and unrefined influences of the Courts of the first and second Georges, reacting on a society where the sense of becomingness was lost in the extravagances and caprices of fashion, and gross exaggeration was the rule in manners and costume, could not fail to be

discouraging to the fine arts. High art was represented by painted ceilings, "where sprawled the saints of Verrio and Laguerre," or Sir James Thornhill's princes, goddesses, and Virtues jostled each other allegorically through the skies—at forty shillings the square yard! There were many painters to supply the fashionable demand for portraiture, but there was little cultured appreciation of pictorial beauty. Kneller stood for the painters' highest ideal, and, in the words of Reynolds, "to name Vandyck in comparison with Sir Godfrey was to incur contempt." So it was not expected that the fashionable portrait should aspire to be also a beautiful picture.

When Reynolds, fresh from the study of the masters in Italy, looked about him and saw the stiff and formal productions of the popular English portrait-painters of the day, he said, "They have got a set of postures, which they apply to all persons indiscriminately, the consequence of which is that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings." The criticism was, perhaps, a little too sweeping, for was not Hogarth looking at Nature with his own eyes, and painting, as he saw, with genius? But it was, in the main, true, and the average portrait of the period, lacking the artistic essential of beauty, naturally failed to inspire the work of art upon the copper-plate. So the gross, tasteless, inartistic period that immediately followed the Hanoverian succession saw the gradual decline of mezzotint, although Faber, White, and Simon, being masters, continued individually to uphold the dignity of their art, and never fell below their own worthy standard. But this was with them a matter of artistic conscience, else they could easily have satisfied the constant popular demand for prints with work of poorer quality and easier accomplishment. As a matter of fact, the cheap and popular portrait-print of the day had, and was required to have, little or no concern with art. Mezzotint declined from sheer want of encouragement. Among the followers of the declining art, however, were three who, seeking "fresh woods and pastures new," sowed the seeds of its revival. Appro-

priately, they found those pastures new in the "green isle of Erin." Thomas Beard, an Irishman, who, having made little profit in his own country, had come to London and learned mezzotint, returned, in 1728, to Dublin, where he found encouragement and no competitors. It was evidently Beard's success that, in 1740, induced John Brooks, another Irish mezzotint engraver, to return to Dublin, where, before going to London, he had worked only in the line manner. Brooks was talented, and a boon companion; so was his friend, Andrew Miller, a Londoner of Scotch parentage, who had learned the art from John Faber. When, therefore, Brooks, finding little scope for mezzotint of quality in London, decided to try his fortune again in Dublin with his new medium, he persuaded Miller to accompany him. This migration had a most important influence on the history of mezzotint.

Brooks, established at the sign of Sir Isaac Newton's Head, Cork Hill, as engraver and printseller, not only attracted attention by the prints he published of his own and Miller's engraving, but, what is more noteworthy, aroused the eager interest of a group of clever and artistic young men. Among these were James McArdell, Richard Houston, Charles Spooner, Michael Ford, and, later, Richard Purcell. Brooks took them all as his pupils—and thus he has the credit of forming the brilliant school of Irish mezzotint engravers who revived the art, and brought it back to England in a very healthy condition. But, having trained these young engravers to produce saleable prints, Brooks, in his erratic way, turned his own attention to enamelling on porcelain, and, having discovered a new process, decided to return to London, and endeavour to turn this to profitable account. When he left Dublin, in 1746, Brooks made over his printselling business to Michael Ford, while Andrew Miller set up for himself on Hogg Hill, now known as St. Andrew's Street, and did well, as long as his fondness for the bottle did not get the better of him, as in the end it did. But Brooks thought too much of the genius of McArdell and Houston

to leave them behind, and so he took them with him to London, introduced them to his old employers among the printsellers, and then, for good and all, severed his connection with the engraver's art, to which he had rendered so inestimable a service. Having a plausible Irish way with him, as well as his new enamelling process, he induced Alderman Janssen, in an unlucky moment for the alderman, to start a factory at Battersea, and entrust him with its management. The habits of drink and of play, however, had grown on him ; he neglected and mismanaged the porcelain business, with the inevitable result of failure, and, in spite of his talents, he drank himself to penury and death. Yet, although it is to be feared that his influence on some of his pupils was not only artistic, Brooks must always be mentioned with gratitude for the part he played in the revival of mezzotint.

CHAPTER V.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE STORY OF MEZZOTINT (*continued*).

The Splendid Revival — The Brilliant Irish Engravers — James McArdell — The Master — His Influence—Interpretations of Reynolds — Richard Houston — Charles Spooner — Richard Purcell—Michael Jackson—Edward Fisher—James Watson—John Dixon—Thomas Burke—Thomas Frye.

THE revival of mezzotint engraving came at the most opportune moment, for, when the rise of Reynolds and Gainsborough auspicated the great English school of painting, there were great engravers ready to be its interpreters. Of these Brooks's brilliant young pupils were the earliest, and one of them, in the course of his short life, brought the art to its glorious maturity, and became the master of mezzotint *par excellence*. This was James McArdell, one of the truest and greatest artists who ever handled a copper-plate.

We have seen him learning his art in Dublin—where he was born in Cow Lane (Greek Street, they call it now) about 1729—and coming to London to "commence engraver" in 1747. His pre-eminent talent was immediately recognised, when he began to produce plates after Hogarth, Hudson, Allan Ramsay, Dandridge, Liotard, Cotes, and other prominent painters of the day, and he was soon in a position to establish himself as his own publisher at the "Golden Head" in Covent Garden. But his sense of pictorial beauty was not satisfied by contemporary portraiture, and he turned back to the graces of Vandyck, who now for the first time had full

LADY MARY COKE.

From the Mezzotint by J. McArdell.
After Allan Ramsay.

justice done to him by the art of mezzotint. McArdell's engraving of Vandyck's charming group of the Duke of Buckingham's young sons stamped him at once as the first mezzotint engraver of the day, and the painters were eager for the advantage of his work. It was in 1754 that his association with Reynolds began, and so complete was the sympathy between the painter and engraver that, when Reynolds looked at McArdell's mezzotint translations of his pictures, he was moved, in his grateful enthusiasm, to say, "By this man I shall be immortalised!" It was generous praise, but it was not exaggerated; for, considering the lovely and matchless things McArdell did in the eighteen years of his professional life, with his keen artistic insight, his unerring sense of beauty and character, his quick expansive sympathies, and perfect technical accomplishment, there was no height of beauty, no pitch of power, to which his genius might not have reached. Unhappily, death cut short his career in 1765, before Reynolds had reached his great period of consummate achievement, that period prolific in masterpieces which inspired and influenced a whole school of great engravers. If only McArdell could have lived to engrave a "Mrs. Carnac," a "Duchess of Rutland," or a "Lady Bampfylde"! But he engraved thirty-eight of Reynolds's portraits, and among these were some of the most charming of the painter's middle period, while the prints count among the engraver's masterpieces. But not only Reynolds inspired McArdell to his best, for incomparable, too, are his "Mary, Duchess of Ancaster," after Hudson, surely one of the most delightful examples of mezzotint at its highest; the "Mary Lady Coke," after Allan Ramsay, the perfection of dainty and delicate grace; the sumptuous "Countess of Southampton," after Vandyck, and the same master's "Lords John and Bernard Stuart," and Lely's "Elizabeth Hamilton, Comtesse de Grammont," a superb record of one of the most engaging and vivacious beauties of Charles II.'s Court, and one, moreover, suspected of being virtuous.

McArdell was not only a great engraver and an artist

with fine felicities of intuition, he was a man of lovableness all compact. Look at his portrait, engraved from his own drawing by his famous pupil, Richard Earlom: frankness, benevolence, a gentle dignity, and genial strength of character, are eloquent in the face. Reynolds, too, saw and expressed this when he painted McArdell, nearly full face, wearing a plum-coloured coat. His fine, simple nature commanded love and respect for himself, as his talents compelled admiration. In the studios he was ever welcome, for his sympathy was encouraging, his criticism helpful; while, at the "Feathers" in Leicester Fields, or "Old Slaughter's" Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane, his genial personality and native humour would be as gladly hailed by the jolly artists, actors, and other good fellows—among them James Quin, with his bluff wit—who would gather sociably around Hogarth, as by the witty, free-souled, though, perhaps, slightly soberer, company in which Joshua Reynolds in his earlier days would, on occasion, take his relish of convivial life. At Reynolds's, first in Great Newport Street, and later at 47, Leicester Fields (in the very room where now his mezzotints fetch often high prices at auction), McArdell was a favoured and informal visitor, and there he would meet the *élite* of the world of art and letters, and find them interested in his work.

Northcote tells how one day, for instance, McArdell called on Reynolds to consult him as to the various titles of knighthood he ought to inscribe after Rubens's name on the print of the painter and his wife, which he was just finishing. Johnson happened to be there, and he could not refrain from giving his advice unasked, and excellent advice it was—to give the credit of the picture simply to Peter Paul Rubens, since his name was greater than all his titles, and therefore "full sufficient."

The advancement of pictorial art in England was now really in the air; exhibitions of pictures were successfully inaugurated, in the first instance to benefit the Foundling Hospital, in which Hogarth took so much interest; and these infused a spirit of emulation among the painters,

which led to their founding the Society of Artists, with its exhibitions, from which, through jealous dissension, sprang the Royal Academy. All this tended to the healthy encouragement of mezzotint, and the industrious, masterly McArdell was justly one of the first to reap the benefit.

But his own success never affected McArdell's comradeship with his old fellow-pupils, Houston, Spooner, and Purcell, who, gifted as they were, but lacking McArdell's strength and dignity of character, were dissipating their fine talents, and drinking and gambling away their great opportunities. That they were his countrymen and old comrades was sufficient for the kindly McArdell; he suffered them to help themselves out of difficulties by copying his own works, and when they came to the "Golden Head" to ask any service, or seek the convenience of a temporary loan, as they would euphemistically phrase it, he never sent them empty away. Doubtless, too, he tried to influence and help them to respect themselves for the sake of their art, for artists they always were, however casually and intemperately they might live; but it was a hard-drinking age, and they were a Bohemian set, with lively eighteenth-century Irish temperaments. Nevertheless, they loved McArdell, and it was a bad day for those old friends of his when, on June 2nd, 1765, he suddenly died. Three days later they followed him sadly out of the town, along the hedge-lined roads, to rural Hampstead, and laid him to rest there in the quiet churchyard; but none of them survived him long.

It is a wonderful company into which McArdell's prints take us, and the ladies are so alluring, and the men so interesting, that one might be tempted to remain with them anecdotically until the end of this volume, were it not compulsory to pass rapidly through the crowd, and merely whisper who's who as we go.

That dainty, roguish-looking lady, dressed for the Ranelagh masquerade in a hooped satin gown, is Mary, Duchess of Ancaster, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Charlotte, and a popular leader of fashion, although her father was no more than Master of the King's Racehorses,

and (for your private ear) they do say he was never married to her mother. That is Mary, Lady Coke, standing there against the harpsichord, holding the theorbo-lute. You would naturally think she is musical, but she isn't; she has no ear at all, and borrowed that large lute from Lady Ancrum merely to be painted with, because Lady Ancrum, who *can* play it, posed with it in the picture Ramsay painted of *her*, and now Lady Mary insists on taking lessons on her friend's instrument, which she will never play, strum she never so much, and meanwhile doesn't return—simply to justify the picture! She is a most uncomfortable person, always proclaiming herself aggrieved, always quarrelling with somebody—certainly her husband treated her contemptibly, and their separation was inevitable; but now she is a widow, with an eye to a royal prince, they say—"the present envy of her sex, in the possession of youth, health, wealth, wit, beauty, and liberty," as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says, while pitying her extremely for "walking blindfold, upon stilts, among precipices," and believing that only her inborn habit of economy can save her. "She might be happy and respected," says her friend Horace Walpole, "but will always be miserable from the vanity of her views and her passion for the extraordinary." But glance through the four huge volumes of her own diaries, and her trying temperament will reveal itself on every page.

Those two beautiful, stately young women are Maria, Countess of Coventry, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, the famous Gunning sisters. No wonder the Irish beggar-women got into the way of saying, "It's the luck o' the Gunnings I'm wishin' ye," for they were penniless girls in Dublin when Thomas Sheridan, the dramatist's father, lent them the Lady Macbeth and Juliet dresses from his theatre wardrobe, which Peg Woffington used to wear in those days, so that they might be suitably dressed for that presentation at Dublin Castle which inaugurated their wonderful careers. That, in the gauze turban, is Maria, Countess of Waldegrave, Horace Walpole's natural

niece, and a famous beauty, whose presentation at Court, after her first marriage, her uncle predicted, was to make the Countess of Coventry distracted with jealousy; but he did not then foresee that she was going to make a second marriage which would greatly perturb the King himself, and elude the passing of the Royal Marriage Act, for she became the legal wife of George III.'s brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and a regular royal princess!

There is Frances, Countess of Essex, daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who writes poems, and is mightily proud of his daughter and of the notice the King takes of her. "She coquets extremely with her own husband, which is very lawful," says Mrs. Montagu, the Queen of the Blue Stockings, "and she has the general air of vivacity, which, to those who are *herissées* with prudery, may displease; but she is an amiable, fine girl. She wants to have the *bon ton*, and you know the *bon ton* of 1756 is *un peu equivoque*." Here is the charming Elizabeth, Countess of Berkeley, with a fine forehead but no height of hair, and an expression "mild as a summer sea serene"; here, too, are Lady Anne Dawson, looking splendid as Diana, with her spear and her hound, and the moon in her hair; and the gracious Anne, Countess of Strafford, the popular Lady George Lennox, the serious-minded Griselda, Countess of Stanhope, with goodness beaming from her face under the becoming hood and cap; pretty Mrs. Bonfoy, Lady Chambers, the distinguished architect's wife, in the engaging shadow of a large Woffington hat; the placid-looking Lady Fortescue; Mrs. Horneck, an "exceedingly sensible, well-bred woman," as Fanny Burney will tell you, and mother of "Little Comedy," and "The Jessamy Bride," endeared to us through Goldsmith's affection, and the brush of Reynolds. Beautiful Lady Caroline Russell sits there with her pet spaniel, "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," for she is not yet Duchess of Marlborough. Those two winsome little girls are Lady Elizabeth Montagu, who is to be Duchess of Buccleuch some day, and Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam; and that is Lord Edgecumbe's Nancy Day, with her face

charmingly shaded, to avoid the obligation of a blush when the worthy Exon of the Royal Bodyguard makes her Lady Fenhoulet. There is Lord Kildare, with his lovely and charming Countess, who, through the Duke of Richmond, her father, being still in high dudgeon about the clandestine marriage of his elder daughter Caroline with Henry Fox, gave her not a shilling of dowry, was the means of getting for her husband an English peerage, and a "pinchbeck dukedom," as Horace Walpole called the Leinster title. That pretty girl dressed up as Hebe, and playing at being a goddess with her little brother as Cupid, is Frances Greville, who is going to be the famous political beauty, Mrs. Crewe. We shall meet her anon. But who is that mysterious Lady with the White Turban? They say the great Marshal Keith could tell; for he was the hero of her romance, when he carried Russian victory into Sweden, and she was a poor Swedish orphan and a prisoner, whom he protected—and his children call her mother. Those two ladies, with each a white rose in her hair, are Prince Charlie's friends, Flora Macdonald and the Lady Mackintosh, who showed such a rousing spirit during the 'Forty-five. But we will drop that subject, for here are their Majesties George II. and the young King George III. and Queen Charlotte, and some of the royal princes and princesses, among them the "Butcher of Culloden."

Here are those grand old seamen, "admirals all," with a thrill of British pride in the very mention of their names, Anson, Hawke, Boscawen, Tyrrel, Vernon of Portobello, Pocock, and Sir Charles Saunders, who led the fleet at Quebec in loyal and victorious co-operation with Wolfe. And here is another hero of Quebec: George, Marquis of Townshend, that fine soldier, on whom the command of the British Army devolved when Wolfe fell, and General Monckton (who also is here) was badly wounded, and there was still much to do for victory. Sir Peter Halkett, who fell with Braddock, is of the company; so also are the veterans Blakeney, who has led the Inniskillings through many a hard fight, and Lord

George Sackville, who was dismissed the service after Minden; Benjamin Franklin, who practically inspired American independence, and Lord Clive, the hero of our Indian empire.

Here, most welcome, is that delightful, incomparable gossip, Horace Walpole, among his books. That he expressed a momentary annoyance with McArdell for letting it be known that he was about to join this company of the great mezzotinted may be attributed to the vanity of modesty, or perhaps he wanted to surprise his friends with gifts of his portraits in mezzotinto. Here, too, is Samuel Richardson, posing to be adored, holding in his hand a letter just received, perhaps from Lady Bradshaigh, while his pen, rampant in the ink-pot, is expectant for the vain little novelist's "dearest" reply. Here is that noble old sailor, Captain Coram, who proved that charity "hath her victories no less renowned than war," by establishing the Foundling Hospital, and impoverishing himself through his benevolence, so that his portrait was the one Hogarth declared he painted "with most pleasure." Here are the famous Rabbis David Nieto and Aaron Hart, to testify that Jews may now be Englishmen by Act of Parliament, while Lord Mayor Sir Crisp Gascoigne, standing for justice, and Elizabeth Canning for perjury, recall a historic sensation of the law courts that moved the mob to stupid lawlessness.

Of course McArdell takes us to the theatre, and brings David Garrick on to the scene as Hamlet, Lear, the Auctioneer in a comedy of Foote's, and with Mrs. Cibber in *Venice Preserved*. Also Mrs. Pritchard, the great Lady Macbeth, who, as Dr. Johnson declares, has never read the tragedy through; but then, did he not describe her to Mrs. Siddons as a "vulgar idiot" in common life, and only inspired when she set foot on the stage? Leigh Hunt read her talents in the face in her portraits, and, to look at McArdell's print, one may readily believe the eulogists of her day. We see James Quin in his great character of Falstaff, and elegant Harry Woodward as

Ye Fine Gentleman in Garrick's topical satire *Lethe;* Beard the tenor, and Charles Blakes, who sells hats and hosiery by day and acts French fops by night. Here come laughing echoes from the opera, for this is Lampe, who composed *The Dragon of Wantley;* and this is Geminiani, the violinist, whose ruinous passion for pictures must have been gratified, in his less extravagant moods, by the works of art that McArdell produced in his mezzotint transcripts of pictures by Rembrandt and Vandyck. Just before his death, McArdell was engaged in engraving Reynolds's portraits of Lord Cathcart, the celebrated general, and Lady Cathcart, with her little daughter Jane, afterwards Duchess of Athol, on her lap. It was appropriate that these two plates should be finished by the dead engraver's gifted friend, Richard Houston, and no doubt Reynolds was gladly acquiescent.

When Houston commenced his career in London at the same time as McArdell, no engraver ever showed fairer promise. There was a quality in his work that none had yet attained, a painter's quality which, inspired by the beauty of wonder in actual human things, had kinship with the genius of Rembrandt, and interpreted that mighty master with a special sympathy and understanding. Houston started, with every prospect of success, as his own publisher at Charing Cross, near Drummond's Bank, and at first he had the just ambition of his talents, producing plates which, while instinct with artistic individuality, equalled anything that even McArdell had then done. Writing in 1762, Horace Walpole said : " Houston, McArdell, and Fisher have already promised by their works to revive the beauty of mezzotint." But, though Houston was capable of the finest things within the scope of his art, his love of pleasure was apt to divert his artistic energies, so that his finest efforts were the results of sporadic impulses, which, as the stress of dissipation aggravated his tendency to indolence, gradually became less frequent. Houston engraved with a fine pictorial sense ; his scraper, as with magic, compelled the grounded copper to reveal its

mysteries of light and shade. He had the moods of the artist, when his work would express his joy in art; but in the intervals—the spendthrift intervals which grew longer and longer—between those moods he was the idler, stuffing his stolen leisure full of any pleasures that temptation might offer, and never counting the cost. So, debts began to fetter him, difficulties accumulated, until he found it impossible to maintain his independent position as an engraver. He was obliged to give up his own publishing business, and work for the printsellers, a situation in which his constitutional tendency to arrears in work and advances in payment soon placed him heavily in Robert Sayer's debt; and Sayer, whose shop was in Fleet Street, convenient to the Fleet Prison, knew how to put the screw on his dilatory engravers. But, even then, Houston's engraving had always a touch that was unmistakably Houston's, and none others. He applied this touch with appealing charm to Zoffany's picture of the printseller's young son whipping a trout-stream. And who would remember Edward Penny's "Death of General Wolfe" but for Houston's mezzotint, which preceded Woollett's magnificent line-engraving after West by four years, and profited the publisher exceedingly? A jovial intemperance might reduce him to a toper in the taverns, a lavish improvidence might send him for temporary lodging to the debtors' prison, but the artist was native in Houston, and would not be gainsaid. Wherever and however he might squander his time, the copper-plates he would keep the printsellers waiting for, even though they might fall below his own highest technical possibilities, would bear always the hall-mark of the work of art. Look at his charming print, after Zoffany, of old James Thornton, one of the King's gardeners at Kew, done for Sayer in 1770. Houston treated this, even in his degenerate days, with as much reverence as if it had been a Rembrandt, and never was old age interpreted on copper with finer truth, never were a painter's touch and vision more sympathetically translated.

Houston died in 1775 at the age of fifty-four. With

his gifts, he might have achieved anything, but, as it was, he left us some mezzotints that count among the prizes for the collector. Whoever possesses himself of fine impressions of "The Syndics of the Cloth Merchants," the "Man with a Knife," or the "Woman Plucking a Fowl," all after Rembrandt, may feel the true satisfaction of a collector, while he may rejoice in a mood of lighter connoisseurship if he have also the four "Times of the Day" and the "Domestic Amusement" series, after the Watteau-mannered Mercier, most engaging among Houston's daintier efforts.

Houston's portraits include several very noteworthy personalities—General Pascal Paoli, the famous Corsican patriot, for instance, who came an exile to London after his splendid struggle for his country's independence, and was admitted through Boswell to the friendship of Johnson and his circle; General Stringer Lawrence, one of the heroic pioneers of our Indian Empire; the Marquis of Granby, whose military prowess won him such ubiquitous popularity that his head figured on more public-house signboards, perhaps, than any other British commander. General James Wolfe, too, wearing a mourning band for his father, and carrying a rifle as he leads his men to the attack—a print of exceptional interest, since it represents an original painting by J. S. C. Schaak, through the medium of a drawing by the owner of the original, Captain Hervey Smith, "a very active and intelligent officer of the Light Troops," as General Townshend described him in his "Rough Notes on the Siege of Quebec." Then there are Voltaire, Admiral Byng; Wesley and Whitefield, of course; William Pitt, John Wilkes, with his counsel; Henry Pelham, the Prime Minister, with his secretary; and that honest, sensible, if not brilliant, statesman, the Marquis of Rockingham, of whom they made the couplet:—

"The truth to declare—if one may without shocking 'em—
The nation's asleep, and the Minister Rockingham."

Of course, the King and Queen are prominent, and so, too, are the Gunning family, father, mother, and

CAROLINE, DUCHESS OF
MARLBOROUGH, AND CHILD.

From the Mezzotint by R. Houston.
After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

daughters, before and after the latter were "countessed and double-duchessed." Here we meet again the beautiful Maria, Countess of Waldegrave and Caroline Russell, now Duchess of Marlborough, both happy young mothers, and each revelling with her child in an ecstasy of caress; also Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland, holding her coronet, which she is about to change for that of a duchess, of whom, when some surprise was expressed at the young Queen Charlotte appointing her one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, witty Lady Townshend said, "Quite right. The Queen knows no English; Lady Northumberland will teach her the vulgar tongue." And here is Penelope, Lady Ligonier, Lord Rivers's daughter, whose amour with Count Alfieri, the profligate Italian poet, made such a lively scandal. Before the divorce, Lord Ligonier fought a duel with Alfieri in Hyde Park, but when he found the poet was a poor swordsman he took the generous revenge of sparing him, and was, for his pains, the subject of a ribald pamphlet, while the printshops offered his wife's portrait for the curious. Did she regret her generous husband and her Italian poet in the after-years, when she married a trooper in the Blues at Northampton, and heard, perhaps, that Alfieri was the lover of Prince Charles Edward's widow? Or did she remember merely the tales of her husband's gallantries while she was still a faithful wife?

Here are three of Sir Joshua's favourite beauties: pretty witty Kitty Fisher, the German stay-maker's alluring daughter, who was loved by many, "toasted" by many more, the talk of the town, the intimate of princes — yet legally Mrs. Norris, who, not satisfied with the natural beauty of her face, which Reynolds delighted to paint, tried to improve it by painting it herself, and died of the cosmetics; the charming Harriet Powell, singing to a bird Dibdin's pretty ballad, "Say, little foolish fluttering thing," as Leonora in *The Padlock*, before she became the Countess of Seaforth; and lastly, Elizabeth Hartley, the pathetic actress, whose lovely face, golden auburn hair, exquisite figure, and witchery of personality, stood her in stead of genius. Her beauty was apt to

disarm criticism, but, as old Moody, the actor, said, "She talks lusciously, and has a slovenly, good-nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar," and her answer to Reynolds's compliment, as he was painting her, was naïve enough: "Nay, my face may be well enough for shape, but sure 'tis as freckled as a toad's belly." She was the heroine of a much-talked-about scene at Vauxhall, when she imagined herself insulted by the stares of a party of Macaronies, and one of her friends, a well-known clergyman, challenged the offenders to fisticuffs on the spot, a *contretemps* that produced the usual crop of scandalous pamphlets for the diversion of the town.

The success of McArdell and Houston induced Charles Spooner also to leave Dublin, where, having entirely forsaken line-engraving for mezzotint, he had been working for Michael Ford, and try his fortune in London. He joined his old companions in 1752, and they promptly put him in the way of obtaining commissions. But the temptations of London were too much for his intemperate habits, and his talent found very unequal expression, while the printsellers found him thoroughly untrustworthy. He never fulfilled his early promise. McArdell managed to get the best out of him, but, when McArdell died, Spooner's life seemed to lose its anchor, and it drifted rapidly among the breakers of dissipation, where it was hopelessly wrecked. He died in 1767, and so tenderly did he cling to the memory of his dead friend, that at the last he begged to be buried beside him in Hampstead churchyard.

Strangely enough, it was at Hampstead, in the same year, that there died the subject of one of Spooner's most interesting prints. This was Nancy Dawson, who first attracted admiration when setting up skittles in a Marylebone tavern, then came out as a dancer at Sadler's Wells, and subsequently took the fancy of the town to an extraordinary degree by the charm and novelty of her dancing at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. She became one of the most popular "toasts" of the day, and was petted, admired, and imitated by everybody.

Her portraits adorned the printshop windows. "The Jovial Life, Amorous Exploits, and Singular Adventures of the Celebrated Miss Nancy Dawson" was greedily read, as well as "Genuine Memoirs," and the "dramatic history" of herself and Ned Shuter, the actor she loved. They danced "Miss Dawson's Hornpipe" on the stage, on the village green, and in the ballroom, as a country dance, and young ladies played it on the harpsichord; while everywhere they were singing:—

> "Of all the girls in our town,
> The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
> That dance and prance it up and down,
> There's none like Nancy Dawson."

And the tune that was made 150 years ago in honour of a naughty, good-hearted dancer is now sung by little children when they play, "Here we go round the mulberry bush."

Spooner did several prints of fancy subjects, among the best being "The Studious Fair," after Miss Benwell, which is said to be a likeness of Queen Charlotte—of course in her young days; but among his portrait-prints are several subjects of interest, though many of these are copies from other engravers, such as Houston's "Lady Selina Hastings," after Reynolds, and General Wolfe.

Richard Purcell's is another sad story of wasted talent. He came to London from Dublin a little later than his friend Spooner, and, in the midst of the small band of clever young Irish engravers, he was always the witty companion, always the first to suggest an adjournment from the studio or the workshop to the tavern, the coffee-house, the pleasure gardens, or any place where play, gallantry, or convivial entertainment might be found. His mezzotints showed an individual touch, and his best work was excellent—*when* he did it, but distractions and temptations were many; wine, women, and play made excessive claims upon his time, and he seemed unable to resist them. Debt, consequently, put a coil around him, from which he never

got free; the sponging-house was his frequent lodging, and he never hesitated to mortgage his future work to the printsellers for the imperative convenience of the payment in advance. In time, Sayer realised that he held more of these mortgages than Purcell was ever likely to redeem, and, taking advantage of this, to ensure his being always able to find the disreputable engraver when he wanted his work, he had the witty, clever, improvident hedonist put as a debtor into the Fleet Prison, simply as a matter of business precaution. Once there, poor Purcell never won back his independence, but, always in the power of Sayer, he was obliged to work for him or starve—a debtor in the Fleet might easily starve in those days if he had no money with which to satisfy the extortionate turnkeys. So, when Purcell was copying other engravers' plates for the grasping Sayer, he signed them with an *alias*, C. or P. Corbutt, and perhaps the other printsellers did not identify the engraver with the Purcell who owed them work. Reduced to be a mere copyist when he had had the power and opportunity to win success as an original engraver, Purcell lost all care for reputation, and sank lower and lower, until, not yet thirty years of age, he died in very miserable circumstances, in the same year as McArdell. Many of his copies of McArdell's, Houston's, and James Watson's prints have a quality of their own, especially those after Reynolds and Allan Ramsay.

The most interesting of Purcell's original prints is, perhaps, that of Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington, "one of the wits," as Mrs. Delany described her, after meeting her in Dublin, and a friend of Swift, whom she professed to have heard recite every word of Butler's "Hudibras" by heart. A burlesque satirical play of hers, called *The Turkish Court; or, the London 'Prentice*, was acted in Dublin, but when Swift gave her and her husband introductions to Pope, Bolingbroke, and others of his great friends in London, she seems to have profited little. Drink reduced her to distress and discredit, as it did the engraver of her portrait.

Like his friends and compatriots, Houston, Purcell, and Spooner, Michael Jackson had an excessive fondness for conviviality, which was good neither for his art nor his printselling business, even though he had Rembrandt's Head for his sign. Of course he engraved Nancy Dawson and Peg Woffington, but we are indebted to him for a print of his handsome, gifted countryman, Spranger Barry, as Macbeth, an actor who worthily rivalled Garrick and was thought in some parts—Romeo, for instance—even to excel the greater man. Garrick himself described him as the most exquisite lover he had ever seen on the stage, but, after seeing each of the two rivals as Romeo, a lady, with the subtlety of feminine intuition, thus charmingly distinguished between them. "Had I been Juliet to Garrick's Romeo, so impassioned was he, I should have expected that he would have come up to me in the balcony; but had I been Juliet to Barry's Romeo, so tender and so seductive was he, I should certainly have jumped down to him!"

A later recruit to the Irish group in London, but one of a refreshingly different character from the intemperate engravers just referred to, was Edward Fisher. Born in 1730, his early years were spent as apprentice to a hatter in Dublin, but, since to him the head itself rather than its covering was the centre of interest, he decided to give up the hat-trade and become an engraver of portraits in mezzotint. His decision was wise, for, as an engraver, Fisher had in him the root of the matter. He could see and feel the beauty of pictorial expression, and, coming to London, he soon learned, in the studio of McArdell, the true way of translating the painter's art to the copper.

In his earlier working years in London, Fisher lodged at the house of a Mrs. King, in Leicester Fields, and one of his fellow-lodgers was Theodore Gardelle, a French miniature-painter in good practice, and a member of the Club at "Old Slaughter's" in St. Martin's Lane, of which Hogarth was the presiding spirit. Doubtless the two became acquainted, and it is more than probable that the sociable Frenchman would give

the artistic young Irishman a convivial glimpse of the bright-souled company of which he enjoyed the freedom. So Fisher was welcomed among the painters and the actors and coffee-house wits; but it must have been something of a shock to him when, one day in 1761, his fellow-lodger, Gardelle, was arrested for murdering their landlady—a woman of easier virtue than temper, and, in spite of his ingenuously elaborate explanations, was hanged in the Haymarket, at the top of Panton Street. The town was horrified; for all the circumstances of the murder were shocking, and the hanging close at hand, without the troublesome journey to Tyburn, was, of course, a just concession to the neighbours. But Fisher does not seem to have allowed the gruesome incident to move him from his dwelling-place, for there he remained many years. The fact was, it was close to Reynolds's, and he was engraving some of the master's finest pictures of that period.

It was most likely to McArdell that Fisher owed his introduction to Reynolds, and to both painter and engraver the association proved of the greatest advantage. If it be true, as it has been reported, that Reynolds found fault with the excessive care Fisher expended upon the finish of his plates, especially in those portions of the pictures which the painter himself considered subordinate, it was probably because Reynolds was himself developing a freer, bolder style than had characterised the pictures he painted while freshly under the influence of his Italian studies, such, for instance, as the carefully-finished "Lady Cathcart and her child," and he wanted to bring the engraver's scraper into closer sympathy with the freedom of his own brush. But Fisher's splendid prints fully justify him to the connoisseur of to-day. In them we see an artist interpreting an artist, as, indeed, we must always see in all engraving that is worth looking at.

Fisher was fortunate in his subjects, and, among the score or more of portraits he engraved after Reynolds, were several of exceptional interest, offering full scope for the delicacy as well as the boldness of his touch. What could be more truly representative of the Reynolds of that period

than Fisher's sumptuous full-length prints of those three of Queen Charlotte's ten bridesmaids, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in the act of decorating the statue of Hymen, Lady Elizabeth Lee, or Harcourt, as she was at that date, and Lady Sarah Lennox, or Bunbury, as she was so soon afterwards, sacrificing to the Graces? How alive they are! Walpole thought them "beautiful figures" at the Royal wedding, but, "with neither features nor air, Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel." And she might have been the Queen-bride herself if she had cared soon enough, or had been less than the true and fine-spirited girl she was, and had played her cards well—for did she not hold the King in her hand? As one looks at this splendid print, and imagines how its contemporary publication must have excited interest and admiration—for the story of the young King's love was no secret—all the romance of Lady Sarah's life, with its irony of circumstances and its pathos of consequences, comes poignantly to mind. In imagination one follows this bewitching great-granddaughter of Charles II. and his French mistress from that humiliating scene of her King-lover's wedding, when, hiding, with marvellous self-command, all the wounds of her disappointment, she helped to bear the train of her unattractive Royal rival, with the King's yearning eyes never off her face, and was obliged to correct the mistake of a half-blind old courtier who saluted her for the new Queen! One sees her wedded lovelessly to Sir Charles Bunbury, who never understood her, until after his indifference had driven her to a lover's arms, and he had divorced her, only to want and beg her back; and then one follows her to Ireland, where at Celbridge House, in the County Kildare, one sees her the devoted, economical wife of Colonel Napier and the beloved mother of great soldier sons. Finally, there is the sightless old age, with the tears of sympathy for the blind, mad old King, who might have been the husband of her lovely youth.

Among Fisher's other prints, after Reynolds, we have the seductive Kitty Fisher, playing at Cleopatra, dropping a pearl into a goblet; the beautiful Mrs. Trapaud, who,

as Miss Plaistow, came over from Ireland with the Gunnings, and married General Trapaud; the familiar "David Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy"; and the exquisite "Hope Nursing Love," in which, for the illustration of his allegory, Reynolds painted the face of Miss Morris, a young lady who, when suddenly impoverished, thought to earn her living as an actress, but broke down from sheer nervousness when she made her appearance as Juliet at Covent Garden, and died a few months afterwards, just as her portrait was being admired at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. To Fisher we owe a print of that first portrait Reynolds painted of his truly gallant friend, Admiral the Hon. Augustus Keppel, which really clinched the artist's reputation as a painter of portraits that were essentially pictures, but is only one of a number of presentments which mark the relations of mutual admiration and friendship between the painter and the sailor. Then, there is Lord Ligonier, that fine old veteran of Marlborough's campaigns, and of Dettingen and Fontenoy, who saved the British army at the disastrous battle of Laffeldt by a cavalry charge which was a stroke of military genius; he is, characteristically, on horseback, and, of course, a battle is in progress. The Rev. Laurence Sterne, head on hand, in an attitude of thought, is here in Reynolds's wonderful portrait, with humour and intellect keen in his face, and character in every touch, even to the slight tilt of his wig; but, then, didn't Horace Walpole say that the head of the author of "Tristram Shandy" was turned topsy-turvy with success?

But there are other interesting prints of Fisher's which are of other painters' inspiring. There is Vanloo's Colley Cibber, sitting by a table with a paper in one hand, while his daughter, recognising the mood of composition, puts a pen into the other; there is Cotes's portrait of Paul Sandby, the water-colour painter, who introduced aquatint into England, sketching out of window—a charming print; and, after Worlidge, there is William Haward, the young actor, who, while he was writing a tragedy called *King Charles I.* for Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, was

locked up by the manager in a garret during so many hours a day, and not allowed his liberty until he had repeated through the keyhole a stipulated number of new lines, and then he was solemnly compared with Shakespeare. Eliza Farren, the charming actress who became Countess of Derby, made a picturesque figure for the painters, but this print of her in the character of Hermione, after Zoffany, is not the picture the generous painter held back so that his younger competitor, Thomas Lawrence, should have the field to himself, as Mrs. Papendiek pleasantly records. Benjamin Franklin, William Pitt, George III., and Mark Akenside, the medico-poet, are also here in Fisher's gallery. He died in 1785.

When McArdell and Houston carried the grand manner of mezzotint back to England, there was a little boy in Dublin feasting his eyes on the prints in the shop windows of Michael Ford and Andrew Miller and the other print-sellers, and, intelligently wondering how they were done. James Watson was a boy of real artistic instincts allied with strong character, and, with the development of his graphic powers, came the resolve to be an engraver in mezzotint. Wisely he determined to seek his training under the masterly guidance of McArdell; so, leaving his younger brother William in Dublin, to spend his time between portrait-painting and flute-playing, he came to London, and presented himself at the sign of the Golden Head in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. There must have been immediate sympathy between master and pupil, for young Watson learned his art quickly, and never ceased to make progress.

Very early in his career he was entrusted with the inspiring task of engraving pictures by Reynolds, of which he did fifty-six in all, and not one of that master's interpreters on copper realised his pictorial intentions with a sweeter suggestion of their harmonies, a more gracious perception of their beauty. So sensitive and scrupulous an artist was Watson that, rather than issue an engraving which he felt was not going to satisfy his own critical sense, he would never hesitate to sacrifice his work and

begin a fresh plate. When, therefore, at the age of twenty-two, he began showing his engravings at the exhibitions of the Society of Artists, it was quickly seen that a new artist had arrived among the engravers, and the Society welcomed him as a member, and the painters were glad of him as an interpreter.

In 1764 he became his own publisher, choosing the engravers' favourite sign of the Golden Head to distinguish his shop in Craven Buildings, Drury Lane; but later he moved further westward, and in 1775 he gave up the printselling business, and devoted himself entirely to his art. He was an assiduous worker, and, being a man of strong domestic affections, his life seems to have run on even lines. He married while very young, and was a father before he was twenty-one. There was always an atmosphere of refinement, culture, and love of beauty about the home-life of James Watson. His famous daughter, Caroline, will be met with among the stipple-engravers. Under her father's sympathetic training she developed artistic gifts of a very high order, and was the joy and pride of his life. His son, James Edward, distinguished himself at the Bar, but the engraver lived only long enough to see him start on the road to success.

There was another member of the family who also enlisted James Watson's helpful interest. This was his wife's sister, Elizabeth Judkins, who was inspired with a love of mezzotint by her brother-in-law's works and a desire to learn the art, which till then no woman had been known to practise. Watson gladly taught her, and so apt a pupil did she prove that, before long, she was able to produce a few plates of really fine quality, her rendering of Reynolds's "Mrs. Abington," the actress, being quite a masterpiece. Watson published her prints while he was in the business, but when he retired Elizabeth Judkins ceased to engrave for public sale. She was held in great affection by the Watson family, and both her brother-in-law and her niece, Caroline, gave material expression to this in their wills.

Watson was only fifty when he died at his house in

Fitzroy Street, on May 20, 1790, but his talent and industry had won him substantial comfort, and he was able to leave property to his "dearly beloved" son and daughter. No stone now marks his grave in the old Marylebone Cemetery, but his true memorial is in the enduring beauty of his engraving and the increasing value that the connoisseur sets upon his prints.

And these prints are invested with a social interest of peculiar fascination, for they seem to wake all the gossips of their day to instant echoes. Here, for instance, are the Earl and Countess of Pembroke with their young son, and one remembers Horace Walpole describing the Countess at George III.'s Coronation as looking "the picture of majestic modesty." Then, only the following year, comes the nine-days' wonder of the Earl's elopement with Miss Kitty Hunter, which he did, as he explained, by way of trying to make his wife hate him. Walpole, of course, dresses up the details with the *sauce piquante* of his wit, telling how the Earl, having invited his wife's family and others to dinner, excused himself from joining them, threatened to murder the servants if they told his wife, and then eloped in the disguise of a sailor with a black wig. But when, some time afterwards, the Earl and his wife understood each other, the Countess humoured her erratic husband by running away with him to be reconciled.

Then, there is Reynolds's famous Holland House picture of Lady Sarah Lennox, leaning out of a window, while her cousin, Lady Susan Strangways, is handing a dove up to her, and young Charles James Fox, an old-looking boy of thirteen or fourteen, is standing by. Immediately one thinks of Walpole's delightful account of the juvenile theatricals at Holland House, when Lady Sarah and Lady Susan played the women, "acting with so much nature and simplicity that they appeared the very things they represented." It was *Jane Shore* they played, and "when Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive."

And we turn to the prints of Lady Susan O'Brien and

her husband, William O'Brien, the handsome actor, both after Cotes, and hear the echoes of the startled gaspings of scandalised society in April, 1764. For this was the Lady Susan Strangways through whom George III. had first practically proposed to Lady Sarah. And the Lord Ilchester's daughter to marry an actor! "Even a footman were preferable." How she used to meet her lover at Miss Catherine Read's studio, until they were discovered—(the painter, as a matter of fact, grew frightened, and spoke her fears to Lord Cathcart, who told the unsuspecting but irate father)—and how Lady Susan confessed all, and promised to break off the affair—after a final leave-taking, and how that leave-taking meant only her taking French leave, and marrying her handsome actor at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, when she was supposed to be breakfasting with her cousin, Lady Sarah, makes romantic reading to-day, yet in that day it was merely a scandal.

But the romantic episode, the personal paradox, or the piquant anecdote, told or untold, seems to hover alluringly about these beautiful impressions of beautiful women, and one would fain linger awhile to compare, with the fancies that each suggests, the living story as the chroniclers have it. Here is Elizabeth, Duchess of Manchester, with her tiny son; she bore her husband several children, yet here she is masquerading as Diana in the act of disarming Cupid. Was there any repressed love-affair in the secret of this picture, one likes to wonder, or was it simply Sir Joshua's pictorial caprice? Yet Allan Cunningham solemnly asks "what claim a Duchess of Manchester, with her last-born in her lap, could have to the distinction of Diana?" He evidently did not understand the painter's subtle art of compliment. Any pretty woman might be a goddess if Sir Joshua's fancy willed it so, and surely a pretty duchess has a prescriptive right to the title, especially if she chooses this way of making it known to one particular mortal that she has succeeded in disarming Cupid. A copy of Watson's print may have borne the message—who knows? Here is Mrs. Henry

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

From the Mezzotint by James Watson.
After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Bunbury, the comic artist's wife—Catherine Horneck that was—Goldsmith's "Little Comedy" for ever. What a crowd of delightful Goldsmithian domestic pictures arise at the very name and face of her! To look at this charming picture of Georgiana, Countess Spencer, with her little girl, is to think furiously ahead, for that little girl, "splendour's fondly fostered child," as Coleridge called her, is the future famous Duchess of Devonshire, who set the whole social world of her day agog for gossip, because, being beautiful and of high degree, and "nursed in pomp and pleasure," she dared to sound with no uncertain touch the whole gamut of woman's experience.

Who is this fair and joyous creature in this most joyful picture? Oh, happy Reynolds, to see a Milton's ideal in a lady who comes to your studio to be painted! Surely it is Euphrosyne, carrying "heart-easing Mirth," as she trips it "on the light fantastic toe" to the sound of "soft Lydian airs"! Yet might we not say happy husband as well as happy painter? for this Euphrosyne is Mrs. Hale, the wife of General John Hale, Governor of Londonderry, and she bore him twenty-one children! This delicious child with the wistful eyes, and the lambkins waiting to play with her, is little Miss Price, and art has immortalised her at that, but Burke's Peerage will show you that she was the great-grandmother of the present Marquis of Salisbury. This charming little girl so busy with her pencil is Helena Beatson, niece of Catherine Read, the painter, and the future wife of an Indian Governor.

But here is a crowd of titled beauties awaiting deferential recognition: the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Charlotte Johnston, Lady Scarsdale with her son, Countess of Waldegrave with her daughter, Barbara, Countess of Coventry, Viscountess Molyneux, and Countess Cornwallis, Lady Stanhope, the Duchesses of Buccleuch and Marlborough, each with her child, Countesses of Cork and Carlisle, Lady Margaret Bingham, Anne, Lady Fortescue, and Lady Almeria Carpenter, in whose latest modish fancy Fashion reads always her latest law. Here, too, are Miss Julia Bosville, who became Countess of Dudley, and

the beautiful Miss Greenway, who married one of the Napiers, and Mrs. Collier, as Cœlia—why not Lesbia?—lamenting her dead sparrow. Here are Queen Charlotte, her unfortunate sister-in-law, Caroline, Queen of Denmark, and Anne Luttrell, Duchess of Cumberland. The daughter of an Irish peer, she had married a Mr. Horton, and, when left a widow, she had to choose between being Mrs. Smith, with love, and the Duchess, with Royal rank. She preferred to be the King's sister-in-law, much to the King's annoyance, to which he gave emphatic expression by the Royal Marriage Act. She danced divinely, was witty, and "had languishing eyes, which she could animate to enchantment if she pleased, and her coquetry was so active, so varied, and yet so habitual, that it was difficult not to see through it, and yet as difficult to resist it." Two beautiful ladies from France are also here: Madame de Pompadour and Queen Marie Antoinette.

Here are those pervading Phrynes whose charms the painters delighted to honour: Kitty Fisher; Nelly O'Brien, who entertained "next door this side the Star and Garter" in Pall Mall; Polly Kennedy, whose voluptuous charms seem to have been persuasive enough to save her brothers from the fatal consequences of murdering a watchman; Anne Elliott, posing as Juno; and Nancy Parsons, the Bond Street tailor's fascinating daughter, who ran away with a West India captain, named Hoghton; then reappeared as Mrs. Horton, was distinguished by "Junius" as "the *chaste* and virtuous mistress of our present Prime Minister" (the Duke of Grafton, who is also here in mezzotint), and next was celebrated by Horace Walpole as "the Duke of Grafton's Mrs. Horton, the Duke of Dorset's Mrs. Horton, everybody's Mrs. Horton," and finally flattered and coaxed "poor simple Lord Maynard," very much her junior, into making her his Viscountess.

Here from the theatre come David Garrick and Harry Woodward, Mrs. Spranger Barry, Nancy Dawson, the dancer, and the famous Mrs. Abington, whom Reynolds

chose to represent the Comic Muse in spite of his friend Garrick hating her. She was the original Lady Teazle, and, though she had begun life by selling flowers—as well as her favours—and was known in St. James's Park as "Nosegay Fan," her natural grace and artful eloquence made her a queen of comedy, and a leader of fashion for the first ladies in the land, who copied her dresses as she imitated their manners. But here is a crowd of notable men, headed by George III., and the Royal Dukes, Cumberland and York. Generals, admirals, statesmen, are here—with names that spell great history; like Rodney and Howe, John, Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Granby, and Sir Jeffrey Amherst, in armour that he never wore when he helped to win North America from the French. Here are the young Marquis of Tavistock, who married Lady Elizabeth Keppel, and left her so suddenly and early a widow, to her great grief; the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, whose marriage with the notorious Miss Chudleigh, who bigamously became Duchess of Kingston, led to the great scandal of her trial, for the entertainment of the fashionable world; and Sir Charles Bunbury, George Grenville, Tom Paine, James Paine, the architect, and his son; Dr. Busby of Westminster School, the Rev. James Beattie, John Burton, the harpsichord-player, and Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, who is the presiding genius of this company of James Watson's, though his great rival Gainsborough reveals himself nobly in three subjects.

There was a certain glamour of personality about John Dixon, who was yet another of the Irish engravers, and an exceedingly talented one. He had been working in Dublin as an engraver on silver, when his artistic ambitions were aroused, and he began studying at the Art School of the Royal Dublin Society, under Robert West, the historical painter. Whether his studies were pursued very systematically we do not know, but he was accounted a very handsome young man, and there was a good deal of life going on in the Irish capital in those days. Anyhow, he managed to run through a small fortune, and then, in 1765, when he was about twenty-five, he came

to London, and started mezzotinting. His skill was undoubted, his touch had the sense of the painter, his tone was rich, and as a translator he was faithful to his original. The first print of his to attract general admiration appears to have been the fine "Garrick as Richard III.," after Nathaniel Dance, and commissions to engrave several of Reynolds's portraits followed, as a matter of course. He became a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and for some ten years he followed his profession with success. He took pupils, too, and among them was his gifted young countryman, Thomas Burke, who learned mezzotint only to prove how he could excel in it, as in his exquisite "Telemachus at the Court of Sparta," after Angelica Kauffman, and then neglected that method to become supreme in the easier stipple. But Dixon was, as I have said, a very handsome man, and when, after ten years' work in London, a lady with a large fortune—some say a widow—showed an inclination not to say him nay, he did not undervalue his prospect of leisure and luxury, so he "made a leg," took snuff with an air, dropped carefully on to one knee, and vowed and protested he should die within the week if she would not have him. Of course, the lady "took pity on the poor wretch"—as she put it to a confidante—and henceforth Dixon ceased to be a professional engraver—though he rocked and scraped now and again for pastime, or, maybe, to escape the excessive solicitude of his wife when in the "vapours." But he kept his carriage, and lived fashionably for awhile near Ranelagh, and subsequently at Kensington, where he died in 1780, or perhaps later.

Dixon's prints show us some beautiful Reynolds portraits. There is the "Elizabeth, Countess of Pembroke, and her son," of which it has been well said that this is "one of the purest and sweetest that even Reynolds ever painted," for in it the lovely sense of mother-and-child sympathy is so tenderly suggested—and it was only the year before the Earl's elopement with Kitty Hunter! There is that exquisite picture of sisterly companionship,

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF
PEMBROKE, AND SON.

From the Mezzotint by J. Dixon
After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

"Elizabeth and Emma Crewe"; there is Mrs., afterwards Lady, Blake (Sir Charles Bunbury's sister) disporting as Juno and receiving the cestus from Venus; and, besides another Nelly O'Brien, there is the superb full-length of the Duchess of Ancaster. Then there are William Robertson, the famous historian, whom nobody seems to read nowadays; and Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Earl of Chatham's last Ministry, a man of splendid talents, "the delight and ornament of the House, and the charm of every private society," as Burke said, in his affection for the man. But what must that great statesman have thought in his heart of the Minister who, in what Macaulay justly calls his "boundless vanity and presumption," fatuously proposed the tax that provoked the American Colonies to fight for their independence? America's citizens of to-day must look at that face in Dixon's print with curious feelings.

Dixon engraved two very interesting plates of theatrical subjects. One is Zoffany's picture of a scene in *The Alchemist*, in which David Garrick appears in his famous character of the stupid and selfish Abel Drugger, Burton playing Subtle, and the inimitable John Palmer is Face. This was the first picture which Zoffany exhibited at the Royal Academy, and Reynolds bought it at the painter's own price—one hundred guineas; but, later on, the Earl of Carlisle took a fancy to it, and offered Reynolds twenty guineas more than he had paid. Sir Joshua accepted this, and promptly sent the difference to Zoffany, saying he thought that in the first instance the picture had been sold below its real value. The other theatrical print is of William Powell, the tragedian, of whose acting Dibdin said it was "strong nature, luxuriant as a wilderness," with "a thousand beauties and a thousand faults." Among the fancy subjects that Dixon engraved was Reynolds's terrible "Count Ugolino and his Sons in Prison."

Of all the artists practising mezzotint at this period, there was no personality more interesting than Thomas Frye's, none whose artistic gifts were more versatile. Engraving, as a matter of fact, represented only one

field in which his talents were active. Born near Dublin, in 1710, he began the study of art at a very early age, and, coming over to London while still a very young man, he commenced painting portraits in oils, in crayon and in miniature, an excellent groundwork for the practice of mezzotint. He was accompanied by his friend, Michael Stoppelaer, a witty, good-natured Irishman, who, realising that he could never be a good painter, soon gave up the brush, and became an actor at Covent Garden, where, though he never rose above the First Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, he won a humorous reputation for his Irish Bulls.

Frye, however, was industrious at his easel, and, in 1734, a portrait he painted of Frederick, Prince of Wales, attracted so much attention that portrait-painting became for him an easy and profitable means of livelihood. But it did not suffice for his artistic energies. His interest was enlisted in a project for making porcelain, an industry which in England, up to that time, had scarcely reached beyond the experimental stage. So wholeheartedly did he give himself and his talents up to the enterprise that his name must always have an honoured place in the history of English porcelain. In conjunction with Edward Heyleyn, of Bow, Thomas Frye, described as of "West Ham, Essex, painter," took out a patent in 1744, and the famous Bow factory was started, with Frye as its manager. But the composition of the porcelain was too costly, and it was only after four years devoted to further experiments that Frye was satisfied with the results, and secured a second patent. Beautiful things were produced at the Bow factory, and there are treasured pieces of tea-table ware of pure but translucent paste, with embossed ornament, and panels with Oriental scenes delicately painted in under-glaze blue, on which one may find the monogram of Thomas Frye—the same monogram, in fact, that he used to sign his mezzotints. For fifteen years Frye's whole artistic being was wrapped up in the work and fortunes of the Bow factory, and he even trained his two daughters to assist in painting porcelain; but his body was not equal to the continuous strain, and,

when, at length, he retired from the management in 1759, he was broken in health and fortune, while his days, at the same time, were sadly troubled by the dissolute conduct of his son.

Nevertheless, Frye, with his big, brave, patient nature, had plenty of energy in reserve, and, after partially restoring his health by a tour in Wales, painting portraits as he went to pay his way, he settled in Hatton Garden, and added mezzotint-engraving to his other artistic activities. In this he felt bound to strike out a new path. Not content to follow in the way of other engravers, he drew a number of fancy portraits, with heads almost life-size, and these he mezzotinted with rare power. On a very large scale, however, the charm of mezzotint is apt to be elusive, and, admirable as are those large heads of Frye's, as, for instance, the "Girl holding Pearls," and the "Man with Chin on Hand," their exceptional size suggests their being regarded rather as *tours de force* than as examples of the beauty of mezzotint. But Frye was one of those artists of strong personality who must always go their own ways; and this very vigour of originality added value to the kindly, helpful influence he exercised on his pupils and the young artists who would go to him for advice. They were ever sure of getting from him not only the encouraging word, but the practical showing of the way. His very industry was an example, and this in spite of a constitution ruined by arduous and anxious years at the Bow factory, and the burden of gout and corpulency so bravely and cheerfully borne through laborious days up to the date of his death—April 2, 1762.

CHAPTER VI.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE GREAT DAYS OF MEZZOTINT.

William Pether—John Finlayson—Valentine Green—Reynolds's "Beauties"—Robert Dunkarton—Thomas Watson—William Dickinson—John Jones—Richard Earlom—Giuseppe Marchi—John Dean—James Walker—William Doughty.

It might be said, with some show of truth, that William Pether shines with the reflected light of Joseph Wright of Derby; but this would be to take a flippant view of a very sound and original artist. Popularly, perhaps, he will always be chiefly known and valued for the brilliant manner in which he interpreted, through the medium of mezzotint, the wonderful candlelight effects in the pictures of that very remarkable painter; but Pether's mastery of the most subtle contrasts of light and shade, and his insight into the very heart of their mystery and poetical suggestion, made him equally great as an interpreter of Rembrandt.

Pether came from Carlisle, where he was born about 1738, and he came armed with the courage of his individuality. He needed the courage, for his individuality was strong, and his artistic equipment not yet equal to its expression, but he had great natural gifts, and these were sufficient to win him the encouragement of a Society of Arts premium in 1756. He painted portraits in oil and miniature, and these combined a sense of vitality with grace of design, but he was not content until he could engrave his own pictures; so, when Thomas Frye settled in Hatton Garden, Pether became his pupil.

The association of master and pupil was of the happiest. Frye, with his strong personality and original ideas, had just the right magnetic attraction to draw out what was best and most individual in young Pether's artistic nature, and, under the master's stimulating influence, the pupil developed into an engraver of excellence and distinction. Pether engraved the heads that Frye drew and painted, and they entered into a business partnership, which, however, was soon unfortunately broken by Frye's death.

Of two of these portraits a pretty story is told. The young King George III. was lately married, and, of course, there was a great demand at the printshops for portraits in mezzotint of himself and his bride. Frye was determined to get their likenesses one way or another, and, when he learned that they were going to the theatre, he also made his way thither with his sketch-book. The theatre was very crowded, and it was exceedingly difficult even to snatch views of the Royal pair, but Frye persisted, although he was suffering severely—it was, indeed, a few months before he died. Presently the King caught sight of the artist, whose face, perhaps, revealed his physical pain, as well as his artistic anxiety, and, realising Frye's purpose, he drew the young Queen's attention to it, and they both considerately kept their faces turned towards the artist until he bowed his gratitude, and shut up his sketch-book. The results were happy, and Pether's engraving was worthy of them. Another particularly interesting portrait for which Pether was indebted to the vivid pencil of Frye, was that of Richard Leveridge, an aged bass singer and composer of convivial songs, among which "The Roast Beef of Old England" has achieved a classic popularity. In his youthful operatic days he sang songs which the great Purcell had specially composed for him, and created parts in the operas of Clayton and Buononcini, but, when Italian singers came to oust the English from the Italian opera, he was reduced to playing in Rich's pantomimes at Lincoln's Inn Fields, parts like Pluto, Faustus, Merlin, which needed only a roaring bass voice and a long beard, until, finding himself theatri-

cally superannuated, he started a coffee-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, where he sang his own drinking songs to "good company," backed himself, for a hundred guineas, old as he was, to sing a bass song against any man in England, and lived merry Bacchanalian days until he was nearly ninety.

It was in 1763 that Pether became a member of the Free Society of Artists, and began to show his engravings at the exhibition, but it was through his cousin, Abraham Pether, of Chichester, the landscape-painter who loved best the pictorial witchery of moonlight, that he became acquainted with those three interesting members of the Society—the Brothers Smith, of Chichester, whose portraits he painted in a charming domestic group, and engraved with the happy touch of personal sympathy. Of these three painter-brothers, William, George, and John—sons of a man who wooed the world as both a baker and a cooper, and heaven as a Baptist minister—it was George who won distinction as a landscape-painter—and actually beat Richard Wilson in competition for the First Premium of the Society of Arts, his picture being accorded the distinction of Woollett's engraving. There must have been close artistic sympathy between the Smiths and the Pethers. George Smith, who was the master of Abraham Pether, was an excellent 'cellist, and played at all the local concerts, while the Pethers were also musical. Abraham was devoted to the organ when he was not engaged in painting or scientific research, and another member of the family was a well-known maker of harpsichords; indeed, it was from the latter's shop in Long Acre that the print of the Brothers Smith, of Chichester, was published. That Pether had a happy gift of original portraiture may also be seen in the mezzotint of his own features, as well as the portrait of the celebrated soprano vocalist Miss Harrop, who used to sing in the oratorios at Drury Lane, and became the wife of Joah Bates, manager and conductor of the Great Handel Festival at Westminster Abbey and the Pantheon in 1784.

Pether's portrait-prints of interest include also Sarah

THE BROTHERS SMITH OF CHICHESTER.

From the Mezzotint by William Pether.
After W. Pether.

Porter, who was Queen of the Touters at Tunbridge Wells in the middle of the century; Jeremiah Meyer, the miniature painter; Louis XVIII. and his wife when they were Comte and Comtesse de Provence, after Madame Le Brun; and Edward Colston, the philanthropist of Bristol, where Pether spent his last years, and died in 1821. But, when one thinks of Pether, it is none of these that come to the mind's eye, but his magnificent translations into mezzotint of the "Jew Rabbi," the "Standard Bearer," the "Officers of State," and "Saskia," Rembrandt's first wife, from the magic brush of the master of Amsterdam, and "A Philosopher giving a lecture on the Orrery," the "Artist drawing from the Statuette of the Gladiator," and "The Alchymist," after Wright of Derby. All these give William Pether rank among the greatest English engravers.

Of the life of John Finlayson we know practically nothing more than that he was born in 1730, joined the Free Society of Artists, was twice awarded premiums by the Society of Arts, scraped some charming and interesting mezzotints, and died in 1776. For the rest, his prints must speak. Some of them, such as the Miss Emily Wynyard and Lady Melbourne, after Reynolds, are of exceptional size, but perhaps his most engaging prints are from Catherine Read's portraits of the Gunning sisters. One looks calmly at this winsome Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, and thinks of those seven hundred persons waiting all night about a Yorkshire inn to see her drive away in the morning, and the fashionable mob at the King's Drawing Room clambering on chairs to see her presented. One wonders, too, what there was in the face of Mary, Countess of Coventry, to need protecting from an admiring mob with a sergeant's guard of soldiers. But then one recalls Mrs. Delany's description of her after that "feast" of a visit: "She is a fine figure, and vastly handsome, notwithstanding a silly look sometimes about her mouth; she has a thousand airs, but with a sort of innocence that diverts one." Could it have been the "sort of innocence"? "She has a thousand dimples

and prettinesses in her cheeks, her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but fine for all that." Finlayson's prints would suggest that the secret of the Gunning spell must have been in the "all that." In all beauty it is the elusive charm that commands.

Finlayson seems to have had particular sympathy with the theatre, or, perhaps, it was to the accident of his association with Zoffany that we owe his interesting theatrical prints. When Zoffany, after a seven years' absence from England, found his portrait-painting connection had dwindled, he sought subjects for pictures among his friends of the stage, as Mrs. Papendiek tells us. So we have scenes from famous plays of the period: Samuel Foote's *The Devil Upon Two Sticks*, which drew the town to the Haymarket, with the inimitable Foote himself as the President and the innately comic Thomas Weston as Dr. Last; Vanbrugh's *The Provoked Wife*, with Garrick as Sir John Brute in woman's clothes, and Parsons and others as the Watchmen; the popular comic opera, *Love in a Village*, with Ned Shuter, of whose wit and humour so many capital stories are told, as Justice Woodcock, Beard as Hawthorn, and Dunstall as Hodge. Then we have Reynolds's David Garrick, as Kiteley in *Every Man in His Humour*; and, from the opera, Anna Zamperini, in the once universally popular *La Buona Figliuola*, the *chère amie*, by the way, of the Hon. George Hobart, who was then dabbling in operatic management, and opposing Mrs. Cornelys's "Harmonic Meetings"—really operas in disguise—at Carlisle House. Tenducci, too, the famous *castrato* or male soprano, "a thing from Italy," as Smollett describes him in "Humphry Clinker." "It looks for all the world like a man, though they say it is not. The voice, to be sure, is neither man's nor woman's; but it is more melodious than either, and it warbled so divinely that, while I listened, I really thought myself in Paradise."

Now we must salute one of the very princes of mezzotint. Valentine Green was born on October 3, 1739, in the picturesque old village of Salford, near to the historic

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON AND DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

From the Mezzotint by J. Finlayson.
After C. Read.

little market-town of Evesham, in Worcestershire. His father was a local dancing-master, who, having a mind stored with knowledge of more than the figures of the minuet and the measures of the country-dance, devoted his leisure hours to educating his son, and preparing him for the study of law in the office of the town clerk of Evesham. Unlike art, however, the law can scarcely be said to represent a natural bent; but, from the point of view of a career, it presents itself often as merely the line of least resistance to the opportunities or exigencies of circumstance. This accounts for so many distinguished engravers of old entering upon the study of law and giving it up for art. Presumably it was the case with Valentine Green. When the dancing-master placed his son in the office of Mr. Phillips, the lawyer, he doubtless thought with some pride that he was launching the boy on a career which should raise him in the social scale, and give him local standing of high respectability. But art will have its own.

To please his father, young Green bore with the uncongenial work of the attorney's office as long as he could, while, to satisfy his own natural instinct for artistic expression, he would hurry away from his musty parchments and prosy tomes, to linger fondly with his sketch-book amid the spots of picturesque appeal in and about Evesham. There was nothing tedious and dry-as-dust about the beautiful old church, or the Norman archway leading to it, the Elizabethan town-hall, or the pretty rustic village peeping among the wooded bluffs across the quiet-flowing Avon. The artist was always insistent in Valentine Green, although it was only gradually that he found his true bent, and came into his kingdom. Sometimes business would take him to the county-town, and there he would see the beautiful porcelain produced at the Worcester Tonquin Factory, and look with wonder at the delicate impressions of line-engravings which at that period formed so much of its decoration. One day his eagerness to share in the doing of these wonderful and beautiful things led him to seek Robert Hancock, the potter and

engraver, who had introduced the method of decorating porcelain with transfer-prints, and he offered himself as apprentice. Valentine's defection from the law was a great disappointment to his father, although it is not likely that the equity of Evesham was eclipsed by it; but certainly the world is richer by many things of beauty.

At the Worcester factory Hancock taught him line-engraving, and soon young Green had the satisfaction of seeing his own engravings, with those of his master, and his fellow-pupil James Ross, printed for transfer to the porcelain; and proud he must have been to show the dainty results to his father, and so justify his chosen way. But his work at the factory did not exhaust his activities, and his love of picturesque antiquity, which he had imbibed as a child while playing about the ancient priory at Salford, bore fruit in a "Survey of the City of Worcester," with illustrations from his own pencil, engraved by Hancock. This book, originally published in 1764, reappeared, in extended form, thirty-two years later, when Green had long been a famous engraver, with Royal appointments and academic honours, and had fallen on times of trouble and anxiety. It was then called "The History and Antiquities of the City and Suburb of Worcester," and the critics of the day paid tribute to the scope and value of Green's antiquarian research, as well as his artistic appreciation of architecture.

But, while the young artist was engraving for the porcelain, and studying the local antiquities, he was still seeking for his true expression, when Hancock, who had learnt mezzotint, possibly from our old Irish friend Brooks, while at the Battersea enamel-works, initiated Valentine Green into the method. From that time Green's career was determined, and his artistic individuality found itself through the medium of the rocking-tool and the scraper. By continual experiment, he perfected his technique, and arrived at his own style, which, with its harmonious adaptability to subject, its rich velvety softness of shadow, and exquisite delicacy and subtlety of middle tints, expressed that true feeling for beauty

which was to interpret masterpieces of the painter's art through masterpieces of the engraver's.

Thus equipped, Green came to London in 1765. It was a most opportune arrival, for that year McArdell died, and left room for a first-rate engraver. That year, too, saw a Royal Charter given to the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, a body which promptly welcomed Green's engravings at its exhibitions, and, a year later, elected him one of its Fellows. This brought him into association with the painters, and he was soon engraving after Cotes, Gainsborough, Romney, Benjamin West, Falconet, Wright of Derby, Catherine Read, Edward Cunningham, or Calze, as he styled himself. Then, in 1769, Green is said to have done a plate of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," so familiar in Fisher's charming print. The demand for Green's engravings was now so considerable that he was encouraged to establish himself as his own publisher in Salisbury Street, Strand, and he was launched on a career of prodigious industry and brilliant achievement second to none in the history of mezzotint.

For the next twenty years success attended him at every step. The immense popularity of his large mezzotint of West's "Regulus returning to Carthage," which had been painted expressly for George III. and sent to the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the high and general praise it received, led not only to his engraving many of the works of the King's favourite painter, but to his being appointed in 1773 Mezzotint Engraver to His Majesty. A couple of years later he received a similar appointment from Charles Theodore, the Elector Palatine, future Duke of Bavaria, an appointment, however, which eventually proved very unfortunate for Green. The year 1775 also saw him elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, one of the first six of that class, which had been instituted in 1769 only as a partial concession to the agitation of Sir Robert Strange, who strenuously urged the claims of the engravers to equal

academic recognition with the painters, sculptors, and architects.

Valentine Green was now one of the most popular and prosperous engravers of the day, and it was chiefly to the relatively high prices and extensive sale of his prints after the classical and Scriptural pictures of Benjamin West, that he owed the state of prosperity which enabled him, in 1780, to commence his superb series of full-length mezzotints after some of Sir Joshua Reynolds's most gracious and beautiful portraits of lovely ladies. Yet it is these that nowadays give him his high place among the great mezzotint engravers, and make his name occasionally echoed in the sale-rooms by bids of such magnitude that even the dealers are constrained to applaud. He had, of course, already done some of the finest and loveliest plates after Sir Joshua, and his scheme of engraving a series of Reynolds's "Beauties of the Present Age," as he called them in his prospectus, on the plan of Lely's and Kneller's "Beauties," was one after Green's own heart, and all the artist in him was employed in it. These engravings were originally issued at fifteen shillings each, or twelve shillings to subscribers. They now fetch many hundreds of pounds and even a thousand, as a proof of the "Duchess of Rutland" did a few years ago at Christie's (while Reynolds charged the Duke only two hundred guineas for the picture). Consequently they are flaunted everywhere in cheap reproductions, and debased in coloured counterfeit, at more than their original price, for the deception of the unwary, since they are among the chief glories of mezzotint, and undoubtedly Valentine Green's masterpieces.

Essentially an artist, with broad sympathies and fine judgment, Green had not been content to look only at the pictures that could be seen in English studios and galleries, but he had made tours abroad, to enlarge his outlook by studying the art of other countries. So he brought to the interpretation of Sir Joshua's art not only a refined and masterly style that was in perfect harmony with the master's beauties and graces, but a cultured intelligence that could respond to the very soul of the work and read

the mind of every picture. No other engraver has seen more surely that in the high head-dress lies chiefly the intellectual charm of a Reynolds portrait, none has more exquisitely suggested the gracefully undulating line of the roots of the hair as the shore of the head, swept by the receding waves of the lofty coiffure, with its idea of mental dignity.

It was this greatness in the interpretation of great art that induced Valentine Green to accept with such alacrity the Elector Palatine's offer to grant, to himself and his son Rupert, the exclusive privilege of engraving, for their own profit and at their own expense, any of the famous collection of pictures in the Gallery of Düsseldorf. It was an enterprise that flattered Green's artistic ambition, and he thought he saw a fortune in it. All Europe, he believed, would buy engravings of those famous pictures, while his own reputation, already respectable in Continental cities, would proportionately increase. He entered upon the undertaking with the enthusiasm of the artist, but without the forethought of the man of business. It was splendid to send artists to Düsseldorf to make copies of the pictures from which he and other eminent engravers were to work, but it was a costly proceeding, and Green had omitted to calculate the cost in relation to probable income. The result was disastrous. Green embarked upon the Düsseldorf enterprise in 1789, the year his wife died, and by 1798, when the city was bombarded by the French and the picture gallery destroyed, the failure was complete and irretrievable, and the brilliant, sanguine engraver practically ruined. His subsequent career appears to have been a struggle, for he was no longer young, and fortune did not smile. He continued to engrave, in aquatint as well as mezzotint, up to about 1807, but he had suffered a severe blow in the death of his son, who had been publishing in partnership with him, and he needed all the comfort that his second wife could afford. His last years were solaced by the easy post of Keeper to the British Institution from its foundation in 1805, and there was no longer any need

for him to shift impecuniously from lodging to lodging. He died in St. Albans Street, on June 29, 1813, in his seventy-fourth year. What Green looked like, he himself has enabled us to see by engraving the portrait his friend Lemuel Abbott painted of him in his prime; and a large-natured face it is, full of sensibility and the generous simplicities of character.

Nowadays, fashion in print-collecting makes one apt to lose sight of the artistic versatility and vast industry of Valentine Green, to forget him as the translator of Rubens, Raphael, Vandyck, the Carraccis, Procaccini, Giordano, Van der Werff, in the Düsseldorf Gallery; to ignore him as the engraver of J. G. Huck's scenes in the lives of English Queens, or as the mezzotint interpreter-in-chief of Benjamin West's once popular picturings of classic story, except, perhaps, when the tender "Cupid stung by a Bee" charms us to remembrance. As the engraver of Joseph Wright's "Philosopher showing an Experiment on the Air Pump," however, Green's genius proclaims itself above any fashion in taste.

But it is with the gracious beauties of Reynolds that one associates Valentine Green at his highest, for his exquisite mezzotints assist the master's canvases to stamp upon the period an impression of decorous, lofty and graceful life, oblivious of the hoop-petticoats and all the excrescences of contemporary costume, the gaming excesses and all other enormities of the fashionable manners. Someone has prettily said of the women in these Reynolds portraits, pure, noble, serene, benevolent, as the painter presents them:—"They seem as if they would care for nothing we could offer them, if our deepest reverence were not with it. We stand before them, like Satan before Eve, 'stupidly good' . . . careless what may have been the name or fame, family or fortune, of such lofty and lovely creatures, yea, careless of their very beauty for the *soul* that shines through it." Now, apart from technical quality, it is just this mental, this *spiritual*, influence of Reynolds's art that we find reflected in Valentine Green's copper-plates.

It is not when we look at the lovely Duchess of Rutland, in her pictorial perfection of rhythmic elegance, that we think of her grumble that Sir Joshua made her try on a dozen dresses before he selected that "bedgown" in which to paint her. In sight of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, in her panoply of beauty and charm, we forget all about the gambling stories, the butcher's kiss at the Westminster election, the social extravagances and amorous indiscretions, but we remember Coleridge's lovely poetic tribute to the woman and the mother, and the appreciation of Fanny Burney's womanly insight. In the charming group of the Ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave, we see the beauty of sisterly sympathy, but not the influence of disappointed love, which the late Tom Taylor thought he recognised in the faces of these beautiful grand-nieces of Horace Walpole, who was so inordinately pleased with their decorous, unemotional behaviour in the face of jiltings and sudden death, almost as pleased as when each consoled herself with an eligible lord. Who could imagine the lovely Lady Elizabeth Compton in the still fashionable hoop and flounces which, doubtless, she really delighted to wear when she was not posing for Sir Joshua? or Lady Betty Delmé going to her sittings at 47, Leicester Fields, about the time of the Gordon Riots, with her head monstrously hooded in a huge calash, after the preposterous fashion?

No; it is in a "dream of fair women" that one is lost as one looks at these prints. We read of the social charms of Mary, Countess of Salisbury, who became the first Marchioness, and died in the fire at Hatfield, but here she takes all the graces of body and spirit; so, too, do Anne, Viscountess Townshend, Jane, Countess of Harrington, Charlotte, Countess Talbot, Louise, Countess of Aylesford, Lady Louisa Manners, Miss Sarah Campbell, Lady Henrietta Herbert, Lady Jane Halliday. And no less finely does the scraper of Green render Gainsborough's stately and opulent portrait of Anne, Duchess of Cumberland; Reynolds's fanciful group of the young Duke of Bedford and his brothers; the winning little Earl of Dalkeith,

with his pet owl and his dog, and the sweet little Lady Caroline Howard; Benjamin West's Drummond brothers, in their college gowns; or Dance's interesting presentment of the handsome Miss Martha Ray, whose murder by her frenzied lover, the Rev. James Hackman, in the vestibule of Covent Garden Theatre, has become historic by reason of the romantic circumstances rather than the lady's notorious relations with the celebrated Earl of Sandwich, who ruled at the Admiralty, and whose portrait, after Zoffany, Green also mezzotinted.

In the engraver's gallery noteworthy personalities crowd. Nelson (after Abbott), Rodney, Hotham, Hood, Bridport, and other renowned admirals; the Elector Palatine; George Washington, and those other leading spirits of the American War of Independence, General Greene, Henry Laurens and the Rev. Samuel Cooper; William, Duke of Clarence, Queen Charlotte and the Royal children; Garrick, as Gainsborough painted him, caressing a bust of Shakespeare, and also with Mrs. Pritchard in *Macbeth* (after Zoffany); Mrs. Yates as Melpomene, Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, Samuel Reddish, the actor who married the great George Canning's mother, and died in a mad-house; Ozias Humphry, the miniature painter (an exquisite translation of Romney); Benjamin West and his family, Maria Cosway, whose pretty pictures Green engraved, John Boydell, Sir William Chambers, Lemuel Abbott, Reynolds, and, appropriately, Joseph Gulston, the prince of print-collectors.

But Valentine Green's life-work was far too extensive and important for me to attempt any detailed account of it within the limits of this volume; besides, Mr. Alfred Whitman's valuable "Catalogue Raisonné," the result of so much expert knowledge and patient research, is easily available.

Robert Dunkarton was a Londoner, born in 1744, and a pupil of Pether, from whom he learned both painting and mezzotint engraving. The prizes of the successful portrait-painter at the time that Dunkarton "commenced artist" tempted him to essay that branch of art, but it

MARY HORNECK. ("THE JESSAMY BRIDE.")

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY R. DUNKARTON.
After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

would seem that his success was not commensurate with his ambitions or his necessities, for he ceased to exhibit his portraits at the Royal Academy and elsewhere after 1779, and probably discontinued painting, whereas he was faithful to the copper-plate for over forty years. Through mezzotint he won a distinguished place among the engravers of the period, and some of his plates rank among the gems of the art. Most popular of these is the bewitching Mary Horneck—the "Jessamy Bride," as Goldsmith named her in a day-dream, and loved always to call her—in the Persian dress and turban. Sir Joshua left her the picture at his death; she was then the wife of Colonel Gwyn, the King's handsome equerry, and, as Fanny Burney said, "very soft and pleasing, and still as beautiful as an angel."

Exceptionally brilliant is the Lord Lifford, after Reynolds, while finely mezzotinted, too, are Lord Amherst, Henry Addington, Lord Lyttleton, John Penn, Jonas Hanway, the philanthropist—an "angelic being," Walpole called him—who first carried an umbrella in the London streets, James Brindley, the engineer, and William Shield, the eminent composer, whose songs, "The Wolf" and "The Thorn," used to flatter the topnotes of our great-grandfathers. Of particular interest are Dunkarton's prints of Mrs. Elizabeth Billington, the great English singer of European fame, and Anne Catley, the popular singing comedienne of most eccentric celebrity, and a life-story that ranged from very humble birth, through diverse scandals and adventures (duly pamphleted) to reputable and prosperous married retirement. Then, exquisite are Dunkarton's Romney prints, "Sisters contemplating on Mortality," "Melancholy" and "Mirth."

In the first flight of the great mezzotint-engravers of the eighteenth century was Thomas Watson, the son of a printseller in the Strand. He was in no way related to James Watson, although their work had qualities in common, qualities of beauty and strength that mark the masters, and it has been suggested by Mr. Gordon Goodwin, the trustworthy biographer of both, that they may have

had the same master in McArdell. Thomas, however, was the junior of James by some ten years, and, if he studied with the great Irish engraver at all, it must have been when he was quite a boy, for he was not born until 1750. Moreover, it is probable that whoever taught him was also the master of his life-long friend, William Dickinson, whose engraving was distinguished by the same combination of delicacy with richness and breadth of effect. But, whether or not McArdell had actually any part in the teaching of these great engravers, his influence was over all their beginnings. He showed them the way to greatness, and they followed it, each according to his individual temperament and artistic tendency.

Thomas Watson's way was full of charm, for he was keenly alive to beauty wherever he saw it; and he saw it in the "animated canvases" of Lely as well as in the gracious pictures of Reynolds. This love of beauty found early vent on the copper-plate. When, in his father's shop, young Watson would see the mezzotints brought for sale, as they were published by the various engravers of the day, they would look so easy of accomplishment. But his father, perceiving the bent of his graphic talent, would encourage him to experiment with the scraper, and copy the best prints, in order to realise the difficulties, and so find for himself, through patient effort, the way to freedom of touch. The facility came readily, for young Watson's vision was quick to seize a happy unity of effect, and he was only eighteen when he commenced engraving for publication, while a year later his name appeared in the catalogue of the inaugural exhibition of the Royal Academy. He sent a drawing of an old man after Rembrandt, which subsequently he engraved, and for the next few years he was in the habit of showing his engravings at the exhibitions of the Society of Artists.

In 1770 commenced his association with the art of Reynolds, which produced some of the most exquisite mezzotints in existence. Surely nothing that the art can show excels the "Lady Bampfylde," in combining the perfection of technical accomplishment with the true

MRS. CREWE.

From the Mezzotint by Thomas Watson,
After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

genius of translating beauty from one art-language to another. This is generally regarded as Thomas Watson's masterpiece, and it has made the highest price ever recorded for an engraving, namely, twelve hundred pounds! Yet Watson did other no less lovely and perfect things. The "Mrs. Crewe," for instance—a work of art of sheer beauty, complete in itself. We need not think of the blaze of social and political triumph in which this brilliant and beautiful woman sparkled in her day; the echo of the famous toast, "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe!" cannot disturb the quiet peace of this Ste. Geneviève—but, looking at Watson's print, we can hear Fanny Burney's "She is certainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty of any woman I ever saw." What extraordinary sympathy, what perfect understanding, Reynolds had the gift of establishing between himself and his engravers! In the charming "Polly Kennedy," the Irish Phryne, in whose face Sir Joshua found a grace and dignity that inspired him to his best, as he himself admitted to one of her lovers, Watson gives us the very touch and spirit of the painter. So, too, in the "Lady Melbourne and Son"; the Montgomery sisters—Hon. Mrs. Beresford, Hon. Mrs. Gardner, and the Marchioness of Townshend—as the "Graces sacrificing to Hymen"; the "Warren Hastings," "David Garrick," "Bartolozzi," and "Earl of Errol"—the "noblest figure I ever saw," as Horace Walpole described the gigantic Lord High Constable of Scotland at George III.'s Coronation; the winsome "Strawberry Girl" and the melancholy "Resignation." The influence of Reynolds on Daniel Gardner's portraits is felt, of course, in Watson's mezzotint of the delightful "Lady Rushout and Children." But the engraver's touch and vision were equally happy in interpreting the dainty charm of Drouais's "Madame Du Barri," the delicate witchery of Joseph Wright's "Miss Kitty Dressing"—by candle-light; the dignity of Prud'homme's "Viscount Mahon"; and the affected airs and graces of Lely's "Windsor Beauties." Of these Watson engraved six, and he did nothing finer; indeed, the

"Countess of Ossory" must rank among the masterpieces of the art.

Like most of the great engravers of those days, Thomas Watson had his printselling business, and this he carried on in New Bond Street, at first alone, and later, from 1779, in partnership with his friend Dickinson. This association, however, lasted but two years, for Watson died in 1781, in his thirty-first year.

William Dickinson and Thomas Watson were the Damon and Pythias among the engravers, but Dickinson was the elder. Yet I fancy it was the earnest influence of Watson that drew his senior's buoyant temperament into the right artistic channel. He had commenced his career in a light-hearted, humorous mood, engraving the social caricatures of Harry Bunbury, and content with the applause and profit of popular laughter. At the age of twenty-one, however, he began to take himself seriously as an artist. His younger friend was pledged to mezzotint, so Dickinson essayed a portrait in that medium, and the Society of Arts awarded him one of its premiums. This was in 1767, and six years later, so much admiration and success had his work commanded meanwhile, he was able to establish himself at McArdell's old shop in Henrietta Street, and publish his own prints, as well as some of Watson's, whose sympathetic co-operation was essential to his undertaking, and eventually led to their partnership.

Dickinson's powers were now fully matured, and he was doing fine things, things that touched the heights of beauty in mezzotint, and extended the dainty charm of stipple. It was, however, through the nobler art, of course, that Dickinson won his distinguished place among the great engravers. And, while he had Watson at hand with generous appreciation and suggestive criticism, he appeared to revel in artistic accomplishment, and his touch on the copper-plate seemed almost like the caress of a lover, a tender, reverential caress. But Watson's early death greatly affected Dickinson, and, although he continued his printselling business in the same Bond Street

ELIZABETH STEPHENSON.

From the Mezzotint by W. Dickinson.
After Rev. M. W. Peters, R.A.

house for some thirteen years afterwards, he never ceased to miss the sympathy of his friend's artistic enthusiasm, while his own impulse to the fresh and fine endeavour flagged often for lack of it. In 1794, however, he determined to break with his old associations, which, with Watson's place empty, had lost their charm for him, and their stimulus to artistic ambition; he migrated to Paris. There he could feel himself the artist once again, and there, after awhile, he resumed his engraving. He never again made his home in England, but in Paris he died in 1823, at the age of seventy-seven.

The best of Dickinson's rich and exquisite mezzotints must always be among the prizes for the collector. Reynolds inspired most of the finest—the Countess of Derby, for instance; Lady Charles Spencer caressing her horse; Diana, Viscountess Crosbie; Lady Taylor; Dr. Percy, of the "Reliques"; Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist; Charles, Duke of Rutland; Mrs. Pelham feeding her chickens; and Admiral Rodney. Then, there is the famous Duchess of Gordon—a woman of marvellous energy and indomitable spirit, who imposed her imperious will upon Fashion through sheer force of personality, and, as the ardent supporter of Pitt, opposed her political charms to Fox's Duchess of Devonshire's; made dancing the rule at the fashionable rout as a counter attraction to the faro table, and, in a fervour of patriotism, set out for Scotland in the depth of winter, to raise volunteers with the hope of counteracting Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga.

The famous picture of the beautiful and enchanting Mrs. Elizabeth Sheridan as St. Cecilia at the organ, from which, as Lord Mount Edgecumbe said, one might gather "some idea of the peculiar expression of her angelic face," is, of course, one of Dickinson's loveliest mezzotints (Thomas Watson, by the way, made a charming stipple of it). Yet he did nothing sweeter in feeling, or more exquisite in its pictorial completeness, than the print of "Miss Elizabeth Stephenson," the future Countess of Mexborough, after Peters, whose dainty pencil also designed the seductive "Lydia" and the engaging "Country

Girl" (Mary Dickinson). But, irrespective of their artistry, Dickinson's prints present several personalities of interest. The three tragic actresses, Mrs. Siddons, in the year of her first London triumph, Elizabeth Hartley, as Elfrida, and Mrs. Yates, as Medea; Garrick; Tenducci, and his mimic, Charles Bannister, whose wit won him as much popularity as his singing and his acting; Napoleon Buonaparte; Catherine the Great; George III.; the Horneck sisters, Mrs. Gwyn and Mrs. Bunbury, acting in the *Merry Wives* at Windsor; the Duke of York; the wise-looking Lord Thurlow; Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate; Samuel Wesley, the composer of fine anthems; those three celebrated Lord Mayors, Brass Crosby, whose fight for civic freedom and imprisonment in the Tower secured the liberty of the Press; the notorious John Wilkes, and Matthew Wood; Mrs. Imhoff, whom Warren Hastings married under such curiously romantic circumstances; and the handsome Lady Grosvenor—*née* Harriet Vernon—whose amour with the Duke of Cumberland led to a trial for divorce in 1770, which cost the Duke £10,000 in damages, and sent the public to the print-sellers, clamorous for her portraits, although, a couple of years later, Lord Grosvenor made a substantial settlement upon her, and, immediately he died, she became the wife of General George Porter.

John Jones was a virile engraver, with a keen and penetrating sense of character, who delighted in bold and brilliant contrasts of light and shade, and these were qualities which marked him out for special eminence as the interpreter of men's portraits. But he was far from agreeing with Pope's cynicism that "most women have no characters at all," and, when he engraved their portraits, he interpreted their feminine charms with the refinement of candour rather than the subtlety of flattery. In fact, he saw what was fine and true in portraiture, whether of men or women, as frankly as he saw it in life, and so Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney, Downman, and Raeburn valued him, and were alike glad to avail themselves of his truthful engraving. His virility had

always charm, his delicacy never lacked power, and he found artistic expression with equal facility in mezzotint and stipple.

Jones was born about 1745, but he does not seem to have commenced engraving until he was nearly thirty, sending his first prints to the exhibition of the Incorporated Society of Artists in 1775. But, whatever his previous occupation, it was surely something that tended to the development of an artist, for his copper-plates revealed from the first the certain touch and insight of artistic maturity. They soon attracted the attention of the painters, and in 1778 he became one of Sir Joshua's interpreters.

Jones lived in Great Portland Street, happy in his work, happy in his married life, and there, in 1786, his wife presented him with a son—his only son—who in after years became known as George Jones, R.A., the painter of battles. George Steevens, the Shakespearean editor and Johnson's friend, stood godfather to the boy, for there was a sentimental bond of sympathy between the engraver and the man of letters, which led to friendship. Jones engraved various portaits of Miss Frances Kemble, and Steevens was in love with her pretty face and her womanly charm. He tried to influence the public to regard her as a first-rate actress, and, of course, Jones's prints were helpfully persuasive, but the theatrical fates never intended that Miss Kemble should share the glories of her sister, Mrs. Siddons, and her famous brother John, although her niece, Fanny Kemble, could recall her "charming, thrilling voice" on the stage. She was, however, "one of the sweetest companions in the world," according to her great sister; and so, too, thought Steevens, wanting her for wife. But, in spite of her retiring into private life, after docilely marrying, not Steevens, but Francis Twiss, a "most respectable man," as Mrs. Siddons described him, though there were others to depreciate his abilities, her face has been immortalised by the art of Reynolds and Downman, and the interpretation of John Jones.

In those days it was the custom for every prince to

have his own official engraver, and, from 1790 until his death in 1797, Jones was entitled to describe himself as "Engraver Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales, and Principal Engraver to the Duke of York." What dignity this was supposed to confer upon the engraver I do not know, probably it carried merely some privileges in the matter of obtaining subscriptions to the publications, for dignity is a quality that Jones's prints possess in a marked degree, but it is the dignity of pictorial beauty.

Here, for example, are Reynolds's Hon. Mrs. Tollemache (afterwards Countess of Dysart), as Miranda, with Caliban for contrast; Romney's Duchess of Marlborough—the lovely Caroline Russell (Jones also mezzotinted the Duke); and Gainsborough's Madame Giovanna Baccelli, the celebrated dancer of the Pantheon and the Opera. What living grace is in the rhythmic movement here, yet what a restful dignity withal! And how the dancer charms as woman! If in Paris she did perform with an audacious suggestion of her friend the Duke of Dorset's Order of the Garter decorating her head, in London she wore her popularity decorously, received most reputable ladies in her dressing-room at the Opera House, and lived benevolently and highly respected in Mayfair. But so many of Jones's subjects had the dignity of personality, as well as pictorial quality, to inspire the engraver—Edmund Burke, for instance; William Paley, of the "Evidences of Christianity"; William Pitt; John, Earl of Westmorland, in his robes as "Lord Lieut.-General and General Governor" of Ireland—all translating the very touch of Romney; Reynolds's Lord Erskine, Charles James Fox, Admirals Lord Hood and Sir Edward Hughes, Francis, Lord Rawdon (Earl of Moira, and first Marquis of Hastings), fine general and statesman, Johnson's Boswell, and Caleb Whitefoord, Goldsmith's "Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun"; Charles, Marquess Cornwallis, after Gardner, and Warren Hastings, after Seton.

Jones seems to have been in close sympathy with the theatre, for, in addition to the Baccelli and the several plates of Frances Kemble, he did noble prints after both

GIOVANNA BACCELLI.

From the Mezzotint by John Jones.
After T. Gainsborough, R.A.

Gainsborough's and Romney's portraits of James Henderson, that fine actor who inspired the affectionate friendship of those two great painters—Romney's depicting him as Macbeth with the Witches; and a delightful one of the sunny-hearted, bewitching, irresistible, Mrs. Jordan as Hippolyta, after Hoppner. Then there are Anne Cattley, as Euphrosyne, Sestina from the opera, and Lewis, the stage-fop *par excellence*, with his "invincible airiness and juvenility," as Leigh Hunt says, as the Marquis, in Mrs. Inchbald's farce, *The Midnight Hour*. Three interesting prints are those known as the Marlborough theatricals, illustrating the amateur performances in the private theatre at Blenheim in September, 1787, when various younger members of the Spencer family, with Lord William Russell, Hon. Richard Edgecumbe (who, as the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, published his reminiscences of the Opera), and Miss Peshull, the vicar's daughter, played at being actors for the nonce, and provided a nine days' wonder for the county. But Richard Tattersall, who founded the famous horse-auction, and Thomas Price, who kept the "Farthing Pie House" in Marylebone, and sang a good song, and cracked a joke with the best of them, found quite as sympathetic a welcome on John Jones's copper-plates. So, too, did Bigg's pretty, homely, *genre* pictures, "Black Monday, or the Departure for School," and "Dulce Domum, or the Return from School," as well as Reynolds's "View from Richmond Hill"—a view, by the way, which Charles Fox declared Sir Joshua never really enjoyed, for, as he used to say, "the human face was his landscape."

With Richard Earlom we find the art of mezzotint taking a wider pictorial range. What line and stipple could do, he considered mezzotint could also accomplish; so he extended its scope. In his hands we find the scraper greatly assisted by the etching-point, and, with a most effective felicity, translating the famous Fruit and Flower Pieces of Van Huysum into masterpieces of mezzotint, as well as the "Marriage à la Mode" series of Hogarth, the various "Market" pictures of Snyders, the "Black-

smith's Shop" and "The Forge" of Wright of Derby, the scenes of contemporary social life by Brandoin, the animated portrait-groups of Zoffany, and even Hobbema's landscapes, while as easily it interpreted Vandyck, Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and a host of old Italian and Dutch masters.

As an artist on copper Earlom was thus one of the most original and interesting of his period. And his artistic evolution was remarkable. His father was the parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's, and lived in Cow Lane, Smithfield, where Richard was born in 1743. The lower part of the house was occupied by the workshops of a prosperous coachmaker, and one day there was entrusted to him a job that led to the making of an artist. There was a heavy rumble of wheels in the narrow street, and it stopped at the coachmaker's door. Little Richard Earlom looked out of the upper window, and saw a wonderful coach with pictures on it! Coaches like this did not come along Cow Lane every day, and it demanded closer inspection on the instant. It was the Lord Mayor's state coach, which had come to be repaired; but what filled the boy's eyes with admiration were the decorative panels painted with allegorical subjects by Cipriani. These he feasted upon, hour after hour, and, while the coach remained on the premises for its repairing, he managed to copy the designs. All untaught as he was, these copies served to reveal a natural talent, and a consultation between his father and the coachmaker led to the parish clerk taking his little boy to the Italian painter, so lately settled in London, and offering him as pupil. With Cipriani Earlom made rapid progress, and, by the time he was fourteen, he had won a premium from the Society of Arts. Thus encouraged, he worked with extraordinary industry, and, having attained a happy skill in draughtsmanship, and a neat and facile touch with the etching-point, he set about learning mezzotint. He is generally credited with having taught himself the art, but Mr. Gordon Goodwin, in his informing memoir of McArdell, claims Earlom as a pupil of that master, whose portrait he engraved with such fine

sympathy. Anyhow, Earlom developed his own style, and used the etching-point before grounding his plates to an extent beyond the practice of any other mezzotint engraver —as far as one can judge. How much Earlom used it would, perhaps, be scarcely believed without comparing a proof of the preliminary etching of Van Huysum's Flower Piece with the finished mezzotint, as one may do in the Print Room at the British Museum.

It was in 1765 that John Boydell first saw Earlom's work, and gave him employment. An artist himself, Boydell was then building up that famous printselling business which stimulated and encouraged the art of engraving in England with such splendid results. He commissioned the young artist to make drawings of pictures in the Houghton collection for the engravers to work from—an experience which was of the greatest value to one who was himself to become an engraver of painters' masterpieces! This was the beginning of a long and mutually advantageous association, and it was for Boydell that Earlom later engraved, in the chalk manner, the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude Lorrain in warm bistre. In mezzotint, etching, stipple, Earlom's industry was unceasing and amazingly productive, while his sincerity as man and artist everywhere won respect. He was in his eightieth year when he died at his house in Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, on October 9, 1822, thirty-three years after his son, on whose youthful artistic promise he had founded so many bright hopes.

Earlom found strong appeal for his scraper in the vivacious art of Zoffany; consequently we owe to him excellent prints of several very valuable pictures by that painter. There are "George III. and his Family"; the "Life School of the Royal Academy," with its vividly interesting portrait-group of the original thirty-six members; and the three celebrated Indian pictures painted during Zoffany's seven years' sojourn in the East: "The Embassy of Hyderbeck to Calcutta," "Tiger Hunting in the East Indies," and "Colonel Mordaunt's Cock-Fight at Lucknow." In the centre of this is the wealthy Colonel Martin, who

came home to England, fell in love with pretty Cecilia Zoffany, and retired to the seclusion of his castle in Kent because she refused him. Then there are the interesting surgeon, John Heaviside, whose Friday evening assemblies attracted the medical men and scientists to his museum of anatomy and natural history in Hanover Square; and that admirable, sententious comedian Thomas King, with the beautiful, voluptuous Sophia Baddeley, as Lord Ogleby and Fanny Sterling—their best parts—in a scene from *The Clandestine Marriage*. John Kemble, as Coriolanus, after Bourgeois, Beachey's Nelson, Gainsborough Dupont's Pitt, and the unfortunate Admiral Kempenfelt, did not inspire Earlom's artistry to such exquisite result, perhaps, as did Vandyck's charming James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, with his noble hound, or the distinguished Duc d'Arenberg.

But the engraver struck the note of contemporary interest in Charles Brandoin's "Exhibition of the Royal Academy in Pall Mall in 1771," and "The Inside of the Pantheon in Oxford Road." Most characteristic is the glimpse he gives of that famous haunt of fashion, which looms so large in the social records of the period, and now is dedicate to Gilbey's wines! There, in what Lord Mount Edgecumbe calls "the largest and most beautiful room in London, and a very model of fine architecture"—Wyatt's *chef-d'œuvre*—there are the men and women of the time in their "School for Scandal" costumes and manners. There are the pillars of artificial *giallo antico*, the ceilings, the dome, which Walpole thought so fine, though Fanny Burney said the room had more the appearance of a chapel than a place of diversion, and felt she "could not be as gay and thoughtless there as at Ranelagh, for there is something in it which rather inspires awe and solemnity than mirth and pleasure." Yet there were those who felt very differently. When the frequent scandals and excessive license of the masquerades at the Pantheon had compelled a movement to exclude any women of questionable or tainted reputation from the society that would be select, and Mrs. Baddeley was refused admission

HE INSIDE OF THE PANTHEON
N OXFORD ROAD, LONDON.

ROM THE MEZZOTINT BY R. EARLOM.
fter C. Brandoin.

on one occasion, fifty young men of rank and fashion, with drawn swords, surrounded her chair, and, escorting her to the portico, fought a way for her into the ballroom, and there compelled the managers to apologise to the beautiful offended actress. Apparently they were not impressed by the "awe and solemnity" of the place!

When Reynolds returned from Italy in 1752, he brought with him a Roman youth of seventeen, named Giuseppe Filippo Liberati Marchi. This youth lived in Reynolds's house, acting as his assistant, preparing his palette, and forwarding the backgrounds and draperies of his pictures. Later, Giuseppe imagined he knew enough to start as a portrait-painter on his own account; but he failed, and was glad to return to Reynolds. He learned mezzotint, however, and, thanks to his knowledge of painting and his studio intimacy with the master's methods, he became a most accomplished and artistic engraver. Moreover, his work had the advantage of Reynolds's constant supervision.

Perhaps the best known of Marchi's prints are the "Oliver Goldsmith," which in "proof" state is always a collector's prize; the charming "Mrs. Elizabeth Hartley," the actress, with her child, in a landscape setting; and the beautiful "Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe"—all, of course, after Reynolds. The same painter's "George Colman," the playwright, and "Samuel Dyer," the scholar and member of the Literary Club, whom Johnson held in such high respect, were also mezzotinted by Marchi, whose own skill in portraiture may be seen in the "Princess Isabella Fortunée Czartoryska," a lady with a very romantic and varied history, including a Russian Ambassador. A really fine print, after Reynolds's able pupil, John Berridge, is a portrait of Evan Lloyd, the Welsh parson-poet and friend of Garrick, who wrote a famous "Epistle to Garrick," and several clever satirical poems. This is quite equal to the "Goldsmith," and exceedingly rare.

One of the most artistic engravers of those days was John Dean, who lived from 1750 to 1798. He was a

pupil of Valentine Green, and he seems to have imbibed a good deal of his master's exquisite sense of beauty and delicacy. His prints have always the charm of refinement, with a quality of feeling that is the engraver's own. He was equally successful in translating Gainsborough, Romney, Reynolds, and Hoppner.

One of the best and most interesting of Dean's prints is Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott, whose career was luridly adventurous. Married very young to Dr. Elliott, she was divorced for love of Lord Valentia, a married man. Her next lover was the Earl of Cholmondeley; but when George, Prince of Wales, looked amorously upon her, she could not find it in her heart to be cruel to him. (Their daughter married Lord Charles Bentinck.) Next she made her home in Paris with the Duc d'Orleans—Philippe Égalité—and naturally during the Terror she found her way into a French prison. There, under the shadow of the scaffold, De Beauharnais made love to her, although Josephine was also in the prison. On her release, Mrs. Elliott refused the chance of marrying Buonaparte! Her own Journal of her life during the Revolution is alluring.

Among the persons of Dean's prints there are also the lovely Elizabeth Hamilton, Countess of Derby, who inherited the Gunning beauty, and was worthily pictured by Romney; Gainsborough's Earl of Abercorn; Reynolds's Mary, Lady Cadogan, Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick ("La Collina"), and little Master Watkin Williams Wynne, as the Infant St. John; James, Earl of Charlemont, after Livesey; Hoppner's wife Phœbe; and, after Mather Brown, Mrs. Margaret Martyr, a popular actress and singer, as the Enchantress in a pantomime. Dean was successful in his mezzotints of children, and some were from his own designs. "The Widow," after George Morland, and Opie's "Card-players," are also noteworthy.

Another distinguished pupil of Valentine Green was James Walker, who, had he remained at home instead of going to Russia, as Engraver to the Empress, might have taken his place among the greatest engravers.

Indeed, his prints after Romney are not to be beaten among the mezzotints of their period. Full of artistic beauty, and instinct with the spirit of the original, are, for example, the "Miss Frances Woodley," "Lady Isabella Hamilton," "Mrs. Musters"—the beauty with the heartache—and "Caroline, Countess of Carlisle." Among other interesting prints of his are "Sir Eyre Coote," "Comte de Grasse"—the gallant French admiral who came, a prisoner, to London after his defeat by Rodney, when the King graciously returned his sword; and "William Jackson," the celebrated composer and organist of Exeter, a man of versatile accomplishment, Gainsborough's friend, and a talented landscape-painter and writer on art, whom Fanny Burney describes as "very handsome," and sometimes so "absent" that he used to forget everything about him, while at others his expressions would be very violent. Jackson of Exeter was a personality in his day, and he has his place in the history of English opera.

William Doughty, a Yorkshireman, was a pupil of Reynolds, living in his house and working in his studio for three years. Then he tried his fortune as a portrait-painter in Ireland, but Ireland had already as many portrait-painters as she could support, so he returned to London in a state of great depression, and endeavoured to cheer himself by marrying one of Sir Joshua's maid-servants, who rejoiced in the name of Joy. He had been doing some excellent mezzotints after Sir Joshua, but he wanted to paint. He had not been a pupil of Reynolds to be only an engraver. So he sailed with his wife for Bengal, where he knew Rajahs and Nabobs would shower gold upon him in return for his art. But Doughty was a luckless person. The ship was captured by a French and Spanish squadron, and he was taken, a prisoner, to Lisbon, where he died. His mezzotints are all that are left of him, but Zoffany made a fortune in India shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER VII.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE CLIMAX OF MEZZOTINT.

John Raphael Smith—His Influence—William Ward—James Ward—John Young—John Murphy—Gainsborough Dupont—Jonathan Spilsbury—Charles Howard Hodges—Charles Townley—Johann Gottfried Haid—Johann Jacobé—Joseph Grozer—George Keating—Thomas Park—Robert Laurie—Henry Hudson—Francis Haward—Josiah Boydell—Thomas Gosse—John Watts—Samuel William Reynolds—William Say—Charles Turner—George Clint—Philip Dawe and his Sons.

THERE is no name that fills a brighter or more important page in the history of mezzotint engraving than that of John Raphael Smith. It stands for the sovereignty of the art; it is synonymous with masterpieces. Not that every "J. R. Smith" signature labels a masterpiece; it may, in fact, distinguish merely a "pot-boiler"—even in spite of the glamour of an exceptional four-figure record at Christie's, and countless auction-instances of prices far in excess of the sums paid to immortal painters for the original pictures which the engraver translated. But this is to say only that, while Smith was an artist who could be supreme in his expression through the medium of which he was most thoroughly the master, he was also a full-blooded lover of life and its good things, its comforts, luxuries, convivialities, its generosities, flatteries, even its pleasant sins—and he did not allow his artistic conscience to hamper the business capacity with which he provided for the indulgence of his will to live and enjoy. Instinct made John Raphael Smith primarily an artist, experience and circumstance grafted on to the artist the man

of the world, the man of affairs, the man of pleasure—and the result was one of the most remarkable and vividly interesting personalities in the art-world of that wonderful latter half of the eighteenth century.

John Raphael Smith was born in Derby in 1752. His father, known as Thomas Smith, of Derby, was a landscape-painter of more than local repute, whose picturings of the lovely hills and dales of the Derbyshire Peak, as well as other scenic beauties of England, were engraved by Vivarès, and published by Boydell. Thomas Smith was an artist according to his conventional lights—for Gainsborough had yet to send his great message of natural landscape-painting forth to the world—and he maintained his family by sedulous work, while, to show that his artistic ideals drew their inspiration from the great masters, he proudly named his two sons Thomas Correggio Smith and John Raphael Smith. With such names, of course, they were expected to be artists. And Thomas Correggio did his poor little best to answer the parental expectations. He began early to excite the neighbours' wonder by drawing and daubing their likenesses, and later flattered himself that he had lived up to the obligation of his name, when, in the course of time, he managed to eke out a livelihood by painting portraits in miniature, and even exhibiting them at the Royal Academy.

John Raphael, however, had, up to the mature age of ten, shown no disposition to emulate his father's, or even his elder brother's, graphic energies, although the parental rod had not been spared in the effort to instil into him a proper sense of artistic duty. He had a certain natural facility with the pencil, and he used it in a childish, wayward fashion, but he could not, or would not, draw as his father insisted he should. So he was given up as hopeless from the Raphael point of view, and, at ten years of age, just as if he had been no more than an ordinary inartistic John Smith, he was apprenticed to a local linen-draper! But, it may be remembered that exactly one hundred years before the birth of this disappointing second son of Thomas Smith, of Derby, there had been born a John Smith—

without the inspiring Raphael—who had become the greatest mezzotint-engraver of the seventeenth century. The coincidence was propitious.

That, during the five years of his apprenticeship he learned to be a good linen-draper, expert in all the tricks of the trade, his subsequent commercial success would sufficiently indicate. But those years were not altogether empty of artistic development. The natural facility with the pencil began to be allied with skill in the rendering of vision. In his leisure moments he would draw portraits of his companions, sketch the casual incident, and even commence surreptitiously to experiment with graver and copper-plate. When his apprenticeship was over, and his father had died, he turned his back on Derby and his face toward London, and here he sought service in the trade he had learned.

London must have been a wonderland to the emancipated boy of fifteen, fresh from the shop and the repressive home in the Midland town. Here was life in all its moods, and all its hues and shades; here were men and women who understood the thrill and the joy of living; here was fashion, here was gaiety, here was beauty. Here were pleasure gardens, exhibitions of pictures, print-shops, with their windows full of wonderful mezzotints. And the beautiful faces of the prints might be seen in the living flesh, by daytime on the Mall in St. James's Park, by night going to Ranelagh and the masquerades, or at dawn coming weary-eyed from the gaming-tables. For pleasure was here, and laughter, and these made a toy of the sunshine, and mocked at the stars.

Young Smith saw all this as he walked the London streets, saw with dazzled eyes and spirit enchanted, and his desires leaped forth toward the new glittering world he gazed upon. He too must enjoy, he too must know all the pleasure and the laughter and the beauty. London must open her voluptuous arms to him, as well as to those beautiful laughing women and gay, heavy-eyed gallants. So the boy from Derby resolved. He knew that he had the capacity to enjoy, and within him somewhere the power to command

his pleasure, to order his destiny. But it was not as a linen-draper's assistant that he could hope to gain the fleshpots, and at the same time satisfy the golden dreams of his spirit.

It is a truism that, under any circumstances, the artist will out, and when John Raphael Smith, on his way to and from the draper's shop, looked into the fascinating print-shop windows, and saw the mezzotints of the masters, art spoke her definite message, and laid her bidding upon him. Who, if any, gave him his practical initiation into the art of mezzotint has so far remained a mystery. There were those in London who would give a helping hand to the son of Smith, of Derby, and he may have got a hint from this engraver, a technical suggestion from that; but somewhere, somehow, the boy picked up the secret of the grounding and the scraping. Experiment went ever hand in hand with practice, and he learned his technique from plate to plate. By the time he was seventeen he had scraped and published his first mezzotint—a portrait of Pascal Paoli, the Corsican patriot-general, to whom London was then giving a popular welcome and a refuge. This was in 1769, the year that saw the first exhibition of the new Royal Academy, and heard much talk of art and native artists—and the ready sale of his first print induced young Smith to throw up his situation at the drapery shop, and answer the call of art.

The call of Nature he also answered. Among the picture dealers to whom he offered his single print, and the inestimable service of his untutored pencil, was a certain Croome, who had one fair daughter. Hannah was young, and John Raphael was barely seventeen, a comely, engaging youth, poor, but, of course, a genius—very different from the drink-sodden men who were accustomed to bring their picture-wares to her father; so her heart went out to him, and before the end of the year she was a mother—and Mrs. John Raphael Smith.

Married and a father at seventeen, the boy found the struggle to live was hard; but life was full of joyous possibilities, and worth the struggle. So he scraped his mezzotints,

and sold them as he could, kept his eyes open and his wits alert for any chance, painted with oils and drew with crayons, made happy-go-lucky friends, loved his wife and brought children into the world—and kept always a cheerful heart.

Smith had never regarded the Raphael portion of his name as an obligation to high art, but now he took it to mean Milton's "affable archangel"—"the sociable spirit," which was more comfortable for his temperament. For he was none of your lonely dreamers among the imaginative altitudes of art; he was sociable before everything, and the contemporary, as well as the gregarious, instinct was strong within him. For him art meant a happy link with the pleasant people of his own time, and the means to be one with them. As an engraver of pictures he never answered, even if he heard, as did his famous contemporaries, Strange, McArdell, Houston, Pether, Earlom, Valentine Green, and others, the call of the great dead masters. We never find him, at any period of his career, animating his copper-plates with any message of beauty from Rembrandt or the great Flemings, Titian and his brethren of Italy. For him the living beauties of Reynolds, Romney and Gainsborough were urgent, and lifted his art to its heights; while, for the rest, his own vivacious pencil, the homely idylls and rusticities of Morland, the alluring prettinesses of Peters, the light comedies of Bunbury, and the weird fantasies of Fuseli, together with the robust compositions of Wright of Derby, the popular classicality of Benjamin West, and the elegant portraiture of Hoppner, Lawrence, Cosway, and Opie, went far to provide the pictorial fare with which his copper-plates fed the hungry and easily satisfied public.

I cannot agree with Mrs. Frankau in regarding it as pathetic and deplorable that Smith should ever have been apprenticed to a linen-draper, and, even if her strenuous and vivifying biography of the artist did not convince one of the value to his career of that particular trade-training, there are several of his prints that would themselves do so. Many famous engravers have wasted valuable years in alien occupations, although, perhaps, the self-

repression has made for character. John Raphael Smith, as a boy in the Derby shop, learned to differentiate fabrics, observe tints and textures, take note of the ever-varying trend of fashion, and, when he came, still a tradesman, to London, and saw the difference between the fine ladies of the county-town and those of the metropolis, his eye had the training to distinguish between the belated fashions of Derby society and the very latest of the London *beau monde*, while his native artistic instinct added the appreciation of pictorial becomingness. And this was surely no small equipment to begin with, for an artist who was to picture contemporary fashion, and "catch the manners living," as he did in his prints of "Bagnigge Wells," "Chalybeate Wells at Harrogate," "Promenade at Carlisle House," "Spectators at a Print Shop," "A Lady Waiting," and others of his original designs drawn from the fashionable life of the passing hour.

Would J. R. Smith have been a greater artist had he been without the support of the trade to which he was willing enough to return when art could not support the stress of his mundane needs? There is nothing, I think, to show that he would. On the other hand, it would seem that the self-satisfaction of prosperity urged him to his best. As a matter of fact, his finest mezzotints, the things which have given him his distinguished place in English art-history, were done when he was most prosperous, and able to "warm both hands at the fire of life." But art was affording a poor living for himself and his family when he went back to his trade, and, with the assistance of old Angelo, the famous fencing-master, and other friends who believed in him and sympathised with his loyal, patient little wife, opened a shop at Exeter Change in the Strand. Smith was only twenty, and if he had ever had any ideals that could turn an attic into a palace of art, and the creaking stairs into a golden ladder of dreams, those ideals had vanished, for they were never of his soul. He was essentially practical, of the world worldly, but his worldliness was ever bright and good-humoured, flowing with the milk of human kindness, and also the generous red wine of boon-companionship.

So John Raphael Smith's heart was gladdened by the prospect of the drapery-shop, amply stocked with all the most becoming requisites of capricious fashion, with his mezzotints modestly peeping from amid lace ruffles latest from France, Italian lappets, the new German collars, Turkey handkerchiefs, Persian gloves worked with gold, lilac and pale blue satins, and sacques tassel-trimmed to the latest mode. And, as fashionable patronage came to the shop, and good friendly company, after his own sociable heart, made merry in the parlour, and his wife proved a valuable help-meet, prosperity smiled upon him. Then he opened a printshop close by, in Exeter Court—the first of several during his London career, each larger than the other, as he grew in importance—and here he engraved his plates, and here he had a studio for portraiture in pastel and miniature.

He worked hard, engraving the anonymous pot-boiler as well as the signed masterpiece, which really needed no signature to proclaim it his, so great in its individuality was his style become, so distinguished his touch; and between the printshop and the drapery he flourished exceedingly. The wits hobnobbed with him as an equal; artists, actors, men—and women—of pleasure, were his companions. He was welcomed as a personality at the clubs and the coffee-houses; his love of pleasure found fuller and more various vent. His domesticity suffered, but he lived gaudy days. Yet was he ever practical, and those gaudy days would always be paid for by spells of work of unusual fruitfulness, when a "Mrs. Carnac," a "Mrs. Musters," a "Gower Family," a "George, Prince of Wales," or a "Colonel Tarleton," would be the glorious result. Now, too, with his eye on the market, he turned his hand to the easy and popular stipple-manner, and found much profit in it.

And now happy-go-lucky George Morland came into Smith's life, and their association was a momentous event in the annals of British art. Smith, with his stronger character, obtained an extraordinary influence over the irresponsible painter, and stimulated him to an amazing fertility. But this was an influence exerted less,

perhaps, through artistic sympathy, than through a common love of pleasure. Smith and Morland caroused together, and enjoyed revels of dissipation, but Morland painted always, and Smith suggested subjects, bought his pictures, and engraved them, or engaged others, his pupils and assistants, to engrave them—William and James Ward, for instance. And, thanks to the prolific and facile genius of the painter, and to his own commercial shrewdness, Smith turned the Morland Gallery into a gold mine.

The public was crazy for Morland, and Smith, who had made over his drapery business to his brother-in-law—on advantageous terms, we may be sure—now started, so to speak, a factory for supplying the market chiefly with prints after Morland. And some of these were printed in colours, and some were coloured by hand, and among the hands that did this journeyman's work were those that were to paint for immortality. Joseph Mallord William Turner coloured prints for J. R. Smith in those days; Thomas Girtin too. Smith's factory furnished the markets of Europe and America, and for a time all went well. Smith prospered more than ever, although Morland was dissatisfied with his share. But the painter died in a sponging-house, and European complications restricted the print-trade within less profitable limits.

Smith engraved no longer; but still he successfully wooed fashion and popularity with the portrait in oils and pastel. His artistic influence, however, continued through his pupils, William and James Ward, Peter de Wint, William Hilton, John Young, Charles Howard Hodges, S. W. Reynolds. His daughter, Emma, is said to have shown talent in her exhibits at the Royal Academy; and the artistic gifts of Francis Chantrey and Copley Fielding were discovered and encouraged by John Raphael Smith. In the last years of his life he seems to have been impelled by the wander-spirit. His wife was dead, his trading was over. London was no longer necessary to him. He had said good-bye to the art of which he was master—monarch, perhaps; his paint-brush and his pastels could take him whither he would. The North Country called him, and he

was now in Yorkshire, now in Cumberland; at last, in Doncaster, in 1812, the great engraver died.

J. R. Smith's prints may be said in a sense to present an epitome of the times. They certainly illustrate various phases of the taste of the town. There are the Morland favourites, such as "Selling Fish," "Return from Market," "Peasant and Pigs," "A Conversation," "African Hospitality," and none knew better than Smith how to interpret in attractive form these efforts of Morland's genius. Then there are the seductive designs of the Rev. Matthew Peters, R.A., "Love in her Eyes sits playing," "Sylvia," "Hebe," and "The Fortune-teller"; the lovely "Serena" and "Nature" (Lady Hamilton), of Romney; the enchanting "Bacchante," and "Madonna Col Bambino," the "Schoolboys," "Bacchus," and "The Student," of Reynolds; "Almeria," after Opie; Walton's "Fruit Barrow"; Lawrenson's "Lady at Haymaking," Singleton's "Lady coming from the Circulating Library," Smith's "Lady in Waiting," the "Proverb" series, and others of his own popular designs, in which he sought to catch the fancy of the moment for the moment's profit. Even the curious taste that responded to the gloomy appeal of Fuseli's weird imaginings was catered for in the "Belisane and Parcival."

But the masterpieces of John Raphael Smith are his translations of great pictorial records of personality. I have mentioned the chief of these, but, apart from the question of artistic triumphs, among J. R. Smith's mezzotints one is in the company of some of the most interesting personalities of that most attractive period. Beautiful women, of course, are there. And who would not wish to meet Louisa, Lady Stormont, Mrs. Stables and her daughters, Mrs. Carwardine and her child, when Romney paints them? Or the lovely companions Reynolds gave to his "Mrs. Carnac" and his "Mrs. Musters," such, for instance, as the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope, Mrs. Payne Galway with her son; the winsome little Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, and Sir Joshua's niece, Theophila Palmer ("Offie")? But here we meet, also,

COL. TARLETON.

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH.

After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

women whose charm was other than personal beauty. Lady Beaumont, that gracious and sympathetic friend of artists and authors; the Hon. Mrs. Damer, Walpole's accomplished friend, who won reputation as a sculptor; Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the witty and delightful "Queen of the Bluestockings," a social leader of authority, who wrote sparkling letters full of the relish of life, as well as "Dialogues of the Dead," and entertained the chimney-sweepers on May Day; Elizabeth Carter, another "Bluestocking," of whom her friend Johnson said that she "could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem."

Then the men—an interesting company. The brilliant John Philpot Curran, of whom O'Connell said, "There never was so honest an Irishman"; Buonaparte, First Consul; Philippe Egalité; George Morland; Carlini, Bartolozzi, and Cipriani, the Italian trio of Royal Academicians; Erasmus Darwin, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Fielding, "Longitude Harrison," the clockmaker (John Smith, by the way, mezzotinted Tompion, the father of English clock-making, who was buried in Westminster Abbey); John Dollond, the great optician; Lord Eldon, Edward Jenner, of vaccination fame; James Heath, the engraver; the Princes of Orange with their sister; Admirals Duncan, St. Vincent, Hyde Parker, and Hugh Palliser; George, Prince of Wales; the notorious Dr. Dodd, who was hanged; Richard Arkwright; Gibbon's friend Holroyd, first Earl of Sheffield; the gallant Colonel Tarleton, painted by Reynolds, as "Peter Pindar" facetiously said, seemingly in the act of "pulling on his boot so tight."

Theatrical prints being greatly in vogue in those days, J. R. Smith naturally kept his copper-plates in touch with the theatre. So we have most desirable prints of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Mary Robinson (Poor "Perdita," whom the painters loved even better than her Florizel did); Mrs. Crouch, the lovely singer; Anne Catley; the inimitable comedian Tom King and his wife, the Irish

hornpipe dancer; Harriet Powell, Madame Schindlerin, a weak-voiced German singer foisted upon the opera audiences by Rauzzini; Giovanna Baccelli and Mdlle. Parisot, the dancers; the Bannisters, Charles and John, father and son, delightfully witty creatures; James Dodd, "the most perfect fopling ever placed upon the stage," as Sheridan said; and who does not know him in Charles Lamb's "Old Actors"? Harry Woodward; Charles Holland ("Next Holland came, With truly tragic stalk; He creeps, he flies—A hero should not walk"—so the "Rosciad"); James Love (the father of George and Sir Nathaniel Dance); Francis Waldron, Wm. Parsons, the original Crabtree and Sir Fretful Plagiary; and Mrs. Pope, the charming actress, who was said to be so like Lady Sarah Lennox that, when in her advancing—almost old—age, George III. once again saw her acting, he turned wistfully to the Queen and said, "She is like Lady Sarah still."

William and James Ward were the two most eminent of John Raphael Smith's pupils for engraving. They were the sons of a fruit-salesman, whose bibulous habits seem to have clouded their early years. William, who was born in 1766, spent five years at Merchant Taylors' School before he began his apprenticeship with Smith, although James, who was the younger by three years, unfortunately had his schooling cut short, and, at a very early age, was put to wash bottles for a living in a Thames Street warehouse. And there, on a site which had often heard the carousing wit and laughter of Ben Jonson and his circle, the boy read surreptitiously "Don Quixote" and "Pilgrim's Progress," and dreamed himself the hero of every virtue—even on Three Cranes Wharf.

But the drunken father was converted to teetotalism, and died after a month of it. Then matters improved for the sons, and young James was also apprenticed to J. R. Smith at the instigation of William. The two brothers, however, differed entirely in temperament and character, and what suited William did not suit James at all. William was patient, steady-going, plodding, con-

tented ; he was modest about his own abilities, satisfied with what Smith taught him, grateful for the progress he made, and he became a very fine engraver. So he realised his ambition. James, on the contrary, was always in a state of mental revolt. He certainly possessed the finer, larger genius of the two, but his self-consciousness, which gradually developed into an overpowering, virulent egotism, was impatient of everybody who did not recognise and contribute to the development of the extraordinary powers he was convinced he possessed.

James Ward must certainly have been a very remarkable boy, but the pity of it was that he thought himself remarkable, and was aggrieved to the roots of his being when he was not treated as such. Now, J. R. Smith, in the plenitude of his powers and popularity, was hardly the man to trouble himself much about discovering germs of genius in his junior apprentices, and James Ward consequently resented receiving so little direct instruction from the master, and rebelled against the menial domestic services which, in those days, were expected from young apprentices. But, with his ambition fired by Smith's neglect of his genius, he set himself to learn those essentials of pictorial art which he considered he ought to have been taught—drawing and the principles of design—even as, later, he devoted himself to the mastering of anatomy in order to rival and surpass George Morland, who refused to take him as pupil.

However, William Ward, seeing how things were with his young brother, as soon as his own apprenticeship was over, induced Smith to transfer James's indentures to him. Now, while he himself worked, partly on his own account, partly as Smith's assistant, he did all in his power to foster his brother's undoubted talents.

Meanwhile, William Ward, now beginning to flourish in a modest way, had taken a cottage in the pretty rustic village of Kensal Green, and there he lived pleasantly with his mother, sisters, and brother James. But in an adjacent cottage was George Morland with his sister, and an intimacy sprang up between the Wards and the

Morlands, which culminated in William Ward and Morland marrying each other's sister. The connection had important artistic results. Many of the best engravings of Morland's pictures—those most prized by the collectors of to-day—were done by his brothers-in-law. Also, it was certainly first to the inspiration, then to jealous rivalry, of George Morland, whose too convivial indulgences James, himself an ascetic and restless religionist, loathed and despised, that English art owes the great animal painter, James Ward.

William and James Ward, who were in partnership for a time as printsellers in Newman Street, won to high rank among the mezzotint-engravers of the end of the eighteenth century, and William was content. Not so James, although he was appointed "Painter and Engraver to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." When once he had tasted of praise for his painting, he was no longer satisfied to be regarded primarily as an engraver. None knew his powers as he did. He would make the world acclaim him the great painter he believed himself to be. He lost himself in admiration of his own genius, his own virtues, his own piety. The world must admire equally. He must ensure this, even if he had to make sacrifices. When the Royal Academicians were opposing his election as a painter, although they were quite willing to elect him an Associate-Engraver, as they did William—and even his great admirer, Hoppner, voted against him—he resolved to engrave no more. So he sacrificed commissions to the extent of £2,000, and that at a time when he and his wife were living luxuriously, and money was needed.

But henceforth James Ward's life, which vibrated irascibly through ninety years, belongs, with its achievements, its disappointments, and its quarrels, to the history of painting. His career as an engraver ended more than fifty years before he died.

James Ward was the mezzotint interpreter *par excellence* of John Hoppner. His finest prints are after that painter, and perhaps the two most delightful are "Juvenile Retirement," a group of the children of the Hon. John

JUVENILE RETIREMENT. (THE DOUGLAS CHILDREN.)

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY JAMES WARD.
After John Hoppner, R.A.

Douglas, and "Children Bathing," in which Hoppner has depicted his own children. After Reynolds, Ward was most successful with the charming "Mrs. Billington" and "Richard Burke," that young man of brilliant promise, whose early death just after succeeding to his illustrious father's seat in Parliament made Edmund Burke into a lonely, disconsolate old man. But this print pleased him so greatly that he presented Ward with the copyright. Of course, in his prints after his own "Fern Burners," "Lion and Tiger Fighting," "Poultry Market," "Guinea Pigs," and the horse subjects, Ward was entirely himself.

William Ward died in 1826, after steel-plates had been introduced, and the engraver's art was on the decline; but his finest work had been accomplished before the end of the eighteenth century, such as the Morland prints, and the "Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland," after Hoppner, which was his masterpiece in portraiture, and is so familiar in reproduction.

William Ward engraved a large number of portraits after Hoppner, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, John Jackson, William Owen, Opie, Martin Archer Shee, Dance, Masquerier, J. R. Smith, and others of the portrait-painters, but not many of the subjects are of vital interest to-day. Perhaps the most interesting are George Morland, Sir David Wilkie, Mrs. Pope, the actress, Liston, the comedian, those three political agitators, William Cobbett, John Horne Tooke, and Sir Francis Burdett, and Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester, who was born in 1752, when George II. was reigning, the year that Handel went blind and Sir Joshua Reynolds came to London, when "Tristram Shandy" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" were not yet written, and the Seven Years' War had not begun. He married for the second time when he was over seventy, and his *son* is the present aged Earl of Leicester!

It is, however, by his mezzotints after Morland that William Ward chiefly wins the hearts and purses of the collectors of to-day, while to the makers of honest reproductions, and the fakers of fraudulent ones, he has been a gold mine. Among these prints the favourites, perhaps,

are "Effects of Extravagance and Idleness" and "Fruits of Early Industry and Economy"; "Alehouse Politicians," "The Angler's Repast," "The Pleasures of Retirement," "Inside of a Country Alehouse," "Stable Amusement," "The Sportsman's Return," "Jack in the Bilboes," "Visit to the Boarding School" and "Visit to the Child at Nurse," "Sailors' Conversation," "First of September—Morning," and "Evening," "The Carrier's Stable," "The Country Stable." Popular, too, are "The Birth of an Heir" and "Christening the Heir," after Bigg, "The Blind Beggar," after Owen, "Outside of a Country Alehouse," and "The Haymakers," after James Ward.

Another of John Raphael Smith's distinguished pupils was John Young, who was, however, senior to the Wards, having been born in 1755. He was a man of high attainments and sterling character, with a fine pictorial sense in his treatment of the copper. "Engraver on Mezzotint to the Prince of Wales" from 1789, he succeeded Valentine Green as Keeper to the British Institution. His finest prints were after Hoppner, and among these were the charming Lady Charlotte Greville, the Howard sisters, Mrs. Gwyn and Mrs. Bunbury, Lady Anne Lambton and her children, Viscountess Hampden, Francis, Earl of Moira and the Marquis Wellesley, besides several charming things with fancy names. Young also engraved Beechey's "Sir David Wilkie," some interesting theatrical portraits by Zoffany, and some fancy subjects by his friend, that talented, unfortunate artist, Richard Morton Paye.

John Murphy (1748), a capital mezzotint engraver, who also used the stipple-point, was another of Ireland's valuable gifts to the art, but he worked in London. Besides historical and scriptural subjects after West, Northcote, Guercino, and other painters, he did some meritorious portraits of personal interest.

Gainsborough was not an easy painter to translate to the copper, but in his nephew and pupil, Gainsborough Dupont, he had an ideal interpreter. For, in learning painting from his illustrious uncle, Dupont had imbibed

THE FRUITS OF EARLY INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY.

From the Mezzotint by W. Ward.
After George Morland.

much of the spirit, as well as the manner, of the great painter. So, when interpreting his uncle's pictures through the medium of mezzotint, he could convey with his scraper the meaning and value of every touch of the brush. Unfortunately, Gainsborough Dupont died in 1797, at the age of thirty, or what a Gainsborough gallery he would have left us! As it is, however, we owe to him some very valuable mezzotint renderings of his uncle's pictures. There are the fine full-lengths of George III. and Queen Charlotte; the three Princesses—the picture about which Gainsborough finally quarrelled with the Royal Academy because they would not break their rules to hang it at the height proper for its just effect; Lord Rodney, General Conway, Walpole's cousin, friend, and correspondent, the lovely Mrs. Sheridan, the Duke of Clarence, Rev. Richard Graves (the "Spiritual Quixote)," Lord Frederick Campbell, who married the widow of Lord Ferrers, whose hanging for the murder of his valet was one of the sensations of the century; and the celebrated Colonel St. Leger, George, Prince of Wales's wildest friend, "the hero of all fashion," as Walpole described him. That famous dinner which he shared with six other young bloods in 1751, the extravagant cost of which was the talk of the town, and "with good people produced the apprehension of another earthquake," would seem very mild in comparison with the "modern instances" of certain American plutocrats. But "Handsome Jack Sellinger" founded the Hell-Fire Club, of notorious memory; the great race at Doncaster perpetuates his name, and about the ancestral estates in Ireland the peasantry are still convinced that whenever they see a phantom coach drawn by headless horses, with headless coachman and footman, it is the spirit of the famous Colonel St. Leger that is taking the air.

Jonathan Spilsbury was a portrait-painter, and a mezzotinter of considerable merit. His print of Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, after Catherine Read, introduces us to the personality of a woman who loomed large in

the literary life of her day. It must be long, I imagine, since anyone read her once famous History of England, but Walpole and Gray thought highly of it, although Johnson humorously snubbed her republican ideas of equality by suggesting, at her dinner table, that her footman, a "very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen," should be invited to sit down with them. But it may encourage some of our popular lady-writers to-day to read, in one of Mrs. Delany's letters, "The great Mrs. Macaulay hardly knew the meaning of the word grammar until she was thirty years old, and now all her productions go to the press uncorrected."

Charles Howard Hodges was one of J. R. Smith's pupils, and, like his master, he painted portraits as well as engraved. He did some admirable mezzotints after Reynolds, Romney, and Hoppner, and then, in 1788, he settled in Amsterdam, where he continued to work until his death in 1837. Among his Reynolds prints was the beautiful Mrs. Musters as "Hebe."

Another painter and engraver who sought favour for his art abroad was Charles Townley, who, after studying in Italy, went to Berlin, practised portraiture there, and engraved several plates. He also did many in England after Reynolds and other painters.

On the other hand, there were mezzotint engravers who came from the Continent to learn English methods and practise here. Of these Johann Gottfried Haid, one of a large family of mezzotint engravers, came from his native Augsburg, did some excellent work for Boydell, and then returned to Austria, dying in Vienna in 1776. From Vienna came Johann Jacobé, who, while in England, did a few beautiful prints. Among these was Reynolds's Hon. Mary Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork, who used to give those wonderful parties which Fanny Burney and Lady Morgan describe so amusingly, and whose vivacity enchanted Johnson, so that "they used to talk together with all imaginable ease."

Joseph Grozer did several charming prints after Reynolds, perhaps the most attractive being "Mary,

THE SPRUCE SPORTSMAN: OR
BEAUTY THE BEST SHOT.

From an Anonymous Mezzotint. 1780.
Published by Carington Bowles.

Lady Seaforth and child." His "Earl of Cardigan" shows him equally successful as an interpreter of Romney. Delightful, too, and of most artistic appeal, are the translations of Gainsborough, Romney, Reynolds, and Morland by George Keating, yet another Irishman who found talented expression through mezzotint.

Thomas Park, who began life as an engraver, and then drifted into a literary career, has left us, among some capital prints, one of Mrs. Jordan, as the Comic Muse, after Hoppner; and an interesting one of J. G. Holman and Miss Brunton (afterwards Countess of Craven) in "Romeo and Juliet."

Of great theatrical interest, too, were the prints of Robert Laurie, a notable engraver, who, after being associated with Sayer in printselling, succeeded to the business in partnership with Whittle, and applied himself to the invention of a process of printing mezzotints in colour. Perhaps his finest work is "Garrick led off the Stage by Time," after Parkinson, in which the actor is represented as looking back regretfully at Comedy and Tragedy, in the persons of Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Yates. But of more personal interest are such groups as Tom King, Mrs. Abington, "Gentleman" Smith, and Jack Palmer, in their original characters, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, Charles and Joseph Surface; and Quick and Mrs. Green with Ned Shuter in their "creations" of Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin. It is a boon, indeed, to have before us in picture the principals of the original casts of *The School for Scandal* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, and look at them with memories of Lamb's "Old Actors" or Churchill's "Rosciad."

Of the capital prints of Henry Hudson, Francis Haward, who was elected to the Academy as a stipple-engraver after he had discontinued mezzotint, Josiah Boydell, the Alderman's nephew and partner, Thomas Gosse, and John Watts, it is not necessary to speak in detail. Nor does it come within the scope of the present volume —which necessarily has its limitations—to trace the

careers and treat of the work of those fine engravers, Samuel William Reynolds (J. R. Smith's pupil), William Say, whose master was James Ward, Charles Turner, George Clint, or George Dawe. These carried on the great traditions of mezzotint-engraving into the discouraging years of the nineteenth century, transmitting them to Thomas Goff Lupton, David Lucas (Constable's engraver), and Samuel Cousins, who was the last link with the great old school of English engravers.

The indefatigable Mr. Alfred Whitman, of the British Museum, has, however, devoted separate volumes to the life-work of S. W. Reynolds and his famous pupil, Cousins, as well as Charles Turner, who seems to have produced, in the course of his long life, something like a thousand prints. Therefore I feel personally relieved of responsibility.

George Clint won his Academy honours as a painter, chiefly of theatrical subjects, and his engravings were not numerous. As a portrait-painter, too, George Dawe became an R.A., but his mezzotints after Raeburn, Northcote, and others, done in his earlier years, were fine. He learned the art from his father, Philip Dawe, who had worked with Hogarth, and produced some very skilful mezzotints after designs, with candle-light effects, by Henry Morland, such as "The Letter-Woman," the "Oyster-Woman," "Unlucky Boy," "The Connoisseur," as well as pictures by George Morland, Peters, Rosalba, and others. Philip Dawe had also a son, named Henry, to whom he taught the best way of mezzotint, but he belongs to the nineteenth century, and I see the sunset of the great days of the art with the passing of the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER VIII.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE REVIVAL OF LINE ENGRAVING.

John Pine—George Vertue—William Hogarth—Luke Sullivan—Bernard Baron—Gerard Scotin—Simon François Ravenet—John Hall—William Wynne Ryland—Pierre Charles Canot—François Vivarès—Francesco Bartolozzi—J. B. C. Chatelain—Thomas Major—Sir Robert Strange—William Woollett—John Tinney—John Browne—William Sharp—John Keyse Sherwin—James Basire—James Heath—Captain William Baillie—William Blake—and others.

We left the line-engravers at the end of the seventeenth century, in order to take up the story of mezzotint, for the older and greater art had fallen on terribly discouraging times, and there was little prospect of revival. In the sorry state of the pictorial arts during the tasteless earlier decades of the eighteenth century, there was no room for the line-engraver whose appeal was artistic beauty. His calling had reached a wretched pass when an artist like John Simon, who had come from France with all the traditions of the great French line-engravers, was obliged to learn mezzotint simply to live, and George White had to forsake the art in which he might have won fame equal to his father's, or he could not have earned his daily bread. While the portrait in mezzotint was wanted, and only the rare connoisseur made any demand for the work of art, the engravers, with one or two honourable exceptions, such as John Pine, Hogarth's friend, chose the easiest and cheapest way, and gave the easiest and cheapest thing.

But there is always the man who carries on the traditions, irrespective of circumstances and conditions. The man who carried on the traditions of seventeenth-century line-engraving with dignity and respect was George Vertue, a capital engraver, a valuable antiquary, a faithful student of the arts, if not, in the true creative sense, an artist. But such a man was just what was needed at this particular epoch; he preserved the traditions, he marked time, and he loyally kept the art of line-engraving before the public at as high a level as the times could appreciate.

Born in 1684, Vertue was eighteen when, after a few years' preliminary training with a heraldic engraver on plate, he became the pupil of Michael Vandergutch, who had been the pupil of David Loggan. After working seven years with Vandergutch, studying draughtsmanship and painting meanwhile, he commenced engraving on his own account, with a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters to keep. Sir Godfrey Kneller gave him early encouragement, but a portrait of Archbishop Tillotson, commissioned by Lord Chancellor Somers, enabled Vertue to prove himself at once the first line-engraver of the day. He followed this with a prodigious number of portraits of "all sorts and conditions of men," both contemporary and of past times; and many were excellent, and all were trustworthy, for Vertue was one of those persons with whom to be accurate is more than to be artistic. To him the casual infidelities committed by Houbraken, his Dutch collaborator in the Knapton series of historical heads, would have been impossible, as impossible as for him to have done Houbraken's head of Mary Stuart after Isaac Oliver.

Antiquarianism, with its insistent accuracies, was a passion with Vertue, and to this, aided, of course, by his admirable character as a man, and his archæological conversation, he owed the continuous patronage of the various lords and princes who delighted to play Mæcenas to the unassuming engraver. With the Earls of Oxford, Winchelsea, and Leicester, the Duke of Dorset, Lord

Coleraine and Roger Gale, the antiquaries, he travelled about from one historic place to another, always making drawings and catalogues, taking notes, "filing the fifteenth century, and pigeon-holing the antique." The Duke of Norfolk also employed him, and he was constantly at the Royal palaces with Frederick, Prince of Wales, in the exercise of his profession. Of course, he was appointed engraver to the Society of Antiquaries. But not only for his valuable historic prints and portraits do we owe him gratitude. Research was his habit; with him, in Whistler's phrase, "a date was an accomplishment," and so to him we are indebted for the patiently accumulated records which Walpole "digested" into his indispensable "Anecdotes of Painting." Vertue died on July 24th, 1756, and, although a strict Roman Catholic, was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

As there is always the man to carry on the traditions, so likewise, in spite of unsympathetic surroundings and adverse conditions, there is always the artist. If it were not the genial exaggeration of the tombstone that credited Vertue with "all the genius of the graphic art," language would be dumb indeed before the name of William Hogarth. While Vertue was estimably and serviceably plodding with the traditions, the giant genius of Hogarth was capturing and holding the fancy and the conscience of the town. But this was because of the deep, human tragi-comedy, and vivid actuality of his heart-piercing satires, not because of their intrinsic pictorial qualities. The people did not realise that a great original master was among them, producing immortal works of art, for they held even Hogarth's paintings cheaply in those days; but they were compelled to buy his prints, because these spoke a language that all could understand—the language of common life, albeit the accent was a mordant blend of scorn, of humour, and of pity. That the designs were engraved in line, probably they did not notice, any more than the people distinguish nowadays between a photogravure and a mezzotint, a process-block and a copper-plate. No; it was not the art that appealed,

but the humanity, with the laughter and the tears set grotesquely about it by the mocking spirit, like gargoyles on a cathedral. "Other pictures we look at," said Charles Lamb, "his prints we read." And Lamb read Hogarth with the eyes of his heart.

But the art is there that compels us to look, or we should not want to read; for so innately an artist was Hogarth that, as those immortal moral messages of his grew in his brain, he saw them from the first in form and colour—that is, primarily as pictures. So when his graven line spread broadcast his message of scorn or of pity, it bore also his message of art. And for us to-day it bears incomparable, living records of the times of Hogarth, the characters, the morals, the manners, the fashions, the streets—why, the very houses are alive. What should we know of George II.'s London without Hogarth's prints? But to know Hogarth's prints as they ought to be known, one should study them with Charles Lamb, and Hazlitt and Thackeray, and then one should seek that most fascinating and informing guide, Mr. Austin Dobson, and follow him through Hogarth's London and Hogarth's times. Mr. Dobson has said the last necessary word about the master—and the most worthy—for our day, at least. But Hogarth's story belongs to the history of art in its most expansive sense. Whatever impulse his prints may have given to the revival of English line-engraving, his influence was certainly vital. Through the medium of his copper-plates he could reach the people as he could not do alone with his painted canvases, and so, through his prints, he forced them to associate a sense of nature and actual life with their sense of picture, which was quite a revolutionary condition of things at that period, and of most healthy augury.

Not all those prints known as Hogarth's, however, were of his own engraving, though most of them certainly were. He employed other engravers—impressionable artists they had to be—for on them he impressed the influence of his genius. Luke Sullivan, that brilliant young

Irishman, was the chief of these, and his "March to Finchley" interprets the very spirit and accent of Hogarth. Another was Bernard Baron, an accomplished French engraver; another, Gerard Scotin. While to France, too, he owed Simon François Ravenet, and each of these did two of the six plates of the "Marriage à la Mode."

The coming of Ravenet was of considerable importance, for he brought the traditions of his master, the famous Le Bas, whose happy blending of etching with pure line-engraving extended and enriched the capacities of the line-engraver, and strengthened his artistic appeal. The progress of the art in this country was greatly advanced by Ravenet's own rich and brilliant prints, so full of spirit and the suggestion of colour, after Rembrandt, Titian, Paul Veronese, and others of the old masters, as well as after Reynolds, Zoffany, and other contemporaries, which won him one of the first associateships of the Royal Academy. He influenced the art and its popular consideration also through his pupils.

One of these was John Hall, who, commencing his art-life as a painter on porcelain at the Chelsea factory, where Ravenet was engraving copper-plates for stamping upon the porcelain, became, under the French master's teaching, a very capable artist with point and graver. He engraved after Gainsborough and Reynolds, but he revelled in West, and when, on the death of his friend Woollett, he succeeded as "Historical Engraver to the King," it was because of his "Oliver Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament" and "The Death of Schomberg at the Battle of the Boyne," both after West. Hall died in 1797 at the age of fifty-eight, a widely respected man, and the eldest of his thirteen children became Master of Pembroke College, Oxford.

The most famous of Ravenet's pupils, however, was William Wynne Ryland, another "Engraver to the King," whose name is writ large in eighteenth-century engraving-history; but, though he worked much and ably in line, it is his association with the introduction into England of the easier stipple-manner, and the development of

the colour-print, that makes him remarkable—even more than the fact of his having been hanged at Tyburn. But Ryland's story belongs to the next chapter.

Ravenet had come over from France about 1750. Even earlier had come his fellow Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy, Pierre Charles Canot, an excellent engraver of landscape and sea-pieces, and the village idylls of Teniers and Ostade; and François Vivarès, who, originally a tailor's apprentice, was practically the pioneer of landscape-engraving in England and the founder of a school. Bartolozzi, himself a master of line, in a moment of emotional exaggeration, called Vivarès "the finest landscape engraver in the world," although Bartolozzi had known Woollett, and even on one memorable occasion saved, with an experiment of re-biting the ground, a plate that Woollett in despair believed to be ruined. Yet only Woollett surpassed, or even equalled, Vivar s, whose translations of the landscapes of Claude Lorrain, Patel (the French Claude), Gaspard Poussin, Gainsborough, Berghem, Joseph Vernet, the Smiths, and others, are more than faithful, while the "Moonlight" of Van den Heer has something of the beauty of mystery. Vivarès learned his engraving in London from his fellow-countryman Jean Baptiste Claude Chatelain, an able, yet very idle and dissolute man; but Vivarès was ever as industrious as he was popular, and truly he had need to be, for he was the father of thirty-one children, and one was his namesake, an engraver also.

Thomas Major, who had been a pupil of Le Bas, worked in London from about 1750 until his death in 1799, won eminence through landscape and figure-pieces, chiefly after the Dutch masters, was one of the inaugural group of Royal Academy engravers, and had royal and official appointments. During his residence in Paris a sensational adventure had befallen him. After the Battle of Culloden, two hundred and twenty-two French soldiers had surrendered at Inverness to General Bland and the pursuing English cavalry. As a matter of fact, I believe they were Irishmen in the French

service. Anyhow, they were detained as prisoners, and, since there was no *entente cordiale* in those days, France determined to make reprisals. It was known that Thomas Major, the young English engraver working in Le Bas's studio, was only about five feet high; a troop of stalwart gendarmes could easily arrest him and march him off to the Bastille. Major at first enjoyed the humour of the situation, but three months imprisonment in the Bastille was beyond a joke. However, it turned to his advantage. The governor, the Marquis d'Argenson, possessed a fine collection of pictures, and as soon as he discovered that the young English prisoner was a talented engraver, he procured permission to release him, and straightway set him to engrave in his gallery. But it was curious that Major should have been made to pay in this way for the final overthrow of the Stuart cause, for he was a direct descendant of the Richard Major, of Hursley, whose daughter Dorothy became Oliver Cromwell's daughter-in-law.

There was one of his brother engravers with whom Major must have enjoyed a good laugh over his Bastille experience, when they met, a little later, in Le Bas's studio, and that was Robert Strange; for the joke was that innocent loyalist Major had suffered imprisonment for Culloden, with which he had no concern, whereas rebel Jacobite Strange, who might have been taken red-handed on the field, escaped literally scot-free. Fortunate for art that he did, for he became, as Leigh Hunt said, "the greatest engraver, perhaps, this country has seen." And the romance of his life shaped his career.

Robert Strange was descended from the Strangs of Balcaskie, in Fifeshire, an ancient stock, whose name stood for strength. His father was David Strang, of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, and there, in that far island, Robert was born on July 14th, 1721. His boyhood, fatherless at twelve, knew no artistic influence—indeed, as he himself said later, "never had an idea of art passed the Pentland Firth." But Nature was there in all the strenuous glory of the Northern seas, and, while he was

receiving what was called a classical education at the local grammar-school, the boy would spend his leisure hours sailing or rowing about the coast, peering with curious fancy down to the "deep's untrampled floor, with green and purple seaweeds strown," or composing into pictures, with natural instinct, the lines of sea and land and sky, or drawing with crude pencil the appealing forms of things and beings. The wonder and the beauty of the sea dominated him, and he could not bear the thought of any life away from it; so he resolved upon a naval career. His mother opposed this decisively and effectually, and, after a family conclave, he was placed, at fourteen years of age, with a local attorney. The experiment proved a failure, for though now, as always with him, duty was a guiding principle, he hated the law, and having "in his soul the sense of all the sea," he could hear her call only. Then an elder step-brother, being a lawyer in Edinburgh and worldly-wise, sent for Robert to come southward, and be introduced to the friendly captain of a man-of-war lying at Leith. The boy was delighted at the offer of a trial cruise, but this cruise, owing to the exigencies of the service, lasted unexpectedly five months, and by that time young Strange had "suffered a sea-change," and decided that the navy was not for him. So he went docilely into his step-brother's office; but neither was the law for him. His kindly, wise, elder brother discovered the boy's surreptitious sketches, and showed them to Richard Cooper, the English engraver, who had not long settled in Edinburgh. The result was a six years' apprenticeship to Cooper.

Very industrious, happy years those were for young Robin, as his friends called him, and very advantageous and profitable for Cooper. Robin, too, made profit out of them, for his native Kirkwall was proud of him, and gave him commissions for himself, and for the time these occupied he conscientiously compensated his master after the completion of his indentures. This was in 1741. He was now an engraver in independent practice, and he was making friends and a local reputation. But

the times were disturbed; so, too, was Robert Strange's heart.

It so happened that "Bonnie Prince Charlie" chose for his attempt to win back the family crown the very time that Robert Strange was trying to win pretty Isabella Lumisden for his wife. Her family were zealous, uncompromising Jacobites. Her brother Andrew was the Prince's secretary, and she was dominated by the romance of Stuart misfortunes and Stuart Rights—with a capital R. She could see, think, and feel nothing apart from the Cause, and the Cause resolved itself into Prince Charlie. She loved Robin, but would promise to marry no man who would not fight for *her* Prince. So Robin, who was now a steady-going, industrious engraver, and wanted only a peaceful home and a domestic wife, like Cooper's, found himself suddenly transformed into an active, militant Jacobite. He engraved the Prince's portrait, with the Garter and the Prince of Wales's feathers, as well as monetary notes for the Prince's army —hanging matters both, if the Hanoverians had got hold of him. He bravely bore his share, as one of the Life Guards, in the fruitless fighting at Culloden, then escaped from the stricken field to undergo all the tribulations of a hunted fugitive. How he ventured back to Edinburgh, and sought sudden refuge in the very house and very room where Miss Lumisden was haply singing at her needlework while the English soldiers were actually searching the house, and how she, surprised by her lover's unexpected entrance, had the presence of mind and stoutness of heart to continue her song without a break, while she quickly hid him under her capacious hoop-petticoat—as a Russian Court dame had earlier hidden and saved an empress from a murderous mob—is not one of the least romantic incidents of a romantic chapter of history. Novelists have made use of it.

Emboldened by this escape, and tired of being hunted, Strange remained in the city. There were many places in old Edinburgh where he could hide, and many good friends to the Cause who would help to conceal him.

Besides, who better than himself could draw and engrave the portraits of the Jacobite and Hanoverian leaders then in popular demand? He did these, of course, in secret, and lived on the proceeds. Then he took a still bolder step. Early in 1747 he married Miss Lumisden, and this had also to be in secret. But, as soon as the Act of Grace encouraged him to emerge from his hiding-places, he was obliged to take leave of his wife and set out for Rouen, where his brother-in-law, Lumisden, was in attendance on Prince Charles, and where Strange was to commence those studies necessary to forward his artistic career. His great-grand-daughter, by the way, who carries on the Jacobite traditions to this day, once told me how Strange, travelling to London in the guise of a poor student, with Virgil in his pocket, fell in with General Wade's army just across the border, and begged to be allowed to march with it for protection, revealing his identity only in a letter of thanks to the General when he was safe on his way to France.

In Rouen Strange studied drawing under Descamps, and, winning the first prize at the Academy, thought of becoming a miniature painter; but his true bent was towards the copper-plate, and, in June, 1749, he went to Paris and placed himself under Le Bas. From him he learned the use of the dry-point, or etching-needle, for the preparatory work in line-engraving, and adapted it to his own work in a manner entirely his own, carrying on the etched parts imperceptibly with the graver, and producing those marvellous and incomparable results of roundness and delicacy in the representation of flesh, which place his engravings, in spite of opaque skies and occasional weakness in drawing, among the masterpieces of the art.

Having learnt all that Le Bas could teach him, and given hostages to fortune in his two first plates of real importance, Van Loo's "Cupid" and Wouverman's "Return from Market," displaying his mastery over both the neat and the free styles, Strange came to London in October, 1750, and settled in Parliament Street, where he was joined by his wife and child.

CHARLES I. IN CORONATION ROBES.

From the Line Engraving by Sir Robert Strange.
After Vandyck.

With all his powers as an engraver fully matured, and master of the greatest, noblest, and most difficult branch of his art, as line-engraving must always be regarded, Strange now began his lifelong effort to raise and cultivate the popular taste in art, then, as we have seen, in so low a state, by engraving the works of the great masters, chiefly the Italians, and, as Walpole said, "with a tool worthy of Italian engravers." He also sought to effect this praiseworthy purpose by importing from Rome engravings after famous pictures; while, as his means increased, he bought examples of the masters themselves, and publicly exhibited his collection. He constantly visited Paris, engraving there and buying pictures, and his fame was now spreading over Europe. In 1754 he moved to the "Golden Head," Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, afterwards McArdell's house, and there, in 1757, he issued his famous plates, "The Finding of Romulus and Remus" and "Cæsar repudiating Pompœia," after P. da Cortona, "Belisarius," after Salvator Rosa, and Charles I.'s three children, after Vandyck.

Strange was now one of the most famous and esteemed engravers in Europe, and his whole artistic being was yearning towards Italy. But now occurred the first of those untoward incidents which disturbed his equanimity, and left bitter feelings which rankled for years. Allan Ramsay, the principal Court-painter, wished Strange to engrave his portraits of the Prince of Wales, soon to be King George III., and Lord Bute. Now, although Strange would willingly have complied, had it been practicable, the four years required for engraving the two plates would have upset all his plans for the Italian engraving tour, on which his heart was set. Besides, the remuneration offered was absurdly inadequate—as a matter of fact, a ninth part only of the sum subsequently paid to William Wynne Ryland, who accepted the commission, and was appointed "Engraver to the King." Strange's Jacobitism had nothing to do with his refusal, but Ramsay was annoyed, and distorted the engraver's reasonable explanation to the Prince and Lord Bute.

So much mischief was made that for many years Strange lost the chance of Court favour, which, in spite of his wife's persistent Jacobitism, he would gladly have enjoyed for the furtherance of his art-projects.

In 1760, having provided funds for his journey by the sale of red-chalk drawings, Strange set out on his memorable Italian tour, taking with him, among his letters of recommendation, one from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany—how odd that sounds nowadays!—introducing him as "a very first-rate artist, and by far our best." This Italian tour was a triumphal progress. Everywhere homage was paid to Strange as to a great artist, for in Italy, not as in early Georgian England, the creator or interpreter of beauty was a personage of honour and consequence. In Florence, Bologna, Rome, he was splendidly received, his genius was acknowledged, and membership of the Academies was conferred upon him. He painted miniatures for ready money to pay his way, but, in the great palaces, the Borghese, the Corsini, the Spada, he made drawings from the masters for his engraving. Prince Rezzonito, the Pope's nephew, placed an apartment in the Vatican at his disposal, specially fitted for his work; scaffolding was erected where he wished, and the same privilege was his in the Baronelli Palace at Naples, and, indeed, wherever he went. When they made him a member of the ancient Academy of St. Luke, the great Piranese spoke his eulogy. On the ceiling of the room in the Vatican where the prints were kept, Strange's portrait, painted by Toffanelli, was introduced among those of the greatest engravers, an honour unique for a British artist. In Parma, where he was particularly honoured at Court, he was appointed Professor at the Royal Academy, in appreciation of his superb engraving of Correggio's famous "St. Jerome," or "Il Giorno," that picture of many adventures, for which the painter was paid, by the pious old widow who commissioned it, over and above the eighty golden crowns

agreed upon, six months' board, two cart-loads of faggots, a quantity of wheat, and a pig!

One incident disturbed the triumph—or, rather, the peace—of his tour, and this was apparently a sequel to his trouble over the Court pictures. Dalton, the King's librarian, was in Italy purchasing pictures for the royal collections, and, when Strange, meeting him with Francesco Bartolozzi in Bologna, and, suspecting no bad faith, mentioned certain pictures he intended engraving, he found, when he applied to the authorities for permission to copy them, that he had been forestalled by the agent of the King of England, and that Bartolozzi, who had bound himself to Dalton for three years, had been engaged to engrave those pictures. Strange was justly furious with Dalton, and, perhaps unjustly, he accused Bartolozzi of being a party to the intrigue. However, his representations of the injustice, backed by the esteem in which the Bolognese held him, effectually removed his disabilities. But the circumstance always rankled, and added to the cumulative volcano of artistic quarrels and grievances which for years was smouldering in his mind, until it broke into eruption in the celebrated pamphlet, "An Inquiry into the Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy, to which is prefixed a letter to the Earl of Bute."

Truth to tell, Robert Strange had, with his sincere artistic conscience, a hyper-sensitive egoism, which he had come to regard as identical with the nobility and dignity of the engraver's art. Being somewhat irascible in temperament, anything that conflicted with this idea became a grievance, which he subjected to a volcanising process. He seems to have had little or no sympathy with contemporary art, but his whole being was devoted to propagating the pictorial ideals and principles of the old masters through the medium of the graven line. His taste in selection may not always be above question by the critical judgment of to-day, but his singleness of purpose, making for artistic righteousness, was above cavil. He sacrificed even his domestic comfort to it, for, devoted to his wife and children, he

was obliged to spend months and years at a time away from them, copying and engraving the masters. Yet he was always at loggerheads with his brother artists, when they did not see eye to eye with him, although we hear of him socially among them at Old Slaughter's in Hogarth's day, and later at the Turk's Head.

Fresh from being elected, in 1765, a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture in Paris, he returned to London to be made a director of the Incorporated Society of Artists, with its new royal charter. But trouble with his co-directors began with the very first exhibition, emphasised by jealousy of undue favour, as he thought, shown to Bartolozzi. Then came the foundation of the Royal Academy, with its exclusion of engravers and inclusion of Bartolozzi among the painters! Here was indeed an insult to the art, and Strange, after his wont, resented this with indignant tongue and pen. The subsequent institution of the Associate-Engraver class was a compromise which he scorned, as did Woollett, Sharp, and Hall, claiming for their art nothing less than full equality with the painters, sculptors, and architects. That a British Royal Academy of Arts should refuse its full honours to an engraver such as Strange or Woollett, and accord them to a painter like Edward Penny, for instance, was, of course, ridiculous; yet this anomaly was not corrected until Samuel Cousins was elected Royal Academician in 1855!

In the year of the first Royal Academy exhibition, 1769, Strange, as an educational counterblast, opened at his house in Castle Street, Leicester Fields, an exhibition of his own collection of old masters, and published a descriptive catalogue with his own critical notes on the painters. It was certainly a varied collection, representing the Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, and Dutch schools, and perhaps Strange hoped it might help the public to look at the Royal Academy exhibition with a juster sense of art. It was not, however, until 1775 that he published his Royal Academy pamphlet, and vented all his grievances, and incidentally afforded lively opportunities for the jibers and jeerers of the Press.

Then, leaving all quarrels and bitter feelings behind, he went to Paris with his wife and family, and there lived five fruitful, peaceful years, engraving among other great things Guercino's "Death of Dido." In 1780, however, he returned to London and settled in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields—at that time still a fashionable street.

Strange seems now to have outgrown his grievances, as he had outgrown his Jacobitism—in spite of his wife, who would not allow the word "Pretender" to pass unchallenged, and to whom King George III. was still only the Elector of Hanover! But, after all, she was a sensible woman, as she was a devoted wife; Culloden was ancient history, and "her Prince"—well, he was never likely to reign at St. James's, whereas the Elector—no, King George, since it must be so—was only too ready to show his appreciation of her gifted husband.

The long-desired Court favour was at hand, the opportunity for reconciliation favourable. Strange had produced a magnificent engraving of Vandyck's great picture of Charles I. and the Marquis of Hamilton, in the Louvre, and, as a pair to it, he craved permission to engrave the Queen Henrietta in the King's collection. King George gladly acquiesced; but when Strange next applied for permission to engrave West's picture of the apotheosis of the dead little Princes Octavius and Alfred—an affair of children and cherubs in the clouds, with a view of Windsor beneath—the father and mother in the King and Queen were touched, and they took the engraver to their hearts. It was the promise of this, of course, that had induced Strange to engrave this picture of the King's dead pets by the King's favourite painter. The royal family delighted to watch him at work in the palace, and King George was full of compliments.

The old Jacobite engraver being reconciled to the Hanoverian King through the picturing of dead children was almost an idyll. "What would you have thought had anyone foretold this in 1746?" asked Lord Buchan one day, when he saw Strange at work in front of the picture. As

Mrs. Strange was not present, probably the engraver referred to "wild oats," and laughed. He had seen the world since Culloden.

The climax to his romantic story came when, at the Queen's Palace,* Strange presented proofs of his engraving to the delighted King, who had had a particular tenderness for those dead children, especially Octavius, "his companion, his comfort, his delight," as Mrs. Papendiek tells. King George was profuse in praise of the print. "Mr. Strange," he said, "I have another favour to ask of you. It is that you will attend the levée on Wednesday or Friday that I may confer on you the honour of knighthood—unless," he added playfully, "you refuse to accept it from the Elector of Hanover." He had no sooner left the gratified engraver than he returned, saying, "I'm going immediately to St. James's; if you'll follow me, I'll do it now—the sooner the better."

So, forty-one years after Culloden, a sword was drawn to dub the once Jacobite rebel a loyal knight of King George. The newspaper wits had their fun over the affair, but Lady Strange, as her letters show, was overjoyed and very proud. "My knight," she wrote to her Jacobite brother, "has obtained a compleat victory over all his enemies, which gives a relish to the whole." She even went so far as to describe West's picture as "most beautiful," and King George as "His Majesty"!

Sir Robert Strange had not very long to enjoy his victory. The next year, 1788, saw him in broken health, trying the efficacy of the Hot Wells at Bristol, and, although he went again to Paris as late as 1791, he was henceforth a confirmed invalid in Great Queen Street. His last effort was to prepare for publication sets of his finest proofs, with a portrait of himself after Greuze, an introductory note on the progress of engraving, and a grateful dedication to the King. Lady Strange, to whom he left a comfortable fortune, sold these sets, after his death, at eighty guineas each.

* Now called Buckingham Palace.

The great engraver died on July 5th, 1792, and was buried in the family vault in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. We have full details of his last hours in a pathetic letter written by his widow to their second son, Sir Thomas Andrew Lumisden Strange, then Chief Justice in Nova Scotia, and later in Madras—a great authority on Indian law. "Oh, what I and my dear children have lost! The best of husbands, fathers, and men." That was a fine epitaph for a widow to write after exactly fifty years of conjugal life, and on a husband with an irascible artistic temperament! Perhaps, unconsciously, she was penning her own encomium as a wife and a woman.

When Horace Walpole, writing in 1762 of the state of engraving in England, said "Vivarès and some others have great merit in graving landscape," it is strange indeed that so discerning a connoisseur did not particularly mention William Woollett. The more so because he described Edward Rooker as the "Marc Antonio of architecture," praised Thomas Major's prints, after Teniers, as equal to any French works of the kind, and concluded with the remark that when he had named that "capital master," Strange, not yet Sir Robert, he had "mentioned the art at its highest period in Britain." Yet Woollett must always rank among the great engravers of the world, and his name will ever stand, together with those of Strange and Sharp, for the heights of achievement in English line-engraving, although presumably he was included only among the unnamed "some others" of Walpole.

William Woollett was born in King Street, Maidstone, on August 15th, 1735. His father, Philip Woollett, a flax-dresser, was one of twelve Maidstone tradesmen who were in the habit of meeting convivially at the "Ship." One day they were more convivial than usual; for it became known that a lottery ticket, for which they had jointly subscribed, had drawn a prize of £5,000. With his twelfth share the flax-dresser promptly leased a public-house in the Rose Yard, called the "Turk's Head." The sign appealed to young William, his son; perhaps it seemed to him prophetic of the days when, at the celebrated

"Turk's Head" Tavern in London, he should associate as an equal with famous artists. Anyway, the sign appealed to him, and he scratched it upon a pewter pot, and so determined his future career. Philip Woollett had come of Dutch stock; maybe he had inherited the instinct of artistic appreciation, and in the boyish scratches on the pewter pot he discerned the hand that was to engrave "The Death of Wolfe." A wise father, he lost no time in taking the boy up to London, and apprenticing him to John Tinney, an engraver who had a printshop in Fleet Street. Although Tinney himself never won distinction, he must have been an excellent teacher, for among Woollett's fellow-pupils were Anthony Walker, and John Browne, the accomplished landscape-engraver, who was one of the first six engravers elected to the Associateship of the Royal Academy. But, on the valuable groundwork of his art which he had got from Tinney, Woollett developed his own incomparable style out of his individual genius, which inspired his eyes with a sense of vision in perfect accord with the artists he interpreted, and invested his hand with a magic power that made it the Ariel-like servant of his vision. And, while he was becoming master of his etching-point and his graver, he was studying the principles of pictorial art at the St. Martin's Lane Academy, and distinguishing himself among the pupils. He was very near-sighted and worked with glasses. His simple, unworldly nature, true artistic temperament, and natural, unpretending manner, won friends for him, as these qualities had already led him into an early, improvident marriage; but they also secured for him the confidence of John Boydell, then in his early days of publishing.

It was the beauty of Woollett's engraving of Claude's "Temple of Apollo" that induced Boydell to commission him to engrave Wilson's "Niobe" for a hundred guineas, a price beyond any the young publisher had yet ventured. Yet that sum, considerable to him at that time, his good nature impelled him to advance by instalments long before the plate was finished; for Woollett was struggling hard against poverty, with his wife and children

BATTLE AT LA HOGUE.

From the Line Engraving by William Woollett.
After Benjamin West, P.R.A.

to keep, in a garret in Green's Court, Castle Street, Leicester Fields. However, the kindly consideration which Boydell showed Woollett during the engraving of the "Niobe" was happily repaid by the successful sale of the print, which produced two thousand pounds. This was in 1761, and Woollett's pre-eminent position was now recognised. Nobody had ever presented landscape on the copper-plate as he did; his etching-point and his graver commanded the atmosphere and all the mysteries of light and shade. On his plates the distances literally lent enchantment to the view, while the foregrounds were just as fine, just as exquisite, perfect harmony of vision reigning over all. The classic landscapes of Richard Wilson and Claude Lorrain found in Woollett their ideal interpreter, while the imitative scenes of the Smiths, of Chichester, were rendered almost classic by his genius.

As a landscape-engraver Woollett made his name, but he proved himself equally great in the still more difficult branch of his art, historical engraving, and in this he was destined to achieve his most popular, his most widely recognised, triumph. This was his engraving of West's famous picture of the "Death of General Wolfe," published in 1776, five years after the picture was painted. The applause with which this plate was greeted was universal. Woollett's fame now spread over the continents, and his works were sought by European collectors. He was appointed "Historical Engraver to his Majesty." After another five years—five years of splendid, patient work with illustrious results—came another masterpiece, the engraving of West's big sea-piece, "The Battle at La Hogue," painted in 1778. This spirited print of the action fought on May 23rd, 1692, by the English and Dutch fleets under Sir George Rooke, against the French in the harbour of La Hogue, was a worthy sequel to the "Death of Wolfe," and, together with that and the "Niobe," it may be said to indicate Woollett's high-water mark, which means the high-water mark of line-engraving.

No success spoiled Woollett, or made him other than

the simple-minded man, and patient, conscientious artist, he had always been. In the midst of a jovial assembly of his brother artists at the "Turk's Head" in Gerrard Street, Soho, when some particularly good joke had "set the table on a roar," Woollett asked what they were all laughing at. The laugh turned on the man who had failed to see the joke. What had he been thinking about? "I was thinking," said Woollett, "which way I should lay the lines on the coat of General Wolfe." And it was just in such a particular that the engraver showed his genius, for the line-engraver has only lines through which to interpret the painter's colour, his "values," and his brushwork, and it is in the right selection and ordering of these lines that his brain-work is revealed.

When Woollett showed the proofs of the "Battle at La Hogue" to West, the painter was pleased, but wished that a little more "colour" could have been given to one part, and some slight alteration in the lighting could have been made in another. Woollett said he would do these things. "But how long will it take you, Mr. Woollett?" asked West. "Oh, about three or four months." And West, who told the story, added, "And the patient creature actually went through the additional labour without a murmur."

Patience, however, was seemingly his special virtue, and, only the month after the publication of this print, Mrs. Woollett, for the fifth time, presented him with twins, besides, on one occasion, a matter of triplets. Yet he lived buoyantly for his art, and was in the habit of celebrating the completion of an important plate by firing a cannon on his roof. Whether he did the same each time the twins arrived is not recorded. Perhaps his explosions were then merely verbal, for fear of disturbing Mrs. Woollett.

Woollett lived always simply, and, when he died, it was through having neglected an injury received while playing the game of Dutch Pins, a variation of skittles. His death, which occurred at his house in Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, on May 23rd, 1785, left his wife and

daughters dependent upon the sale of his prints. This was sufficient only until the war with France in 1793 closed the Continent to British trade. But Woollett's name was illustrious. He lies in St. Pancras Churchyard, but a mural tablet by Thomas Banks, R.A., has honoured him in Westminster Abbey these hundred years, although George III. had at first pooh-poohed West's suggestion of a monument in our British Valhalla.

When Woollett, at his death, left his plate of West's picture of the "Landing of Charles II. at Dover" in only the preliminary etched state, the engraver worthiest to finish it was William Sharp, and into his hands it was entrusted. The son of a gun-maker, Sharp was born in London on January 29th, 1749, and very early he developed a graphic tendency. His father, seeing no further than his own trade, apprenticed the boy to Barak Longmate, the heraldic engraver, who ornamented swords and fire-arms with "bright" engraving—that is, engraving not intended for printed impressions. This was all the training Sharp received; but his own genius and industry found him the way to become a great engraver, one of the greatest that this, or any, country has ever seen.

Sharp was a youth of character and energy; he was strong and well-favoured. While still an apprentice he had married a French girl, and, as soon as he was out of his indentures, he took a shop in Bartholomew Lane, Royal Exchange, and engraved two decorative business cards, which set forth that "Sharp, Engraver," was prepared to engrave "History, ornamental writing, seals, etc." The "cits" in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange did not clamour for historical art, as they seem to do nowadays. So young Sharp, having made a happy drawing of "Hector," the old lion at the Tower, engraved it, and so well did the print sell that he promptly gave up writing-engraving, moved to the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and set his face towards the heights of the engraver's art, never to turn back.

He was now living a life after his own heart. Full of bodily vigour, he enjoyed his daily swim in the Thames,

and plenty of other physical exercise. With his mind full of ideas, alert with fancies, yet always seeing clearly the way of art, he sought the sympathy of artists, enjoyed having Woollett's old friend John Browne, the landscape-engraver, for his neighbour, and became associated with Benjamin West, from whom he seems to have learned much. In 1782 Boydell commissioned him to engrave West's "Alfred dividing the loaf with the Pilgrim." Three years after this he published his magnificent plate of Guido Reni's "Doctors of the Church," which Sharp himself considered his masterpiece, and Raphael Morghen declared to be equal to anything of his own engraving. He was turning out splendid plates, in portraiture and of historical character; and now, money having come to him through the death of his brother, in 1787 he commenced publishing his own prints in Charles Street, near the Middlesex Hospital.

Sharp now presents a curious psychological study. Always of a mystic turn of mind, and given to indulgence in fantastic theories, the early death of his wife appears to have turned him towards Swedenborgianism for consolation. But at this time, clear-minded as he always was about his art, he seems to have been subject to any abnormal influences that offered spiritual adventures in the mazes of the mystical. Richard Brothers, the madman, who called himself the Prince of the Hebrews, and declared himself divinely appointed to gather the Jews together, and lead them back to Jerusalem, found a staunch believer in Sharp, who stated as much on the portrait he engraved of Brothers. That other impostor, Joanna Southcott, who actually induced a hundred thousand persons to believe her statement that she was the woman in the twelfth chapter of the Revelation, also found this great engraver a ready dupe. He brought her from Exeter at his own expense, maintained her for some time in London, portrayed the low cunning of her face on the copper, and believed in her to the end. Next he became concerned with Thomas Paine and Horne Tooke, whose portraits he engraved, but his association

LT.-COL. THE HON. CHARLES CATHCART.

FROM THE LINE ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM SHARP.
After G. Romney.

with their politics, and membership of the Society for Constitutional Information, led to his being summoned to answer to the Privy Council for his revolutionary principles! As he was not really possessed of any revolutionary intentions, the tedious proceedings bored him. So he took advantage of a pause to hand to Pitt and Henry Dundas the prospectus of a work which Tooke was about to publish, requesting them to subscribe themselves, and hand it on to the other members. The naïve audacity of the act tickled the august Privy Council's sense of humour, and, amid general laughter, the terrible revolutionary suspect was allowed to go back to his copper-plates.

And what copper-plates they were! Eye to eye, and mind to mind, he saw with the painters he interpreted, and, with a mastery of his art that in method and genius was individually his, he made their works of art live again through his own. No portrait in line has surely ever excelled, if it has equalled, the "Dr. Hunter," after Reynolds, without which nowadays no Harley Street consulting-room is considered furnished. But in the engraving of men's portraits, whether it be as the interpreter of his great contemporaries, Reynolds, Romney, and Raeburn, or of Vandyck himself (who does not know Sharp's three heads of Charles I. ?), Sharp bears away the palm—even though simultaneously Valentine Green, J. R. Smith, John Jones, and the rest, were producing their more facile masterpieces of mezzotint. In Sharp's portraiture through the graven line, it seems to me, at least, there is more brain-work, more intellectual appeal, than the greatest effort in mezzotint.

Having written these words, I allow my eye to wander among the mezzotints on my walls, from a J. R. Smith after Reynolds to one after Hoppner, from a Valentine Green after Vandyck to one after Reynolds, from a John Jones after Romney to a Watson after Lely, and then I let it rest upon a portrait in line of Thomas Walker, the Manchester Reformer, who triumphantly stood his trial for high treason, and here, in William Sharp's

interpretation of George Romney, I find not the sensuous charm of the mezzotints, but the very intellect of the engraver's art.

Considering Sharp's tendency to mysticism and emotional credulities, this intellectual quality in his art, which dominates his historical plates as well as his portraits, is remarkable. It won him honour from the academies of the Continent, but when Sir Joshua Reynolds offered to recommend him for the Associateship of our own Royal Academy, he refused, like Strange and Woollett, to acknowledge his art on a level below the painter's.

Sharp was the last of the great English line-engravers. When he died, on July 25th, 1824, the introduction of steel-plates had already given the death-blow to his art as a calling in England. He lies in Chiswick Churchyard, where Hogarth lies, and Whistler.

There was one among the prominent engravers of the latter part of the eighteenth century who might have ranked with the greatest, and that was John Keyes Sherwin, than whom none was endowed with richer natural gifts ; but his success was too easy, his vanity too great, his character too weak. Born in a Sussex village in 1751, until he was sixteen he worked, like his father, as a labourer on the Hampshire estate of William Mitford, the future historian of Greece, cutting timber for shipbuilding. Somehow Mitford discovered his talent, and sent a drawing of his to the Society of Arts, which was awarded a medal. He was then sent up to London to study painting under John Astley, and, a little later, engraving under Bartolozzi. Everything seemed easy to him ; at the Royal Academy schools he won the gold medal for historical painting, and his copper-plates had the charm of talented facility. His line had a sensuous grace, while a true feeling for beauty combined with a freshness of touch to win him popularity.

Also his personality was very winning ; he would enjoy life at any cost, and among his pleasures was to be a dandy and a man of fashion. He worked with great rapidity, and so sure was his touch he could draw his subject direct

on the copper without any preliminary drawing, as I have seen Whistler do with his dry-point. Sherwin's plates of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Hartley were done in this way. He became quite a fashion, his personal charm and his talent were the talk among women; for a handsome young artist, who had been discovered among rustic labourers, yet had all the *ton*, and could do such beautiful things, was worth talking about. And, when he did his large picture of the "Finding of Moses," in which it was his policy to introduce the Princess Royal as Pharaoh's daughter, with a number of Court beauties, such as the Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon, the Duchess of Rutland, the Countess of Jersey, as her attendants, his studio was haunted by women of fashion, although the jealousies he caused by introducing some and omitting others could not fail to react upon himself. His head was turned. Rapidly as he made money, as rapidly he spent it, and still more rapidly his debts mounted, until they entirely hid him from the public view. Endless were his tricks and subterfuges to avoid duns and bailiffs, and some were conceived in the true spirit of comedy; but even his wits were not inexhaustible. The haunts of fashion and the studios knew him no more. His vogue failed entirely, he was reduced to obscure hackwork for his daily food, and in 1790, at thirty-nine, this once fashionable dandy and charming, gifted interpreter of grace and beauty, died miserably in a low tavern called "Hog in the Pound."

The story of eighteenth-century line-engraving in England is nearly told. There remain to mention yet a few artists of note. James Basire, for instance, the son of an engraver, and the father and grandfather of engravers, did many distinguished plates—his portrait of Captain Cook, for example—and was greatly esteemed in his profession, holding the position of engraver to the Royal Society and also to the Society of Antiquaries, which latter post was inherited in succession by his son and his grandson. Of still greater distinction was James Heath, a pupil of Joseph Collyer, the stipple-engraver.

His admirable book illustrations, notably after Stothard's designs, are innumerable ; while, perhaps, the most important of his plates are West's "Death of Nelson," Singleton Copley's "Death of Major Pierson," Wheatley's "Gordon Riots in 1780," and the "Dead Soldier," after Wright of Derby. Like his master, he was given the Royal Academy Associateship, and in 1794 he was appointed Engraver to the King. Captain William Baillie, an Irish soldier, who devoted his retirement to the graphic arts, won a distinguished amateur reputation by his numerous etchings after Rembrandt and other Dutch masters. Charles Grignon, too, must be named for excellence, and James Caldwall, and James Fittler. Then there were the capital landscape-engravers: William Byrne, and his pupil, John Landseer, a staunch champion of his art, and the father of eminent sons, Sir Edwin, Charles, and Thomas Landseer ; William Watts ; William Angus ; B. T. Pouncy, Woollett's pupil and brother-in-law ; and Daniel Lerpinière, the disciple of Vivarès.

Of William Black and his work I shall not attempt to speak ; a whole literature is growing in his glory. He used the graven line or the etched line for his medium of expression, as he used verse or colour, according to his mood. But with Blake it is always the idea expressed, with the spiritual impulse behind it, that chiefly counts. So, too, with the etched line of James Gillray and Thomas Rowlandson, its satirical and pictorial import carries it beyond the scope of this chapter. Besides, are there not Mr. Joseph Grego's sumptuous volumes to interpret the two great satirists ?

But where is the line-engraver in these days ? Is his glory departed for ever ? We rejoice in the painter-etcher. We are proud of our Strang and our Short and our Cameron, and grateful for their beauties ; but is the beautiful line of a Strange or a Woollett past hoping for ? Is the noble art of Faithorne and Sharp dead in England beyond resurrection ?

CUPID BOUND BY NYMPHS.

From the Stipple Engraving by W. W. Ryland.
After Angelica Kauffman.

CHAPTER IX.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE STORY OF STIPPLE ENGRAVING.

William Wynne Ryland: He introduces Stipple-engraving into England, and develops the Colour-print—William Blake: His Prophecy—Francesco Bartolozzi: His Influence—Caroline Watson—P. W. Tomkins—Thomas Cheesman—William Nutter—Charles Knight—Louis Schiavonetti—John Vendramini—J. M. Delatre—Robert S. Marcuard—Peter Simon—Thomas Burke—C. Wilkin—Joseph Collyer—J. Condé—T. Gaugain—W. Dickinson—Thomas Watson—J. R. Smith—William Ward—John Jones—Robert Pollard—Thomas Ryder—F. D. Soiron—James Hogg—James Minasi—John Ogborne, James Gillray, etc.

When William Wynne Ryland concluded his apprenticeship with Ravenet, he set forth, in company with Roubiliac, the sculptor, to breathe the ampler and more stimulating air of the art-world of Paris. There he sought from Le Bas himself the master's handling of the graver and the etching-point; there he learned from the famous Boucher the graces of design; and there, in the studio of Jean Charles François, he was initiated into the manner of engraving in imitation of chalk drawings, which François claimed to have invented, and Ryland later introduced into England and developed under the name of stipple-engraving.

Ryland, indeed, stands to the introduction into this country of stipple in much the same relation as Prince Rupert stands to mezzotint. But, as a matter of fact, the dotted manner was only a development; not, like mezzotint, an absolutely new method. Ludwig Von Siegen, in his memorable letter announcing his own

invention, alludes to the dotted manner as among the known forms of engraving. Then, as a precursor of stipple, there was the *opus mallei*, a process of punching the plate with an awl and mallet to produce a dotted impression, which was employed by Jan Lutma, the seventeenth-century Dutch engraver and goldsmith, and still earlier by Giulio Campagnola, Ottavio Leoni, Jean Boulanger, Agostino Veneziano, and others. Albert Dürer, too, adopted a method of dotting to enrich certain effects. In England graven dots were very early used in the representation of flesh. We have seen William Rogers, before the end of the sixteenth century, stippling the face of his "Queen Elizabeth," and Lucas Vorsterman employing dots still more effectively to suggest the aspect of flesh in his fine head of Charles I. But, until about the middle of the eighteenth century, stippling was merely an accessory of the line-engraver's art; it did not exist as an art by itself. The chalk manner of François, however, practically amounted to a distinct art, and, of course, there were not wanting clever, unscrupulous engravers—such as Louis Bonnet and Demarteau—to claim for themselves the credit of its invention, because they popularised it and gained the profit that should have been the inventor's. Nevertheless, it was François's method that Ryland brought to England and developed, and Bartolozzi carried to maturity and perfection.

The stipple-method was very simple, easy, and rapid. It is soon described. An etching-ground was laid on the plate, and on to that the picture, drawn in outline on paper, was transferred, the "ground" being duly smoked for the purpose. Then the outline was etched in a series of dots, and all the deep and middle shadows put in with larger and closer dots, or tiny groups of dots. After this the aquafortis was very carefully applied, and the etched portions were bitten in. Next, the bituminous ground was removed, all the lighter tints were stippled with the dry-point or the stipple-graver, and the bitten shadows gone over with the point to deepen where required and give richer effect.

THE ORANGE GIRL.

(From the Stipple Engraving by Bartolozzi
After J. H. Benwell.

It was with no thought of stipple, however, that Ryland returned to England after five years' absence in France and Italy. In Paris he had won the gold medal which gave him the privilege of study in the Roman Academy, and, in loving communion with the Italian masters, he had learned the classic way to draw the human figure. He returned to London an accomplished artist, and admirable line-engraver. Continental life had developed in him an easy grace of manner, which sat well on a personality of much social charm, and he found a cordial welcome among those coteries which were in touch with art. He made his way rapidly.

We have already seen Ryland stepping into the Court shoes which Robert Strange had been obliged to refuse. The gold with which they were lined tempted him to marry—in the exuberance of his virility he appears to have chosen unwisely—and also his easy way of success led him to commence print-selling in Cornhill in partnership with his pupil Henry Bryer. He was engraving attractive plates in line, and the business prospered.

He was teaching, too. Joseph Strutt, to whom, apart from his engravings and his writings on the art, we owe so much of our knowledge of the ancient customs, manners, dresses, and pastimes of the English people, was a pupil of Ryland, and he might have had another and a far more illustrious, but for a prophetic instinct of the intended pupil. This was William Blake, whose father took him to Ryland with a view to apprenticing him; but the wonderful poet-artist, then a lad of fourteen, yet even then a seer, said, "I don't like the man's face; it looks as if he'll live to be hanged." So, instead of Ryland, the antiquarian engraver, Basire got the visionary genius for a pupil.

One is tempted to wonder whether Blake's imagination would have expressed itself differently through the more academic artistry he would undoubtedly have acquired under Ryland, and whether contact with Blake's visionary nature would have affected the impressionable Ryland to his benefit. Might he not have learned from the poet's

own words that "He who bends to himself a joy Doth the wingéd life destroy; But he who catches the joy as it flies Lives in Eternity's sunrise"? It must have been shortly before the print-selling business of Ryland and Bryer was declared bankrupt that the boy Blake and the man Ryland came face to face. But there was much to read in Ryland's face by that time, for spendthrift pleasure and the luxurious passions were already engraving there the lines of care.

In the art-life of France and Italy Ryland's temperament had bathed itself in living sunshine, and he had caught the joy as it had flown; but, when he came back to London, he set himself to pursue pleasure, he would "bend to himself a joy." Here he must be a man of fashion, a person of consequence—not an artist merely. He must shine at routs, assemblies, masquerades; the E. O. tables must give him their excitements, and the gay world look for him at Carlisle House and the Pantheon. He could "make a leg" with the noblest Macaroni of them all, he could talk of Italian art with authority, and quote French epigrams piquant enough for any fashionable ears.

Ryland was certainly a success, and he spent a great deal of money. His social ambition was not modest, all the less so because his origin had been humble; his father was a copper-plate printer. Besides, he had a wife and family to keep. The business in Cornhill had been prospering to such an extent that Ryland, with the habit—not uncommon among those of the artistic temperament—of confounding capital with income, drew upon its resources as if they were inexhaustible.

So the crash came, and the King's engraver was desperate for money. But Ryland's necessity was the mother of English stipple-engraving, and Angelica Kauffman was its foster-mother.

The romantic story has been told in picturesque and glowing phrase by Mrs. Julia Frankau, in her engaging and valuable study of the history of colour-printing in this country, "Eighteenth-Century Colour-Prints." The

ENGLISH FIRESIDE.

From the Stipple Engraving by P. W. Tomkins.
After C. Ansell.

collaboration of the fair young painter and the necessitous engraver was a momentous episode in this history. It influenced the course of English engraving—not altogether, perhaps, to its advantage. The chalk manner of François, and his experiments in colour-printing, came opportunely to Ryland's service, and at once he set himself to adapt these to the translation of Angelica Kauffman's pretty designs with their pseudo-classic airs and graces. Among these were "Cupid bound to a Tree," in which the charming designer introduced her own portrait, as she did also in "Ludit Amabiliter," and in "Venus presenting Helen to Paris"; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as "Morning Amusement," "O Venus Regina," "Patience," "Perseverance," "The Judgment of Paris," "Olim Truncus," "Juno Cestum," "Beauty crowned by Love," "Lady Hester Stanhope"—but the list is long.

The popular demand for these dainty stipple-prints in colour was enormous, more than Ryland could possibly supply. Having been able to pay his debts, he started print-selling again, at 159, Strand. Then he sent to Paris for Seignieur, an expert who knew all that was known about colour-printing up to that date, including, of course, Le Blon's process and its developments, as well as François's, and he and Ryland, in consultation and co-operation with Bartolozzi, decided the most effective way of printing stipple-engravings in colour. Thus they evolved the colour-print, which became so popular a craze in the last twenty years or so of the eighteenth century, and has lately been fashionably resuscitated as a collector's fancy, or as a decorative mural accompaniment to the revival of Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite.

The process, involving only a single printing, differed altogether from Christopher Le Blon's three-colour printing of mezzotints from three separate plates, which had proved so commercially unprofitable in the earlier part of the century. The art consisted in discovering the right tints of the various coloured inks, and applying them to the engraved copper-plate in the exact order and

degree which should make them blend to the desired tones and harmonies. With a water-colour drawing to work from, the first thing the colour-printer had to decide was the dominating tint, with which he would then ink over the plate, and then almost wipe out of the stippling, so as to leave a ground-tint that should tone in harmoniously with the brighter colours to be next applied. Adding the flesh tints was the last and most difficult stage of the inking; but all the application and fusing of the tints on the plate demanded the nicest care and a very subtle sense of colour. Then, not the least anxious part of the work was warming the plate to its exact degree of sensitiveness for printing, so that the colours should fuse with sufficient tenderness, yet lack nothing of vividness and brilliancy.

The extensive and continuous demand for these colour-prints brought so much profit to the business in the Strand that Ryland became once more the reckless spendthrift; he launched into all kinds of excesses and extravagances, and allowed a *liaison* to drain his exchequer until, after eight years of prosperity, he was again a ruined man. And if, one May morning in 1783, dressed in a brown coat, white waistcoat, and silk stockings, the talented engraver had chanced to meet William Blake, who might once have been his pupil, he would instinctively have hidden his face, since he would not have dared to read in those eyes of prophetic vision the answer to the fear they would have read in his countenance. For he was flying from the law that was not yet pursuing him, and the punishment for forgery was ignominious death.

His hiding-place discovered, Ryland blundered into cutting his throat, but he could not die. He protested his innocence, but it was useless; the ineffectual gash in the throat condemned him. It appears to have been the strongest piece of evidence against him. Many influential efforts were made to save him, but the King had, years before, at the engraver's own prayer, pardoned his brother when condemned for highway robbery, and he had since refused to spare the fashionable preacher,

LADY HAMILTON AS A SPINSTER.

FROM THE STIPPLE ENGRAVING BY THOMAS CHEESMAN.
After George Romney.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

FROM THE STIPPLE ENGRAVING BY C. KNIGHT.
After T. Stothard, R.A.

Dr. Dodd, who had also fallen to forgery; so he let Ryland go to Tyburn.

For the benefit of Ryland's widow and children, Bartolozzi generously finished a plate on which the hapless engraver had been working up to the time of his execution. This was "King John signing the Magna Charta," after Mortimer. And now Bartolozzi practically dominated the market for stipple-prints. One of the original Royal Academicians—as a painter, not as an engraver—his personality and influence counted for much in the art-world of London, and where he led the crowd would follow.

Bartolozzi had come over to England in 1764, a splendid line-engraver, a fine draughtsman, and a master of all the engraver's artistry, with a sweet, tender, caressing sense of beauty, essentially Italian, yet responsive to any art which had beauty for its inspiration. As a line-engraver he had deservedly won high reputation in this country. The "Clytie," after Annibale Carracci (of which, when it was finished, he said himself, "Let Strange beat that—if he can!"), "The Silence," the Guercino etchings, the Franceschini groups of Bacchanalian boys, and innumerable other fine and beautiful things, had revealed him a master. And he had been always the artist.

He was also a *bon viveur*, and now the commercial value of the new and easy stipple tempted him to a constant lapsing from his artistic self. Of course, he did many charming, incomparable things through the medium of stipple, and, fully testing all the capabilities of the art, he stamped upon it his own individuality. He employed it, I venture to think, most effectively for portraiture, as, for example, in the "Lady Betty Foster" (the second wife of William, Duke of Devonshire, Georgiana's husband), the "Lady Smith and her children," and "Jane, Countess of Harrington, with her two little sons," the "Lord Thurlow," and others of Reynolds's, the "Lieutenant Riddell" (of the Horse Grenadier Guards, who was killed in a duel, and buried in Westminster Abbey), after Downman,

"Mrs. Crouch," after Romney, and "Countess Spencer," after Gainsborough—to name but a few. Yet it was his fanciful, mythological, allegorical prints after his own designs, or Cipriani's, Hamilton's, or Angelica Kauffman's—his cupids, nymphs, and goddesses, his revels of children, that were most in demand in his own day, and are now the typical Bartolozzi prints in fashionable request for the Sheraton drawing-room of to-day. Yet it would be hard to say that these—the "Cupid making his Bow," "Contentment," "Friendship," "The Parting of Achilles and Briseis," "Hector and Andromache," and so on, were more popular than the "St. James's Beauty" and "St. Giles's Beauty," the "Orange Girl," after Benwell, "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter" after Wheatley, and many other pretty things of contemporary tendency. Bartolozzi's prints were counted by thousands, they embraced every class of subject, and represented most of the painters and designers of his day, good, bad, and indifferent, not to mention the Italian masters. Yet it is almost impossible to say for certain which of Bartolozzi's signed stipple-prints are actually Bartolozzi's work, for he had no scruple in putting his name to the works of his pupils, even when these received no finishing touches from his own hand. Often, however, they were equal to anything that the master could have done, and sometimes they were better engravings than he would have taken the trouble to do.

Bartolozzi knew his market, and made the most of it. He was a man of luxurious habits; he spent money generously, lavishly; he gave freely; he stinted himself of nothing that his appetites desired, and his appetites were epicurean. Needless to say, therefore, Bartolozzi frequently found his purse empty, and he had now reached an age, and a habit, when the easiest way to replenish his purse seemed to him the best.

He saw that, in its craze for the stipple-print, the public would accept anything that was offered; so his studio became a factory. He took pupils by the score. Some were established engravers who came merely to

THE ALE-HOUSE DOOR.

From the Stipple Engraving by William Nutter.
After Singleton.

CREDULOUS LADY AND ASTROLOGER.

From the Stipple Engraving by P. Simon.
After J. R. Smith.

learn the new method, so that they, too, might fatten on it; some were apt and clever young artists, who found through stipple their own happiest expression; others were the merest tyros, with no sense of art whatever. But Bartolozzi used them all, and made money out of them all; and all were proud to call themselves pupils of Bartolozzi.

To those with the true artistic instinct he taught that stipple-engraving was an art which, while it could never express pictorial grandeur, was admirably adapted to the expression of sweetness and tenderness, grace and elegance—an art which might be always exquisite within its limitations. Unfortunately, he did not teach only this; for there were those among his countless pupils—and they were the majority—who could not have learned it, who would not have understood. With those he seems to have encouraged, through the influence of his indifference, the gradual emasculation of the art by flooding the market with meretricious designs, hastily and feebly engraved, and made more flattering to the popular taste by the decorative prettiness, but artistic *impuissance*, of the cheap colour-print.

It was doubtless this indifference to the dignity of the engraver's art that called forth Sir Robert Strange's protest against the introduction of the stipple method. "From the nature of the operation," he said, "and the extreme facility with which it is executed, it has got into the hands of every boy, of every print-seller in town, of every manufacturer of prints, however ignorant and unskilful." So it was likely to "depreciate the fine arts in general, glut the public, and vitiate the growing taste of the nation. This art is in itself extremely limited, admits of little variety, and is susceptible of no improvement."

Nevertheless, there were many artists among the stipple-engravers of that period—even Strange admitted there were "ingenious artists" among them—whose prints are justly prized to-day, and eagerly desired by the connoisseur, for their persuasive qualities of sweet

and dainty charm, their decorative beauty. Among these Bartolozzi's pupils were, of course, prominent, and their works contributed brilliantly to the story of stipple.

To attempt, in these concluding pages, anything like a description of the stipple-engravers and their prints would be impossible. Their name is legion, and Mrs. Frankau has covered the ground completely in her "Eighteenth-Century Colour-Prints." There are names, however, which command even the briefest reference here.

Caroline Watson has already been mentioned in connection with her father. Her gifts were many and rare, her art was exquisite, and her stipple-engravings were among the most accomplished ever done. She was as happy in translating the freer art of Romney, Reynolds, and Hoppner, as in her minutely finished, yet broadly conceived, transcriptions of the miniatures of Cosway and Sam Shelley. She knew instinctively when to use pure stippling, in which none could excel her, as witness the wonderful portraits of Lord and Lady Kinnoull, and when to mix her methods, as in the lovely "Hon. Mrs. Stanhope as Contemplation." She was Queen Charlotte's official engraver, and a personal favourite in high places, surely a fact sufficient to refute the "meek Caroline" of tame William Hayley's sepulchral couplets.

Peltro William Tomkins, also the Queen's engraver, was, perhaps, the most gifted and refined exponent of Bartolozzi's method, but his originality proclaimed itself, and his art had its individual charm. Bartolozzi himself generously said of him: "He is my son in the art; he can do all I can in this way, and I hope he will do more." In his portrait-prints he tempered spirit with delicacy. Contemporary life and art found him readily responsive, as in his "English Fireside" and "French Fireside," and his domestic and idyllic prints have extended their appeal from his own day to this. Impressions in colour of the pretty "Morning" and "Evening," after Hamilton, for instance, now fetch prices that once were considered sufficient for a great line-engraver to receive

for two years' work on a masterpiece. Tomkins was an original designer of most pleasing appeal, especially when he treated children, and, like his master, he always engraved children with relish.

Thomas Cheesman's prints are generally characterised by an engaging individuality of manner, and the impress of an artist. His well-known "Lady Hamilton as the Spinster," after Romney, is one of his most charming; but for charming prints of his the choice is large. "The Sempstress," "Maternal Affection," "The Reverie," each has its special appeal. Cheesman lodged, in his early days, with Hogarth's widow at the famous "Golden Head" in Leicester Fields, and she paid him the high compliment of asking Lord Charlemont that her lodger might be allowed to engrave her husband's wonderful picture, "The Lady's Last Stake."

William Nutter's stippling has the touch of charm, the large pictorial feeling. His portraits are delightful, notably Reynolds's Lady Beauchamp—who afterwards became the Marchioness of Hertford, and kept the gossips so busy about her intimacy and influence with the Prince Regent. The Shelley miniatures are also among Nutter's gems, while "The Alehouse Door" and "The Farmyard," after Singleton, "Saturday Night" and "Sunday Morning," after Bigg, and other popular designs of Westall, Stothard, J. R. Smith, Russell, Morland, and Hamilton, are always sought by collectors.

Charles Knight was an industrious and facile engraver who seems to have done many things for which others got the credit, and so completely had he acquired the Bartolozzi touch that the master had no hesitation in signing his plates. Naturally a print of "Miss Farren," after Lawrence, would sell better if Bartolozzi's name appeared on it. Yet Knight had, at least, the satisfaction of signing the trial proofs, not necessarily for publication. But Knight's acknowledged prints of popular appeal were many indeed, and nothing was prettier than "Sweet Poll of Plymouth," after Stothard, though equally popular were "The Match Boy" and "The Primrose Girl," after

J. R. Smith ; " British Plenty " and " Scarcity in India," after Singleton, and others too numerous to particularise.

Louis Schiavonetti, beginning as a line-engraver, is noted for his prints of William Blake's designs for Blair's poem, " The Grave." But he took to stipple, was Bartolozzi's pupil for a short time, and did some charming plates, the most taking being " The Mask," " The Spencer Children," after Reynolds, and its companion, " The Ghost," after Westall.

John Vendramini was one of Bartolozzi's most accomplished disciples, and took over his master's print-selling business when Bartolozzi migrated to Portugal in 1802. He engraved some of Wheatley's " Cries of London." Another pupil still more intimately associated with the master was J. M. Delatre, who became Bartolozzi's right-hand man. He worked indefatigably and rapidly, and Bartolozzi signed much of his work. He assisted the latter to a considerable extent with the great plate after Singleton Copley's " Death of Chatham," and won a lawsuit against the painter on his own account. His popular stipples were after Angelica Kauffman, Stothard, Hamilton, Cipriani, Wheatley, and others.

Robert S. Marcuard also engraved after these favourite designers, as indeed all the popular stipple-engravers had to do ; but he differentiated his method by introducing more etching to strengthen the stippling. He has left us an interesting print of Bartolozzi himself, graver in hand, after Reynolds. Another of the same school—although, indeed, they may all be described as of the same school, since Bartolozzi's influence was over them all, even those who never worked in his factory—was Peter Simon. His best-known print is the familiar " Angels' Heads," of Reynolds ; but an admirable piece of stippling is " The Credulous Lady and the Astrologer," after J. R. Smith—a transcript of a contemporary fashion in superstition corresponding to the Bond Street palmist craze of our own day.

Thomas Burke was an artist of distinguished talent, and marked individuality. We have seen him studying

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN.

From the Stipple Engraving by C. Wilkin.
After Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

From the Stipple Engraving by John Condé.
After R. Cosway, R.A.

mezzotint under Dixon, but it was in stipple that he was to make a reputation second to none. His stippling was closer and more velvety in effect than any other's, and his plates are rich in "quality." They have a distinction and a beauty all their own. No wonder he was Angelica Kauffman's favourite engraver, for no other could so well interpret all the graces and refinements she wanted her pencil to express. Burke's prints after Angelica are among the gems of the stipple-engraver's art, consequently one sees them constantly reproduced; yet no reproduction can convey the charm and quality of the "Lady Rushout and Daughter," for example, or "Alexander resigning his mistress, Campaspe, to Apelles," or the "Cleopatra throwing herself at the feet of Augustus," or any other of the Angelica Kauffman designs. But Burke could put the same charm into the rustic, homely pictures of Bigg, as may be seen in the "Favourite Chickens—Saturday Morning, Going to Market," reproduced in this volume.

Charles Wilkin was another stipple-engraver with an individual manner, which marked him out for special distinction, for stipple did not lend itself easily to the expression of individuality. Nothing finer in this medium was ever done than the "Lady Cockburn and her Children," after Reynolds's beautiful picture, now restored by the late Mr. Beit's will to its legitimate home, the National Gallery. It is a curious fact, however, that, after Sir James Cockburn had allowed the picture to be engraved, he was so dissatisfied with the print that he protested against its publication. Wilkin, who had produced an engraving which posterity must always prize, was not unnaturally annoyed, and, much to the Cockburn family's disgust, published his print with the title, "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi." That this title was entirely inappropriate, that no macaw had ever found its way across the Atlantic to ancient Rome, did not matter. The print spoke for itself then, as it does to-day. It interprets a beautiful work of art with exquisite art.

Joseph Collyer was an important worker in stipple, which he adopted instead of line, when it became the

more popular medium. His "Mrs. Fitzherbert," "Sir Joseph Banks," and "Lady Banks," after Russell, his "Miss Farren," after Downman, and various prints after Reynolds and Russell, are his best.

J. Condé had a lightness of touch, and a delicate pictorial sense, which made him an ideal interpreter of Cosway, whose "Mrs. Fitzherbert" and "Mr. Horace Beckford" (afterwards Lord Rivers, a handsome youth) he made into most desirable prints. His dainty engraving was particularly successful with the portraiture of lovely women.

Thomas Gaugain was originally a painter—a pupil of Houston, by the way—but the ease and profit of stipple lured him from his easel. Together with his brother, he made many experiments in colour-printing, and they produced several very popular prints. The popular thing was, in fact, ever Gaugain's aim. "An Airing in Hyde Park" is one of the prints that always excites a sale room when it appears, for it means high bidding; but other popular prints of Gaugain's are Hamilton's pretty children series, "Summer's Amusement," "Winter's Amusement," "How smooth, brother, feel again," and the "Castle in Danger"; Bigg's "Shipwrecked Sailor," and "The Sailor Boy's Return," and the "Louisa" pair, after Morland.

Some of the great mezzotint engravers could not resist the appeal of stipple. William Dickinson was one of the best of these, and his prints in this medium are highly valued, especially the "Duchess of Devonshire and Viscountess Duncannon," after Angelica Kauffman, the pair to Burke's "Lady Rushout." His friend Thomas Watson did some stipples after Bunbury in conjunction with him, but also some charming things—notably Gardner's "Mrs. Wilbraham" and "Mrs. Crewe," if we can bring ourselves to accept the latter after Watson's own superb mezzotint of Reynolds's Mrs. Crewe.

J. R. Smith's stipple-prints are, of course, engaging as they are accomplished, and they are very popular with collectors. The "Lætitia" series, after Morland, is

WINTER AMUSEMENT.

From the Stipple Engraving by T. Gaugain.
After W. Hamilton, R.A.

THE ELOPEMENT. (THE "STORY OF LÆTITIA" SERIES.)

From the Stipple Engraving by J. R. Smith.
After George Morland.

famous; and familiar through constant reproduction are "Delia in Town," "Delia in the Country," and "Thoughts on a Single Life," while "À Loisir," "Flirtilla," "Narcissa," "The Chanters," are also going the same way. Charming all, and interesting as typical of the fashionable taste of Smith's own day; for none was more ready than he to flatter it with his easy art. But any one of his fine mezzotints is worth all he ever did in stipple.

William Ward also was so much less himself, less the fine artist, in stipple than in mezzotint; yet his stipples are among the things of the collector's desiring. "Constancy" and "Variety," a pair after his brother-in-law, Morland, "Thoughts on Matrimony," after J. R. Smith, "Private Amusement" and "Public Amusement," after Ramberg, "Louisa," and various dainty prints from his own designs, are as popular now in the sale-rooms as of old they used to be in the printsellers' shops—but the prices are now multifold.

John Jones also used stipple well within the limitations of the medium, and, though his prints have a quality of breadth, he never made the mistake of striving for mezzotint effects. His "Earl of Mansfield," after Grimaldi's miniature, is stippling of the finest, while of broader treatment are the lovely "Emma" (Lady Hamilton), of Romney, and the "Frances Kemble," of Downman. His stipples after Romney and Reynolds are among the most beautiful things of their kind, "Serena," "Erminia," "Muscipula," "Collina," "Robinetta," "The Young Fortune Tellers," and "The Sleeping Girl."

There remain many engravers who employed the stipple method with charm, but to name a few only is possible on this final page. Robert Pollard was a true artist, his "Beauty governed by Prudence, crowned by Virtuous Love" is a gem in colour; Thomas Ryder; F. D. Soiron, known for his "Tea Garden" and "The Promenade in St. James's Park"; James Hogg, James Minasi, John Ogborne, who did a delightful print of Mrs. Jordan; Gabriel Scorodoomoff; Charles Turner; Edmund Scott,

Richard Earlom, Robert Thew, Antoine Cardon, William Blake, Francis Haward (Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse"), George Keating, R. M. Meadows, Henry Meyer, the brothers Facius, J. K. Sherwin, Anker Smith, William Bond, John Murphy, V. M. Picot, C. Josi, D. P. Pariset, M. Bovi, and the great James Gillray, whose varied pictorial work in stipple has been overshadowed by his tremendous output in caricature. All these pleased the taste of the town in their own day with stipple-prints in monochrome or in colour, and to-day they help us to know and understand more fully many phases of English eighteenth-century life, which the printed word alone cannot always illustrate.

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